

STACK
ANNEX

5

068

686

Bellamy
The Magnificent

Roy Horniman

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE SIN OF ATLANTIS

"Clever and thoughtful, as well as amusing, and excellently written."—STANDARD.

"Mr. Horniman has imagination and ingenuity, and has produced a readable book."—ATHENÆUM.

"A curious and interesting novel."—THE BOOKMAN.

THE LIVING BUDDHA

"The idea of 'The Living Buddha' is one of the most ingenious we have met with in modern fiction. . . . Mr. Horniman has certainly a great power of representing Chinese life, and he does so with no prejudice or shadow of superiority. . . . 'The Living Buddha' is distinctly a book to be read."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"A striking piece of work."—VANITY FAIR.

"We have swiftness of action, vividness of colour, and suggestions of the truth of self-sacrifice underlying the active creed of the West and the passive teaching of the East. There are many admirable types."—PILOT.

"A remarkably able story."—SOVEREIGN.

"A brilliant and picturesque narrative, built round an entirely original situation."—STANDARD.

"There is some fine work in this strange story. . . . power, colour, and character."—NORTHERN WHIG.

"A particularly daring book. . . . The whole book is thoughtful and suggestive in an unusual degree."—ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"A really remarkable and clever story. The story is finely told."—IRISH TIMES.

"An entrancing theme."—VECTIS.

"A vivid and stirring tale."—T. P.'s WEEKLY.

"If all novels were written as lucidly and in such a workmanlike manner the reviewer's task would be an easy one."—MORNING LEADER.

"Engages the attention from the outset."—DAILY MAIL.

"'The Living Buddha' out-Kims Kim."—DAILY EXPRESS.

"Mr. Horniman seems to know what he is writing about, and writes well."—TO-DAY.

THAT FAST MISS BLOUNT

"Eminently entertaining and amusing."—IRISH TIMES.

"The picture of the Blount family is an admirable piece of free and unrestrained writing."—YORKSHIRE DAILY OBSERVER.

"The author thoroughly understands the art of telling a story."—PILOT.

"A bright, wholesome book, full of living, laughing, suffering people."—LITERARY WORLD.

"Those who have read the author's 'Living Buddha' may feel some surprise at the completeness with which he has changed both his theme and his treatment of it, but they will expect sound workmanship, no matter what vein the story may be cast in, and in this they will not be disappointed."—NORTHERN WHIG.

BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

AN EXTRAVAGANZA

BY

ROY HORNIMAN

1874

AUTHOR OF

"THE SIN OF ATLANTIS," "THE LIVING BUDDHA,"
"THAT FAST MISS BLOUNT," ETC.

328



LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS

1904

PRINTED BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

TO
SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE Author regrets that in arranging the materials for this book the morals were unaccountably mislaid.

p

BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

CHAPTER I

As the servant opened the door to announce a visitor, Dodo, Lady Bellamy's King Charles, leapt from her lap in a paroxysm of fury.

"Mr. Spottitt."

The servant closed the door gently behind him, and Mr. Spottitt advanced noiselessly across the thick felt of the carpet, and with perfect self-assurance held out his hand to Lady Bellamy.

Lady Bellamy was uncertain whether to shake hands or not, but as the voice which said, "How do you do, Lady Bellamy?" and the hand held out to her were both perfectly well-bred, she extended her own nerveless but beautiful hand, and murmured—

"Won't you sit down? Dodo, be quiet!"

Lady Bellamy, small, fair, exquisitely pretty, with china-blue eyes and a fretfully cut mouth, looked at him helplessly. The appearance of the young man was utterly unexpected, quite unlike anything she had ever imagined a detective to be. She had expected a thin man with a

2 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

keen eye and mutton-chop whiskers, or a fat man in a reefer coat. She looked at the elegant young dandy before her and was quite at a loss. She was wondering whether all detectives dressed in such perfect taste, and suggested something in—yes, diplomacy.

He remarked on the heat of the weather, the absurdity of running the London season so late into the summer, and the rumoured revival of the crinoline.

"I have been told," said Mr. Spottitt, looking at her from a mere fraction of a singularly fine pair of violet eyes, "that Lord Bellamy is in favour of it, and if that is the case, the matter is as good as settled."

Lady Bellamy did not know. She had never discussed the matter with Lord Bellamy. Perhaps Mr. Spottitt would like some tea? Mr. Spottitt accepted tea, and talked on easily and affably till they were left alone again.

"I think we have met before," said Lady Bellamy, hesitatingly.

"Oh yes, at Miss van Holtz's, in Curzon Street."

Lady Bellamy looked more puzzled than ever. Mr. Spottitt laughed.

"I am afraid you are wondering why Messrs. Tyler and Company have sent such a very irresponsible-looking young man."

Lady Bellamy, overpowered and bewildered by the social atmosphere which Mr. Spottitt imported into everything, murmured—

"Oh dear no, not at all—any detective, I assure

you." She stopped abruptly, feeling that the speech sounded peculiar.

"You see," said Mr. Spottitt, assuming a professional tone for the first time, "I am quite my own idea." Then he in his turn paused. She was obviously stupid and would not understand.

"Did Messrs. Tyler explain?" said Lady Bellamy, tentatively.

"Oh dear yes. I assure you there is not the least need to give me any further particulars, unless, of course, you have anything fresh?"

"Oh no, not at all—but I think it only fair to myself to explain. My motives are purely philanthropic. Lord Bellamy does an infinite amount of harm, and I feel as if it were my duty to warn—ahem, people in time."

"That address," said Spottitt, handing her a piece of paper. "There is a young woman—quite young—newly married. She keeps a milliner's shop."

"You are sure?" said Lady Bellamy.

"Quite."

"You have been very quick."

"My expenses are large; I am obliged to work in a hurry. Thank you—another piece of cake, if I may. You leave town to-morrow, I understand? There are so few houses where one can depend on getting decent cake."

"That is very true."

Mr. Spottitt rose with a singular absence of haste or professional hurry. His manner, as he descended the imposing staircase, did not suggest that he was any novice

4 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

on such exclusive territory, and the deference with which the front door was opened for him was proof positive that he conveyed the impression of a social right to go in and out of it. The servants of the great do not display that precious attitude of subservience except to those who are hall-marked.

He had left Lady Bellamy thoroughly bewildered. She looked at the card in her hand and read—

“Madame Henriette. Hats and blouses.”

As if nervous of having it in her possession she went over to her *escritoire* and locked it away. Then she composed herself in the coolest corner of the room, and relapsed into a sweet sleep. She was going to the Opera, and she had arrived at that age when a preliminary slumber was an indispensable adjunct to a public appearance.

Lord Bellamy's aunt, Lady Charlotte Blount, dined with her.

Lady Charlotte thoroughly disliked her niece by marriage, and though she had expressed, while Bellamy was still at school, a profound pity for the future Lady Bellamy, whoever she might be, her sympathy had been considerably modified by the personality of his choice.

It was the last night of the Opera season, a threadbare opera, and a star cast—which meant that hardly anybody with any voice to speak of was singing, a glittering display of names and exquisite technique. There were three *prime donne*, opening their mouths their widest in an effort to reach notes which had been left

behind in the middle of the season. But the house was full from floor to ceiling, and the display of diamonds exhilarating.

Fifty years' experience had enabled Lady Charlotte to use her deep baritone voice with absolute certainty against any orchestra with which it might be brought into opposition. She frankly declared that those people who objected to conversation ought to go in the gallery, and she could meet a whole storm of protest from the stalls with an absolutely unconscious expression.

"Any one else coming in?" she asked, as she and Lady Bellamy took their seats in the middle of an act.

"Mrs. Crutchley," said Lady Bellamy, in a suitable *mezza voce*.

"Who?" vibrated Lady Charlotte, with a clang which a coalheaver might have envied. She was in rather a bad temper; the dinner had been atrocious, as it was apt to be when Lord Bellamy was not dining at home, and Lady Charlotte had not hesitated to tell her niece so.

"Mrs. Crutchley," said Lady Bellamy, again.

Lady Charlotte snorted inharmoniously with the orchestra. There was one comfort, Mrs. Crutchley was good company, and if she had allowed her name to be coupled with Lord Bellamy's, and Lady Bellamy chose to shut her eyes to the fact, it was a situation which was none of her business.

"That band's much too loud," she informed half the floor of the house after the shortest interval of silence.

6 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

Any collection of instruments was to Lady Charlotte a band, whether they were playing a coon song or Wagner.

Mrs. Crutchley arrived just as the curtain descended. She was a brilliant creature, with a tall, supple figure, a pale, mobile face, a red-lipped mouth that expressed all things, and eyes that dazzled. She parted her hair on one side like a boy. She was altogether unique and disturbing, and as she lilted into the box Lady Charlotte reflected that, after all, there was a good deal to be said for Bellamy; in fact, there always was when he cast his eye towards a woman—even in the case of his wife.

Mrs. Crutchley looked at them, her liquid eyes brimming with the memory of a charitable deed.

"I have been dining with Rollo, alone," she said.

"How nice," crescendoed Lady Charlotte. She had no opinion of Mr. Crutchley. He was a poor creature, and ought to have looked after his wife better.

There was a knock at the door, and Mr. Beauclerk, a colourless nondescript, entered the box followed by Reggie Vandeleur.

Reggie Vandeleur was unique. He was perhaps the most amazing combination of shrewdness and stupidity it is possible to conceive, the apotheosis of the superficial. The word "smart" hovered perpetually on his lips. Woman, as God made her, he did not understand; woman recreated by the *modiste* and the hairdresser fascinated him. He lived on a small allowance from his mother, which was a chronic cause of dispute between them, she always

declaring that he was trying to make her send the same payment twice over, he insisting that she was a whole quarter in arrears. As neither of them could add up, there was not the least possibility of any settlement. Lady Charlotte was sorry for Reggie because he had such a Mamma, and disapproved of him because he was so like her. He was terrified of Lady Charlotte, whose eye was exactly like that of an old nurse, who had had sole charge of him in his childhood at a time when his mother had distinguished herself by literally forgetting his existence for six months. Reggie always felt that it was not impossible that, in a more than usually disapproving mood, Lady Charlotte might box his ears. He consequently kept one eye on her and was ready for instant flight.

"Isn't it smart?" he said, looking round at the glittering display of frocks and jewels, with the air of a connoisseur who is tasting a particularly fine brand of champagne.

"Reggie Vandeleur," asked Lady Charlotte, who had a disturbing way of using his Christian name and surname together, "who is that fat, red woman in the Duchess of Shetland's box?"

"That's her grace's mother," said Reggie. "She began life as a cook, and has no other subject of conversation. They're obliged to show her, because the money's hers, and she only gives them an allowance—something enormous, but it depends on her favour. She amuses Shetland, and she's teaching him to cook. He says he's going to give a dinner to his friends and cook it

8 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

entirely himself, with members of White's Club to wait, and his mother-in-law to dish it up."

"She looks dreadfully hot," said Mrs. Crutchley. "I should think a woman who had been used to a cooking range would find even this atmosphere quite cool."

"The Duchess looks like an Empress," murmured Lady Bellamy.

"A stage Empress. I don't like American women—they always make such a clatter. Their one idea seems to be to give an effective performance." Although Lady Charlotte was supposed to be addressing the people in the box, she talked straight out in front of her, scanning the house with her opera-glasses. "There's Maude Gresham." She nodded and smiled at a pale woman, verging on middle age, seated in the stalls. "Tomorrow we shall read that Lady Charlotte Blount was in Lady Bellamy's box, and with them was Mrs. Crutchley, in white."

"I am told that she denies the whole thing," said Mr. Beauclerk, "and that she says she has never contributed to a newspaper in her life."

Lady Charlotte looked at him scornfully.

"My dear Mr. Beauclerk, she writes for that wretched rag called *Blue Blood*, and signs herself 'The Maid of the Mill.'"

"I believe," said Reggie, "that I should be first-rate at that—writing about frocks and all that sort of thing—only the worst of it is that I can't spell."

"Oh, I believe that's not in the least bit necessary!" said Mrs. Crutchley. "I'm told that lots of our best writers can't spell, and that the people who print the book correct all the mistakes, and make it read like sense."

Mr. Beauclerk rose and left the box, having contributed singularly little to the conversation.

"Who's that over there?" said Mrs. Crutchley, pointing out a young man absolutely groomed and turned out.

Lady Bellamy looked and gasped. It was her visitor of the afternoon.

"Do you know him?" asked Mrs. Crutchley, as Mr. Spottitt compelled, by slightly anticipating, a bow from Lady Bellamy.

"I have met him," faltered Lady Bellamy.

"Where?"

Lady Bellamy felt dazed. She was not quick, and for several seconds could not remember Miss van Holtz's name.

"At Miss van Holtz's, in Curzon Street," she said, when her hesitation had become somewhat obvious.

"He is very handsome," said Lady Charlotte, fixing him with her glasses. "Who is he? I don't remember any Spottitts."

"I had never met him before," Lady Bellamy was thankful to be able to say.

Spottitt, quite aware that the interest of the

occupants of what Reggie would have described as the smartest box in the house was upon him, appeared quite unconscious.

Mrs. Crutchley kept her eyes on Mr. Spottitt. His profile was faultless, and she was still studying it when the lights in the house were suddenly turned down, and it became too indistinct to be interesting.

During the evening, Mrs. Crutchley displayed a great deal of restlessness, which her dear friend, Selina Bellamy, thoroughly enjoyed. She kept on looking anxiously at the door of the box, expecting it to admit Lord Bellamy. The people who came in and out during the intervals bored her, and the only entertainment she found for the remainder of the evening, was Mr. Spottitt's profile. She told herself for the hundredth time since she had known Bellamy, which was about three months, that she was not to be played fast and loose with, and that if he chose to leave her sitting there the whole evening between his wife and aunt, so much the worse for him.

She was one of those people who suffer acutely from jealousy; and as the evening wore on, the mobile, scarlet lips twisted themselves into every shape indicative of acute heartache. The fact that it was an excellent thing for her reputation that she was being seen with Bellamy's wife and Lady Charlotte, assuaged her suffering not at all. Bellamy had the sinister knack, peculiar to those who have a genius for pleasure, of imbuing all who came under his domination with a fatal

indifference to the future, and the practical result of his philosophy was to breed a disregard of cause and effect. To make the present throb with sensation was his creed, preached in a thousand subtleties which bewildered and dazzled his adherents. Mrs. Crutchley had decidedly lost her head over the Magnificent one—lost it as a stupid woman like Lady Bellamy never could have done.

Later, after the curtain had descended on the soprano's last death-shriek, Lady Bellamy whispered to her—

“Are you going straight home, Jack?”

“Yes, I'm bored,” said Mrs. Crutchley, fretfully, and almost in tears. “I shall go home and get into bed, and read Dickens.”

“Can I come on after I've dropped Aunt Charlotte?”

Mrs. Crutchley gave her a quick glance.

“Yes,” she answered, doubtfully.

“I've something most particular to say to you. You go to bed, and I'll talk to you, that is, if you don't mind.”

Mrs. Crutchley decided to do nothing of the kind. One is at a disadvantage when in bed, and she did not trust Selina Bellamy. Not that she had any secrets of the toilette to conceal; she was far too young and naturally beautiful as yet.

“I've something most important to say to you,” continued Lady Bellamy.

On second thoughts Mrs. Crutchley pressed her to

12 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

come. After all, the Bellamy *ménage* concerned her too intimately for her not to be interested in anything which was serious to Lady Bellamy. She drove home alone, and was the victim of another pang of disappointment at finding no delicious note of regret from Lord Bellamy at his absence from the Opera. Discontentedly, and with her eyes full of unshed tears, she changed into a flowing, diaphanous garment which further accentuated the willow grace of her figure by modifying actuality into suggestion.

It was not long before Lady Bellamy rustled into the room, and dropped into a chair. She was about to enjoy herself.

First, however, she made a comfortable little bed on her lap with her opera-cloak.

"Dodo, darling," she began, and then she stopped. "Dear, how foolish of me ! At the same time I do wish I could take Dodo to the Opera. My dear Jack, how nice it is to have a friend with whom one can talk over one's private griefs."

She waited, and Mrs. Crutchley waited too, till Lady Bellamy was forced to continue without a lead.

"My dear, you know what an unhappy woman I am."

Mrs. Crutchley noted the accent on the second pronoun, and wondered what on earth was coming.

"It is useless for me to hide from myself that Gerald is a thoroughly wicked man."

"Selina !"

"Don't interrupt me, Jack. There comes a time when it is one's duty to look facts in the face—that is, if one can do any good."

Mrs. Crutchley wondered if she were going to be warned against Lord Bellamy by his own wife. For a woman she had a sense of humour, and a smile hovered about her mouth at the mere idea.

"Well?" she said.

"I am going to save somebody," announced Lady Bellamy, with the air of one to whom a leap from Westminster Bridge after a drowning person was of no consequence.

"Save somebody?"

"Yes. I understand that Bellamy——" she broke off and explained parenthetically. "Believe me, my dear Jack, it's not vulgar curiosity that has led me to mix myself up in this—it's a poor creature in Bond Street who really does not know where she is being led."

The remark sounded so enigmatical that Mrs. Crutchley took it literally, and wondered how Lady Bellamy had discovered that some one was lost in Bond Street.

"I may as well tell you everything, Jack." And Lady Bellamy fixed her large blue eyes on her friend so as to note fully the effect of her next thrust.

"She's a milliner—Madame Henriette—and Bellamy—well, I needn't tell you anything further. You understand."

The colour faded out of Mrs. Crutchley's cheeks, and she sat looking at her dear friend, trying wildly to think of something to say.

"Selina, you must be dreaming."

"I want to go and warn her, and I want you to come with me."

"Oh, really, I couldn't—I couldn't, really. It would be so unspeakably the wrong thing to do."

"Of course, I know that would be the world's idea," said Lady Bellamy, who thoroughly appreciated her friend's perturbation ; "but my mind is made up."

Mrs. Crutchley, who knew that Lady Bellamy's redeeming feature in her husband's eyes was that she seemed quite to understand—save for an occasional and wholly artificial protest—the knack of living together and yet apart, wondered what on earth had put the idea into her friend's head.

"How did you find out?"

She was attempting vainly to deny the possibility of such a thing to herself, but she remembered Lord Bellamy's absence from the Opera, and was too aware of his susceptibility not to be suffering keenly. Besides, she had had a large bill at Madame Henriette's, whom she knew to be a singularly pretty woman, rather in her own style—Bellamy's favourite style. He had paid her bill. The whole thing loomed ugly with complications. She made an effort to keep her head.

"My dear Selina, let me implore you to do nothing of the kind. Ten to one she'll only be impertinent."

Mrs. Crutchley threw from her the cigarette which she had allowed to remain unlighted since the amazing opening of the conversation.

Lady Bellamy wondered why she had never before thought of the fascinating entertainment of baiting her friend. Pure curiosity had led her to try and find out some details about her husband. She had never for one moment imagined that it would yield such splendid results.

"I can't help it, Jack, if she is impertinent; but I feel that I must do it. I suppose I'm like one of those people who have got a mission."

"But don't you think, Selina, it's just a little"—she hesitated to use the word, but it was a moment for strong measures, so she continued—"just a little vulgar?"

Lady Bellamy's eyes clouded, and she experienced a decidedly feline sensation; but she said, with marked gentleness—

"The vulgarity is Bellamy's—not mine. My mother used to say that if only men and women could appreciate how unspeakably vulgar infidelity appears to those who are faithful, they would lead better lives."

Had Mrs. Crutchley belonged to a lower class she would have used her hat-pin, but she only replied, outdoing her friend in suavity—

"I only hope, Selina, that you have not made a mistake."

"I am quite sure that I have not."

"How did you find out?"

Lady Bellamy drew a long breath. She opened her mouth to speak, but having nothing to say which would not compromise her, it remained open, and she sat looking blankly at her friend. At last a brilliant idea struck her, and she replied with dignity—

"I am not at liberty to say."

"But still you are quite sure?"

"Quite, Jack; and you'll promise to come?"

"Yes, I'll come."

If Lady Bellamy was going to visit Madame Henriette's establishment in the character of a detective, it was highly desirable that she should be present. It would never do for Madame Henriette to blurt out the little affair of the account settled by Lord Bellamy.

"I shall call for you, Jack, about twelve o'clock. Go to bed, dear; you look quite worn out."

There was a tacit understanding between these two that to kiss each other would have been just a little too much, but Lady Bellamy took one of Mrs. Crutchley's hands in hers and patted it with the other in a manner which would have been quite sufficient for an audience, had there been one.

Mrs. Crutchley, left alone, made no attempt to go to bed, but sat brooding. At last she rose, and, as if the heat of the room stifled her, went to the half-closed windows, and, throwing them wide open, stepped on to the balcony. Her house was in Upper Grosvenor Street, and the Park lay spread out beneath her, bathed

in mellow moonlight, whilst far away she could just see a silver strip of the Serpentine. She felt very miserable, and was quite convinced that she had done with life. She had read in the paper the week before of a woman committing suicide in the Serpentine, and she wondered if it had been about a man, and if the poor creature was really as unhappy as she was. She saw nothing ridiculous in the idea. All things are comparative, and Bellamy's faithlessness made a very ugly cloud indeed in the summer sky of her butterfly existence. She had been a little puzzled at some of dear Selina Bellamy's remarks. Of course the latter was aware that there was a flirtation between Bellamy and herself, but she surely did not suspect—well, the truth. Such an understanding would have created a situation which she was too English not to regard as quite horrid. She would have to forego her ride in the Park in the morning and hurry round to see Madame Henriette, with whom—having a passion for hats, and her account being always in arrears—she was on quite friendly terms. It was degrading, in the first place, to be jealous of one's milliner, and, in the second place, to be compelled to make common cause with her against Lady Bellamy. Life was getting terribly involved. Perhaps it had something to do with the wages of sin being death; but she went to bed in doubt. After a night of troubled dreams, in which Mr. Crutchley appeared to be divorcing Lady Bellamy, while she and Bellamy were thoroughly shocked at certain disclosures which remained hazily in the background, she rose and prepared for the fray.

CHAPTER II

LORD BELLAMY's servant was brushing his clothes.

He was busy with a morning-coat which, as the tailor who made it had said, could have been held in the palm of one's hand. It was a miracle of texture and lightness; so light was it that the presence of a thin sheet of notepaper in the inside pocket immediately attracted his attention. He read his master's letters whenever he got the chance. His curiosity was only equalled by his discretion.

So he withdrew the letter from the pocket, and sat down to read.

As his eye fell on the handwriting a ghastly pallor spread over his face, and he sat quite a long time before he turned with trembling fingers to the signature. Then, with almost a moan, he crumpled the letter in his hands, and buried his face in them.

After a time, the necessity of reading the letter through appeared to dawn on him. He smoothed it out carefully, and scanned it quickly, his features growing in rigidity.

Then he went back to the beginning and read it through again carefully, word by word.

At the conclusion, he rose to his feet and shook his fist demoniacally at the room in which the nobleman whom he had the honour of serving lay asleep. He made one or two steps forward as if he would burst open the door, and, leaping upon the bed, strangle him where he lay.

Then he went hastily to his room, and, seizing his hat, ran down the servants' staircase, and a few minutes afterwards emerged from the area gate with a distracted expression.

CHAPTER III

BELLAMY the Magnificent lay in his bed planning an exquisitely unprofitable day, and wondering that his appetite for pleasure should be so keen when most of his contemporaries had developed into middle-aged men. It was useless for him to make any pretence that he was middle-aged; he was too keenly in sympathy with youth. He lived in the reckless, irresponsible atmosphere of a boy, and managed to do it with perfect grace and without in any way injuring the proportions of life. "A man is young so long as he does not reckon with to-morrow." That was his favourite axiom, and he lived up to it. And he added that, if a man's desires be ruled by the vanity of personal appearance, he has all the morality he needs in this world, however much he may break down when the Recording Angel comes to examine him in theology.

Young men attempted to emulate his extreme youth with effort, but somehow they never quite captured the perfect flavour of elegant enjoyment which was his especially.

"When you are my age you may be as young as I am," he had once told a perspiring, middle-aged lad

fresh from Oxford, who had besought a biographical sketch of his career in order that he too might achieve such extreme youth.

Perhaps the real secret lay in the fact that, although dominated by a pure feeling for enjoyment, he was equally ruled by a brilliant and flexible intellect which at once put him on a level with, or, to speak more truly, placed him above the necessity of conciliating, the wise. He was the personal exposition of a philosophy, the philosophy of pleasure; and his methods, visible to all, were yet elusive and intangible. His capacity for approaching every ordinary circumstance of life with a manner which gave it novelty and charm was endless. The exceeding ease with which he kept in the sunlight had furnished a disastrous example to whole batches of young men. Genius is fatal to its associates; it withers them in its flame like moths, and after some clumsy efforts to live as he did, and to love as he did, they would fall by their own weight and be heard of no more.

With every romance Bellamy declared that a man is born again, and that unless he be constantly born again old age is a certain and inevitable curse.

Bellamy's rebirths would have made a remarkable total. He may have been the most notorious of libertines, but he was not hardened; in fact, no man who preserves his taste can be said to be so, and the assumption is a misunderstanding of the ignorant. Bellamy was taste incarnate. He seemed to have been

22 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

born into the world with an extraordinary sense of values, and even while still at Eton could pronounce with certainty upon an old master, or set his palate in wines against that of a connoisseur of forty years' experience. And most things came as easily to him. With enthusiasm, there is very little doubt that one or other of his rare gifts must have blossomed into genius: Bellamy possessed but one enthusiasm, and that was for life. To be able to do things better than other men was his natural state. It would have seemed to him abnormal had it been otherwise. He had his defeats, but they could not affect his superb consciousness of power, inasmuch as he could always trace them to being taken off his guard.

For centuries the Earls Bellamy had provided the country with a saint and a sinner alternately. A saint had fought with Cromwell in the Civil Wars, while his son, the sinner, had shared Charles the Second's exile.

Bellamy always declared that a careful history of the family would reveal the curious fact that unquestionably the saints had done the most harm. The first sinners left behind picturesque memories of swash-buckling and riotous living, and, later, a delicate suggestion of perfume and lace ruffles. But these memories were innocuous, causing their authors to be remembered without bitterness, and even with indulgence; the saints, on the other hand, came down through the generations with unceasing pertinacity in a whole host

of misdirected charities and social improvements which made for the ugliness of life.

It had been conceded, both at Eton and Christchurch, that Bellamy had only to stretch out his hand to take whatever was going in the way of honours; in fact, those who actually took them were deprecating in his presence as if they owed them, not to their own merit, but to the fact that Bellamy had not competed; and thus, living always in an atmosphere of frank recognition, he remained singularly unspoilt, and, if he was thoughtless about others, it was the thoughtlessness of a happy child which has had everything provided for it, and is quite unaware that beggars are anything but interesting abstractions.

Bellamy, as he lay in a half doze, was not thinking of the time. It was not his business to think of it—at least not at that hour of the morning. A sense of time was created for him by his servant when the latter brought in his rolls and coffee.

Stevens, Bellamy's servant, was, had the world known it, one-half of the whole Bellamy. Without Stevens, Bellamy would have been socially helpless. He had been with him twenty years, having entered on his duties the day Bellamy came of age. He had been at that time thirty, and if it was true that Bellamy never seemed to get any older, it was equally true that Stevens never seemed to get any younger. There was no excuse for him; he had had every chance, but not even the contemplation of the continuous and gorgeous

efflorescence of his master influenced him. He was old, just as Bellamy was young. They hated each other with the fierce intensity which seems to be the inevitable result of mutual obligation, and to which must be added the natural dislike of the master for his valet, and the valet for his master. The adage as to valets not being hero-worshippers gives but a poor impression of the loathing which a self-respecting valet has for the creature he tends—a dislike which has the undoubted advantage of making for respect on the one side and some consideration on the other. The absolute lack of interest which these two, so mutually dependent, had in each other, as apart from their contract, was quite astonishing. It was true that Bellamy had given the matter a thought or two, but he had never remembered to ask Stevens whether he was married or unmarried. He conveyed the idea of keeping an aged mother, but his master was no more interested in the subject than he had been the day he arrived.

A neighbouring clock began to strike the hours, and Bellamy listened mechanically. At eleven he almost sat up in bed.

Where were his rolls and his coffee, and what had become of Stevens?

There was a knock at the door, and Bellamy's heart gave a great jump. If it was one of the servants to tell him that Stevens was dead it would be decidedly awkward. Knowing his character, Bellamy could not conceive anything but death keeping his servant away.

He murmured wearily, "Come in," and the great mistake of his life entered the room.

Bellamy never quite knew which he hated most—his wife or Stevens. She was the only one of his romances which he had not been able to shake off. He could give no reason for marrying her, excepting that she had at one time appealed to him as a romance, and, being a thoroughly well-chaperoned young girl in his own rank of life, he could only cure his fever by marrying her.

True to his philosophy, he never made the mistake of anticipating the end of his heart frenzies. Each romance was to be the last, and for the first few weeks of his married life he was so completely exalted that he even descended to banalities and talked of settling down; but accompanying her to some dreary official function—either the Opera or a State ball, he forgot which—he had caught the gleam of white shoulders and the eyes of a Bacchante peering back over them, and he found himself again a hunter, and realized, with perhaps just a pang, that he who has drunk of the wine of the chase is never quite sober again.

But if the wrongs of all those whose affections he had won with ease, and wearied of as easily, had been ten times as great, his victims might have rejoiced, for Lady Bellamy had avenged them all, and that unconsciously. She set his teeth on edge whenever they were together, and she had not the remotest intention

of ridding him of herself. She pretended to jealousy, but it was in reality mere curiosity. She was as immoral as only a woman can be against whom no word of scandal has ever been alleged.

Bellamy could not remember the occasion when she had last entered his room, but he had a fastidious disinclination to be seen, even by his wife, at a disadvantage. Luckily the persiennes were drawn, and kept out the blazing sunlight, and the morning fatigue of his face, which had lately taken to assuming more greyness than he cared to admit, was not very visible.

His wife came well into the middle of the room before she said—

“May I come in?”

“Would you mind handing me a brush and comb, and a mirror?”

Lady Bellamy did so, and Lord Bellamy, having parted and brushed his hair, lay back on the pillow to listen to what she had to say.

“I am going out, Gerald,” said Lady Bellamy.

Bellamy waited. He presumed that she constantly went out, but she certainly did not make a practice of coming to tell him so. In fact, their comings and goings depended not at all on each other.

She stood at the foot of the bed regarding him with what in anybody else might have been a steadfast gaze, but which in her was merely a look of fretful stupidity.

“Have you nothing to say to me, Gerald?”

Her expression exasperated him. He wondered what could be the object of this extraordinary visit, but he answered with perfect courtesy—

“I never have anything to say to anybody at this hour of the morning.”

“It’s eleven o’clock,” answered Lady Bellamy, feebly, as if that were the recognized hour for commencing conversation.

“I want to get up” — Lady Bellamy moved precipitately towards the door—“and I can’t think where Stevens can be.”

“Why don’t you ring? I always ring when I want my maid.”

“I never ring for Stevens—he is always just there.”

“Well, he isn’t here now, is he, so I should ring.”

“Would you mind?”

Lady Bellamy pressed the electric button near the fireplace.

“You should have the electric bell over your bed,” she said.

“I tell you, I never have to ring for Stevens.”

Stevens not putting in an appearance, Lady Bellamy drifted out of the room, leaving Lord Bellamy still in ignorance as to why she had entered it.

Left alone, he lay with a sinking heart, waiting for his servant. Finally he got out of bed, and, reaching the middle of the room, stood there, the picture of blank dismay. He was trying to recollect in what order he usually got up. How was he to shave? Stevens had

28 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

the accomplishment of being able to shave Lord Bellamy better than he could ever have shaved himself.

He rang the bell.

"Where is Stevens?" he asked the man who answered it.

"I'll go and see, my lord."

Lord Bellamy lit a cigarette, and waited. He took up a French novel that lay on his dressing-table, but threw it down again. He was too anxious to read.

The man returned to say that Stevens was not in the house. Lord Bellamy looked at him with a glassy stare, and the young man thought he was going to have a fit.

Stevens was dead—there could be no doubt about that.

"Find me some clothes," said Lord Bellamy.

The youth looked at him blankly. He was quite equal to helping any ordinary man to dress, but Lord Bellamy—he would as soon have expected the char-woman to be asked to wait at one of those exquisite little dinners which Lord Bellamy was in the habit of giving when Lady Bellamy was out of town. Lord Bellamy's reputation for fastidiousness was something which was almost national. When Stevens condescended to talk to such humble folk as himself he invariably left the impression that valeting Lord Bellamy was a task before which the difficulty of all other tasks paled. There were many who would no doubt make good prime ministers, but there was only one Lord

Bellamy, and there was only one person who could dress him.

He stumbled from one awkwardness into another, and finally, with a sigh, and very gently, he was asked to leave the room. He went, more than ever impressed with the greatness of the absent Stevens.

Lord Bellamy had an appointment at one o'clock. How he managed to get dressed he never knew, and when at last he imagined himself to be complete he felt thoroughly uncomfortable. He was quite sure that there was something wrong, but what it was he could not for the life of him tell. He almost looked old as he stood anxiously contemplating himself in the glass. He thought of sending a telegram to say that he was unable to leave his bed. Had it been an ordinary social engagement he would have done so, but he was taking his last romance out to lunch, and the magnetism was irresistible.

There was something less than the usual elasticity in his step as he ran downstairs. He always declared that people who do not run up and downstairs are old. He felt that the eyes of the man who called him a cab were fixed on him wonderingly, and he drove away feeling almost shy.

CHAPTER IV

IN rushing from Lord Bellamy's house with ill-considered haste, Stevens was perhaps guilty of the one impulsive action of his life. He admitted it when, long after, he took a retrospect of his conduct. In after years he would turn hot and cold at the reflection that he could have been guilty of anything so unseemly. However much Lord Bellamy had forgotten himself, he of all people should not have become so blinded by passion as to have been oblivious of the fact that he was a gentleman's gentleman. He could not remember any similar lapse to stain the memories of a career which had been irreproachable. Gentlemen might lose their tempers a hundred times a day without having much cause for self-reproach, but for a gentleman's gentleman to lose his temper with his master was a crime against nature, a thing not to be remembered without humiliation. Just as Lord Bellamy was the most consummate gentleman of his day, so did Stevens consider himself the most consummate servant. A place in the Royal household would not have given him the same vogue with those of his class as did his service with Lord Bellamy. He was spoken

of in housekeepers' rooms as a man who had reached the apex of his profession. It was not to be supposed that Lord Bellamy did not claim to be served as consummately as possible, and Stevens' reputation was founded on this obvious argument. Young men aspiring to personal service were told to mark his bearing, learn from his practice, and inwardly digest his maxims. "A man's soul should be in his master's clothes," was a remark he had once let fall before a circle of admirers thirsting for information, and the murmur of respectful approval that arose from the group showed that it was recognized as that rare thing, an absolute truth.

"I once knew a young man," he continued, looking round at the solemn masks dedicated to the cause, "who never could learn how to enter his master's bedroom without waking him up."

He paused, and shook his head with almost royal gloom, and there fell a profound silence on the assembly. It was felt that the inevitable fate of the person in question required no comment.

"He was brother to that young man who came into his master's presence bringing with him the odour of onions. There must have been something wrong with the family—and yet, the father had a reputation of a kind. True, it was only with those that wouldn't know a genuine Harris tweed from an imitation—but still, there was nothing against him. I think it must have been something on the mother's side."

The company agreed.

"A valet can't live like other people—he's different. He's got to be careful, that is, if he aspires to serving——" Stevens paused, and then concluded deprecatingly, "a great man. I've known some young men go so far as to forget themselves by smoking shag. There wasn't any real badness, it was just carelessness, not remembering that shag is strong, and comes out stronger in the refined atmosphere of a gentleman's apartment."

"Boots are interesting," suggested the youngest member of the party.

Stevens nodded approvingly.

"Boots are beautiful things when you come to know them."

The youngest member of the party felt inclined to suggest that boots were anything but beautiful things when you came to inherit them, but he would as soon have thought of showing levity before Mr. Stevens as of slapping his own master on the back; and, besides, he felt that he had scored in securing the great man's approval for his remark.

"I wouldn't exchange a pair of well-boned and well-blacked boots for the finest picture in the Academy." And here again Stevens showed characteristic discrimination. "There are men," he continued—for, like a real genius, he never tired of his subject, and had an absolute belief in his capacity to interest—"who will go on handing a buttonhook to

a gentleman wrong end up time after time—for there are gentlemen that prefers to button their own boots, although, mind you, I can't say that I've ever come across them. Then, as to steadiness. It takes head and will power to see your master mixing in the daily whirl of pleasure without getting a thirst for it yourself. I once knew a young fellow," he continued, drawing again from his inexhaustible store of examples, "who got the love of pleasure on him like a disease. He used to spend every hour he could get off at music-halls and exhibitions, and no good came of that."

Such was Stevens, the most irreproachable servant of an irreproachable dandy. He was not hard on those who had failed to reach the same professional eminence as himself. He frankly admitted that the qualities required for success were rarely found so admirably proportioned. By some curious, inverted process of argument he had almost come to look upon his own as the aristocratic class, and his master's as the lower class. There was certainly no great merit in being a gentleman; circumstance had too large a share for the triumph to be individual. But people were not born gentlemen's gentlemen, excepting perhaps in the sense that poets are born poets. In both cases the world in general is unaware of the drudgery which is involved in perfecting the gifts of nature. He did not for one moment deny that personal service was a somewhat ordinary employment, but, like all other employments, it was possible for a man of genius

to give it a distinction which would at any rate for the moment bring the entire calling into the foreground. Perhaps those elevated people do as much harm as good, for they give their calling a fictitious value, and Stevens himself more than suspected that genius is a dangerous thing to others.

When he rushed distractedly up the area steps and along Grosvenor Place he was as one possessed, but he had not gone many yards before his passion took a tinge of caution, and once caution had obtained any hold over him it was apt to be a progressive quality which finally dominated. He changed the direction in which he was going, and turned into Hyde Park. As he passed through the gay throng, making for the quieter green centres, he pulled himself together. The proximity of the social world acted on him automatically, and by the time he had reached a quiet corner near the band-stand the usual respectful calm of his manner had returned.

He took out the revolver he had been fingering in his pocket, and, withdrawing the cartridges, threw them into a bush hard by. It would never do to go into an interview, in the course of which his worst passions might be roused, with a weapon in his pocket capable of doing irretrievable mischief. As a dramatic property it would be useful, and he enjoyed the prospect of producing it at the psychological moment. He had never had a revolver in his hand before, and the difficulty he had found in extracting the charge,

filled him with a certain apprehension as to whether he could brandish it with conviction, but to practise where he was would have involved the risk of being arrested as a lunatic, or a suicide, or both.

It was fully an hour before he rose, and, making for the Grosvenor Gate, set off with a studied lack of haste towards Bond Street.

CHAPTER V

THE morning after her conversation with Lady Bellamy, and the day on which she had given a sort of half promise that she would accompany her on what she considered a highly unprofitable and inexpedient errand, Mrs. Crutchley rose with the full determination of having, if possible, an interview with Madame Henriette before Lady Bellamy saw her.

Her husband looked at her in surprise when she entered the breakfast-room.

“Aren’t you ridin’, Jack?”

Mr. Crutchley did not take much interest in human beings in general, unless they happened to be on horseback.

“No, Rollo ; I’ve got some early shopping to do.”

“Yes ; but there’s a time for ridin’, and there’s a time for shoppin’, and you’ll make a muddle of life if you go mixin’ them up.”

This speech constituted quite a display of assertion on Mr. Crutchley’s part, and his wife looked at him in astonishment. It was clearly a moment for one of her carefully husbanded and invariably effective caresses. She came behind his chair and, putting both her arms

round his neck, overwhelmed him with her exquisite morning freshness. His primitive brain was swamped by the rush of sweet femininity, and he brushed her cheek with his bristly little moustache, saying—

“Well, so long as you’re havin’ a good time, that’s the thing.”

But all the same he had something on his mind that he wanted to speak to her about, and towards the end of the meal it came out—not very tactfully, of course.

“I say, Jack, Bellamy’s got an awful reputation.”

She did not even look up. Her guilty conscience had schooled her for some such remark as this.

“He seems to be paying you a lot of attention, and I’d rather not. Choke him off if you can.”

By this time Mr. Crutchley was in a high state of nervous dread. He expected the beautiful creature before him to turn on him with scorn, and he was perhaps a little disappointed that she did not. Somehow it seemed the right and proper thing for her to do.

“My dear Rollo, what nonsense! Bellamy talks so well, and most people are so dreadfully dull.”

“Oh, nobody can say Bellamy’s dull! Even the fellows who hate him most admit that he’s entertainin’. But, you see, I know the way people have talked when he’s been seen about with other men’s wives.”

Mrs. Crutchley felt that it was distinctly unjust that she should be spoken to on the subject of Lord Bellamy

that morning. Her disappointment of the evening before had left her with a vague feeling of injured innocence. His infidelity seemed to have expiated her fault.

"My dear Rollo, I don't think I'm much like the women you mean."

Mrs. Crutchley had the feminine gift of self-deception where a rake is in question. She ignored his past, and, having decided to trust him, analyzed everything about him excepting his reputation. Woman-like, she took refuge in a false inference.

"I think you might trust me, Rollo."

"My dear Jack, who says I don't trust you?"

"Well, Rollo, it's all very well to say you trust me, and then to accuse me in the same breath."

Mrs. Crutchley, who had risen to her feet, produced a morsel of cambric, and Crutchley got up in alarm. He was too elementally masculine not to be terrified at the mere suggestion of tears.

"It's all right, Rollo. Don't say anything more about it." She spoke in a choked voice, inwardly wondering impatiently when he was going to mount the very restive mare which was dancing a quadrille on the pavement with the groom as partner.

Finally he was gone, and, telling a servant to call a hansom, she hurried upstairs and put on her hat, a pale blue confection. Even at that moment, when time was so precious, she paused to take a self-satisfied look at herself in the glass. The ensemble was delightful, and

she frankly admitted it. Her white serge frock became her admirably, and, had she not had so much on her mind, would have laid the foundation of a very pleasant day.

Madame Henriette had not arrived. Naturally her assistant did not inform Mrs. Crutchley that she was upstairs in bed. This was a pity, as in her present mood Mrs. Crutchley would not have hesitated to go up to her. She stood in the showroom as long as she could, talking to the assistant, in the hope that Madame Henriette might come in at any moment. She was finally dislodged by her dear friend the Comtesse de Perrefonds, who arrived obviously with the intention of charming Madame Henriette into giving her even more extended credit, and a supply of hats for Cowes. The latter, as she informed Mrs. Crutchley in French—which at least one of the assistants understood perfectly—was delighted the principal of the firm had not yet arrived; it would be so very much easier to deal with the assistants, but, after all, there would no doubt be a little conversation concerning her account, so would her *chère* Jack—which she pronounced Jacques—leave her to fight her little battle.

Miss Gray, Madame Henriette's chief assistant, who had just received a message from the upper regions to say that her employer would not be down for at least another hour and a half, assured Mrs. Crutchley that Madame Henriette would not arrive for some time. Mrs. Crutchley hoped that she would not arrive at all, so that Lady Bellamy, given a day to think over the matter, might realize the utter foolishness of her conduct. Mrs.

Crutchley had no choice but to return to Upper Grosvenor Street, and wait for Lady Bellamy. She tried to employ the time in writing some letters ; and, in fact, when Lady Bellamy came into her morning-room, she was composing an indignant note to Lord Bellamy which she had no intention of sending. Lord Bellamy had given her the benefit of his experience, which was summed up in the two words, "Write nothing." It was at Hurlingham, and they were standing watching the gentle art of wounding the dangerous and savage pigeon. "My dear Jack," he had said, "never commit your thoughts to paper. The simplest invitation to lunch sounds ridiculous when read out in the Divorce Court."

A wounded pigeon flew painfully over their heads, and a heavy drop of warm blood fell on her white gown. She gave a little cry of dismay, looking after the ungallant bird almost resentfully.

"They ought really to teach these birds to die like gentlemen," said Bellamy, lightly. "I know you can teach birds to pretend to be dead."

"Do you think it's a bad omen ?" she asked fretfully.

But now she was suffering, and that day at Hurlingham seemed a weary while ago.

"My dear Jack," said Lady Bellamy as she entered the room, "I feel so nervous."

"Then why go ? It will only upset you."

"I must go. For the future I shall do what I consider to be my duty. Bellamy will find that I am like—like—Jack, what's that dog that's always in poetry ?"

"Sleuth-hound?"

"Yes—that's it. How clever of you."

Nothing that Mrs. Crutchley could say had any effect on this sleuth-hound in pink muslin, so they entered Lady Bellamy's victoria. Mrs. Crutchley's spirits were at zero, and she sat on Dodo, much to Lady Bellamy's indignation. She was wondering what awful catastrophe was impending, and speculating as to who had put the idea into Lady Bellamy's head, for it was not conceivable that it had got there by itself. She had forgotten to ask her the night before, having been so entirely anxious about herself.

"Who suggested to you, Selina, that you should embark on this campaign of good works?"

"I read it in a magazine; and you have no idea, Jack, the amount of good the wife did."

"Was it a real story?"

"I—I don't know."

"Well, I should have found out, because, you see, fiction is never a bit like real life. Authors are so unnatural—the more wild and improbable the story, the more they seem to like writing about it."

"I don't see that any harm can be done," said the sleuth-hound, a little nervously, as they turned into Bond Street. She wished that she had not taken it so for granted that Madame Henriette was a weak-minded creature who would burst into floods of repentant tears at her mere appearance.

CHAPTER VI

LORD BELLAMY was not the only person who had lain in bed on that beautiful summer morning ; that is, not the only person connected with his life's history.

The person in question, who had slept through the birth, early growth, and mature roar of the traffic in the street below, was Madame Henriette, the milliner. She knew that directly she rose there was a most unpleasant visitor standing by her bedside ready to bear her company through the day's work. So long as she lay in bed she was free of it, but she was aware that her evil conscience was fluttering about the room, impatiently waiting to take possession of its own. She had a certain amount of excuse for staying where she was, for it was the end of the season, and business was slack. When at last she passed into her bathroom the spectre asserted full sway. Vivid recollections of a private room in an hotel near Sloane Square, with an elegant supper for two, gave birth to a greater remorse than she could have imagined possible. She was not successful in putting away from her the memory of a smile which was far more intoxicating than the wine on the table, and of a voice which twisted things evil into the most

fascinatingly innocuous appearances. The strain of these reflections left her jaded and worn ere she had finished dressing, and she passed through the shop into the show-room almost listlessly. Her assistant was preparing the books for the monthly balance.

"I have had a most dreadful headache, Miss Gray."

"I hope you are better?"

"Yes—that is, no. Phenacetin never does me any good."

"I can manage quite well by myself if you'd sooner go and lie down again."

"Oh no."

It was possible that her conscience, being a thing evil, would decline to accompany her through a day's honest work.

"Has anybody been?"

"The Comtesse de Perrefonds called, and said that we must really let her have some hats for Cowes."

"Did you mention her account?"

"Of course."

"And she promised a cheque before the end of next week?"

"Yes."

"She has been doing that ever since we opened. She's the most barefaced of them all. However, she's French, and quite the right sort of customer."

"She brings a lot of people."

44 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

"Yes, but if it had not been for those dreadful American women who paid ready money, her introductions in good and bad debts would about balance each other."

"She brought Mrs. Crutchley," ventured the assistant.

Madame Henriette was silent. She could not but remember that Mrs. Crutchley had brought Lord Bellamy, and her assistant's remark had rung up the curtain once more on the private room with supper for two.

"I shall take my holiday almost at once, Miss Gray. I shall be away all August, and you can have the first fortnight in September. The girls can arrange it as they like between them."

A slim, pretty girl entered from the outer room.

"Mr. Stevens wants to know if he can see you."

Madame Henriette looked up and paled. Her evil conscience tuned everything to the key of suspicion, and besides, Mr. Stevens had never before paid a call at that particular hour.

"Show him in," she said shortly. "You can leave us, Miss Gray."

Stevens met Miss Gray in the doorway, and drew aside to let her pass out. He shut the door gently after her, and, to Madame Henriette's astonishment and alarm, locked it; but she concealed her feelings, and went impulsively towards him with outstretched arms.

"Richard!"

He held her off, raising his hand without passion.

“Why have you locked the door?”

He stood looking at her in silence, hoping even against absolute proof, as people are apt to do when they are in love.

“Richard, why are you so pale! You frighten me.”

“I am not surprised at that, considering the state your conscience must be in—that is, if you have a conscience.”

“I don’t understand you.”

“Don’t you? A little strange. The study of character, Henriette, is somewhat of a hobby of mine, and if a stranger had asked me to sum you up, I should have replied that you were a quick-witted little thing.”

She gazed at him in terror. During their married life they had seen little of each other, and his present mood was quite different to anything he had hitherto displayed. She could only look at him helplessly, gasping out, “Richard,” appealingly.

“Don’t keep on repeating my name as if you wanted to hear what it sounded like. Sit down, you Jezebel.”

She collapsed into the chair by her side.

“Not there—it’s too near the door.” He pointed to the seat by the desk, and she crossed to it slowly, feeling as if her legs were giving way beneath her. It seemed as if she were going down into a pit,

and as if the roar of the traffic in the street below was the yell of its infernal denizens hailing her advent.

"I suppose we are not likely to be disturbed?"

"I don't know—I——" She rose, and went swiftly towards the door, but stopped halfway with a smothered shriek.

With his elbow resting on the table, Stevens was pointing the revolver at her, with all the deadly decision and calm of a professional bravo; but not without a certain inward dread that, after all, it might be loaded. He kept the weapon levelled till she had resumed her seat.

Henriette was too nervous to notice that he had hastily removed his finger from the trigger.

"You and I, Henriette, must have a talk."

"Yes, of course, Richard, if you wish."

"I have a confession to make, Henriette."

She looked at him a little relieved. Perhaps, after all, it was his conscience that was in question.

"We have been married nearly eighteen months, and during that time, except for a fortnight at Blackpool, we can hardly be said to have lived together."

"No, Richard; but then, of course, directly your aunt dies——"

"I have no aunt."

She looked at him in amazement. Then her face cleared, and she exclaimed, with unfeigned relief—

"Oh, Richard; then she is dead!"

"I never had an aunt." And then he added hastily, as if it were a singular fact that required explanation, "Both my father and mother were only children."

"But your aunt at Richmond? You told me she would have cut you off with a shilling if she had known you were married."

"I tell you I have no aunt at Richmond. You have been deceived, Henriette." He spoke the last words slowly, as if the fact that she had been taken in was a pleasant reflection, which he could at least place to his credit.

She recovered something of her courage and self-possession. She began to see herself in the light of an aggrieved party. It did not, after all, appear that he knew anything to her detriment.

"When I first met you, Henriette——" He broke off, and asked, "Do you remember when I first met you?"

"Yes, of course."

"I like thinking of it. I have often lain awake at nights thinking of it. It was near the Marble Arch. You passed me under the light of a gas-lamp, and I fell in love at once. I turned to look at you—you were crossing the road. I followed, and was just in time to rescue you, and the hatbox you carried, from beneath a brewer's dray. You allowed me to carry the hatbox till you had recovered your nerve, and by that time we were friends. I asked if I might see you again. You made an appointment. On that occasion it became

necessary to say who I was ; and, do you know, by that time I had fully grasped that if I told you what I really was, you would turn up your nose at me. You're a terrible snob, Henriette. Birth is everything in your eyes, and I couldn't count the number of times you mentioned that your mother was a governess and your father in the Post Office. I shall never forget your indignation when I thought you meant he was a postman, and the way you looked 'at me, as if you were an old title speaking of a brewery lord, when you replied, 'I said, in the Post Office, not outside it.' "

Madame Henriette had by this time quite made up her mind that he was suffering from sunstroke.

"But what are you, Richard? You told me that the money with which we started this business was what you had saved out of your allowance."

"Yes, Henriette, and there wasn't a word of truth in it, excepting the fact that I have saved the money. It was the savings of years of drudgery. Henriette, I am a domestic servant."

She looked at him speechless with horror, and he enjoyed the intensity of her dismay.

"Ah, I knew that that would strike home. There's nothing a woman has such a contempt for as a man-servant. There's too little of the bully and swash-buckler about him to please the female sex. I'm aware of it. They can't abide a man to hang about a house. I read in a book somewhere that it's a relic of the old times, when the women used to sit at home

and give themselves the creeps by thinking of all the horrors that might be happening to their husbands in battle. Well, as I said before, I'm a domestic servant."

"Do you mean to say that you have tricked me into marrying below my station?"

"Well, yes. I suppose you would call it marrying below your station."

"Richard, you can't mean it; you are angry with me."

"Yes, Henriette, I am angry with you, and that's why I do mean it."

"Do you mean to say that you are a common servant?"

"Oh no, I'm a very uncommon servant. You needn't be afraid, Henriette. You have at least married a somebody."

By this time the fact that her husband was a domestic servant had penetrated into her brain, and she rose, furious and reckless of the consequences.

"Oh, you can shoot me if you like. I'm sure I wish you would; but I'll prosecute you. There must be some law to prevent men from obtaining wives under false pretences. Tell me, what kind of loathsome thing are you?"

"Ah, I knew it. That's a woman all over, when she's talking of a lackey. Well, Henriette, I am a gentleman's gentleman."

"The worst of all servants: a thing without a mind

of his own—his master's echo, dressed in his worn-out clothes. Oh—oh—oh !”

He watched her with a keen relish. He had never enjoyed anything so much in his life. He had wished to see her in this mood, and had carefully led up to it.

She was now possessed of an absolute conviction of her own virtue and injuries. Everything else was forgotten.

It was in a perfectly level voice, and throwing into it as much sweetness as he was capable of, that he said simply—

“I am Lord Bellamy's servant.”

She gazed at him almost stupidly.

He had not expected her to say anything, and for a little space he was quite content to watch the effect of his amazing announcement. At last she sank back into the chair, murmuring faintly—

“Oh—h.”

“Exactly. Oh—h. I was brushing his lordship's clothes this morning, when I found a letter in one of his pockets from you.”

“Richard—I am innocent.”

“Henriette, there are some things of which we shall never know the truth till the Judgment Day. I thought that out in Hyde Park this morning.”

She looked at him inquiringly.

“It is most probable, Henriette, that had I come here directly after I had found that letter I should

have killed you. I suppose you're afraid of death, Henriette?"

"Yes, Richard, very."

"So am I, and that's why I didn't do it. Oh, you Jezebel!"

The concentrated venom with which this remark was delivered, made Henriette's heart jump into her mouth.

"You should not have left me so much to myself."

"Apparently not, although you used to tell me that the business would have all your attention. Goodness knows how many more there may have been."

"Richard, how dare you! I am a wretched, guilty woman."

"Of course you are—you are found out. It's only when we're found out that we are wretched or guilty. Looking round for a suitable expression, I should say that you are a viper. Now, I wish you clearly to understand the situation. You have broken my heart."

True to his almost Chinese theory of conduct, Stevens made this remark without the least trace of emotion, and naturally Henriette looked at him a little mystified.

"Yes, I said my heart, and I mean it."

"Spare me, Richard!"

"Oh, I'm not going to throw you over, or throw

you out of the window, as you deserve. I'm going to give myself the pleasure of looking after you, and we'll see how you like it. And I'm going to give his lordship a lesson. Do you know what they call him? Bellamy the Magnificent. Magnificent, is he? They should see him when he's just out of bed—before he's had his bath, or even when he's in his bath, for the matter of that—object! He'd cut a pretty figure before any well-set-up young British workman. Blue blood won't make calves; in fact, it's my experience that it all runs to skin and bone."

"I dare say you are right, Richard."

"Oh, I've no doubt he's fascinating, but I'm his valet, and he doesn't fascinate me. As for that, as often as not it's me that's fascinating, not him."

"What do you mean, Richard?"

"Why, Henriette, you foolish woman, it's the way I turn him out."

Once upon his favourite topic the man of genius asserted himself, and he became almost friendly.

"I am what they call the power behind the throne, Henriette. He'd be as helpless as a babe without me. I could ruin him as a man of fashion—and I will. I know all about him. I've read his private correspondence for years. If I was to speak out there'd be half a dozen divorces, and he'd be left with half a dozen married women on his hands. Oh, you women! A man's only got to make up his mind to be a rake, and you're all at his feet."

"Oh, Richard, if you only knew how innocent I am!"

"I don't think we'll waste time talking about that. Now, tell me, how did you meet his lordship? No lies, if you please."

"Certainly not, Richard. He came here."

"Came here?"

"Yes, he came to pay a bill."

"Came to pay a milliner's bill, eh? Come, that has the ring of truth about it. Whose bill?"

"Mrs. Crutchley's."

"Lady Bellamy's dearest friend. Really, Henriette, you're either telling the truth, or you've got a perfect genius for making lies sound natural."

"I am telling the truth."

"Why should he call in person? I am bound to say it's not like his lordship to compromise a lady with her tradeswomen. He always ruins a woman like a gentleman. He ruins them, but the most unlucky of them can't turn round and say he's been vulgar. There's Mrs. Grimthorpe. Her husband was in the Foreign Office. By the time he had finished with her there wasn't a soul in London who would speak to her, and now she's in a comic opera chorus at two pounds a week. Really, Henriette, I'm surprised at you, because, when all's said and done, you've knocked about—although perhaps you were taking me in all the time."

"No, Richard, really."

54 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

"Well, as I said before, there are some things that we shall never know, although it's wonderful what accident will reveal, isn't it?"

"Yes," she answered, in a crushed voice.

There was a knock at the door.

"You had better open it."

The knock was repeated, and Henriette gave a little sob of dismay.

"What will they think at finding me locked in with you?"

"You can tell them that I am your husband—that is, if you haven't already introduced some one else in that capacity."

Madame Henriette went softly to the door, and unlocked it, and not till she had returned to her seat did she say, "Come in."

"Lady Bellamy wishes to know if Madame Henriette is disengaged."

Poor Henriette grew dizzy. She began to wonder if she had been the victim of a deliberate conspiracy. She looked at Stevens with her mouth wide open, quite unable to come to a decision.

Stevens took out his watch and looked at it.

"Show her ladyship in here—that is to say, in about three minutes."

"Mrs. Crutchley is with her."

Madame Henriette managed to gasp—

"That will do; you can go."

The assistant went out, closing the door behind her.

"You see, Henriette, you have brought two of them down on you."

"What does Lady Bellamy want here?"

"Perhaps her ladyship wishes to ask you what you wanted with Lord Bellamy."

"I won't see her."

"Oh yes, you will, and in my presence."

"In your presence?"

"That is to say, I shall overhear. Let me see. This screen. On second thoughts, no. Her ladyship has had experience in screens. I once saw her standing behind a screen listening to what Lord Bellamy was saying to Mrs. Crutchley. I think I'll stand behind this finery." He indicated some tea-gowns. "They'll never see me."

"Richard, I will not lend myself——"

"Remember, Henriette, that I have a revolver." And he actually dared to click it and pull the trigger.

"Richard, spare me."

He had almost said, "It's all right ; it's not loaded," so startled was he at his own action ; but he checked himself in time.

"Show Lady Bellamy in."

His voice, coming through many yards of flowing silk, sounded ghostlike and muffled.

Madame Henriette went to the door, and in a voice which she hardly recognized as her own, said—

"Ask her ladyship to step this way, Miss Gray."

As Lady Bellamy, the eternal Dodo in her arms,

entered the room, she glanced round in some surprise. She had concluded from the delay that Madame Henriette was engaged with a customer. She was followed by Mrs. Crutchley, who, in the course of the interview, whenever she could get behind her, directed appealing glances at Madame Henriette.

Lady Bellamy had never seen Madame Henriette. She did not affect French styles. She bought her own hats in Sloane Street.

Even now, when she was face to face with the woman she chose to look upon as a misguided creature in need of warning, her lack of humour revealed no absurdity in the position.

"Madame Henriette, I presume?"

"Yes. I shall be very pleased to serve your ladyship. The season is so very nearly over that——"

"I said my name was Lady Bellamy."

"My stock of hats is——"

"Really, your self-possession is quite remarkable; but I have not come to discuss hats."

"Indeed? Then I am at a loss."

"I repeat, I am Lady Bellamy."

"So you said."

Perhaps at this point some idea of the vulgarity of her proceeding began to dawn on Lady Bellamy, for she looked a little at a loss, and plunged with some lack of dexterity into the midst of things.

"I see, Madame Henriette, that you are determined to play a part; but let me tell you that it is quite

useless. I have convincing proof of your guilty infatuation for Lord Bellamy."

Madame Henriette glanced apprehensively at the tea-gowns, wondering whether Stevens would be able to take aim. She further wished that Mrs. Crutchley would not wander about trying on hats, so dangerously in his vicinity.

"I must really ask your ladyship not to speak so loudly. People in the showroom may hear."

She had some faint hope that if Lady Bellamy could only be induced to modulate her already small voice, Stevens might not gather so much of the conversation after all.

Mrs. Crutchley was determined, if possible, to smother the situation with trivialities.

"Selina, what do you think of this hat for Cowes, with a pink ribbon instead of blue?"

Lady Bellamy looked at Mrs. Crutchley almost vacantly, as if she wondered for one moment what she was talking about. Then she noticed that Mrs. Crutchley had changed her hat.

"My dear Jack, we are not here to discuss hats. Surely this is a little incongruous."

"It's very easy to discuss this matter at any time; it is always difficult to get the hat you want."

"Really, Jack," said Lady Bellamy, with a great assumption of gravity, "if I had thought for one moment that you were so incapable of appreciating the seriousness of this visit, I should not have asked you to come."

She then turned to Madame Henriette.

"A strict sense of duty has brought me here."

She paused, evidently expecting the milliner to say something ; but Madame Henriette, painfully conscious of a tell-tale movement of the tea-gowns, hardly heard her.

"As I was saying," continued Lady Bellamy, "a strict sense of duty has brought me here. I must say that before I saw you I thought that you might be a young and innocent girl led away and fascinated by a brilliant and unscrupulous man. You will, perhaps, excuse my saying so ; but you do not in any way suggest a young, innocent girl."

"Perhaps not ; I'm a married woman."

"Then I can only say I'm very sorry for your poor deceived husband."

Madame Henriette nearly shrieked, and hastily placed herself in such a position that Lady Bellamy was between her and the tea-gowns, at the same time wondering if a bullet could go through two people.

"Please don't think that I should stand such treatment in an ordinary way, only—only there are reasons."

"Oh, I've no doubt there are the best of reasons, but, after this, please don't say that you have not been warned."

This last remark roused Madame Henriette to such an extent that for the moment she forgot all about her husband.

"I have no wish to be warned. Let me tell your ladyship that I consider this visit highly impertinent. You will, if you please——"

Mrs. Crutchley thought it time to interfere again, and willowed down to them in a Tam-o'-Shanter.

"Excuse my interrupting; but, Selina, what about this for motoring?"

"Jack, I really must ask you to hold your tongue."

"Well, of course, if I'm not to say a word I might just as well not have come."

Madame Henriette took advantage of the interruption.

"I can only say that this lady seems to have a much clearer idea of the uses of a milliner's shop than your ladyship has. Anything in the way of hats I shall be glad to supply. As for Lord Bellamy, I can only say that if the wife of every man who runs after a milliner behaved in this way there would be a multitude of interesting scenes, and shopping would become impossible."

Lady Bellamy was not imaginative, and although she had told Mrs. Crutchley that she had considered the matter in all its bearings, she had in reality done nothing of the kind. It would have meant an effort of imagination of which she was incapable. The only members of the class beneath her with whom she had been brought into contact were those who figuratively bobbed a curtsy whenever she appeared. The way Madame Henriette stood up to her brought

60 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

out a dormant commonness and a very real lack of dignity.

"I consider you exceedingly brazen."

It was not so much the words themselves as the tone in which they were uttered, which seemed to imply a feline desire to scratch.

"Much obliged to you, I am sure. It is quite true that I have had a few letters from Lord Bellamy. Your ladyship is welcome to take them back with you. You have no doubt read my replies."

"I have done nothing of the kind. I employ a detective."

Mrs. Crutchley, in the background, was growing quite hysterical, despite the danger to herself involved in Madame Henriette's rising temper. In her agitation she continued to try on hats at an alarming rate, ending with a lady's silk riding hat of the old-fashioned kind, which had been placed in the centre of the showroom as a curiosity.

"I am sorry," said Madame Henriette, in reply to Lady Bellamy's last remark, "I can't see the distinction."

"I am quite satisfied, providing there is one. You seem to think that my visit was prompted by notions of jealousy. Nothing of the kind, I assure you. I came here out of the goodness of my heart to save what I thought might be an erring sister on the verge of ruin."

Mrs. Crutchley began to get seriously alarmed.

Both the matter and manner of Lady Bellamy's speeches would have warranted Madame Henriette's saying anything. She forgot her ridiculous headgear, and came forward hurriedly.

"Selina, for goodness' sake!"

"Jack, be quiet!" snapped Lady Bellamy. "You know what a struggle I have had with my conscience to come here at all, and when I am confronted like this by the most shameless——"

"Shameless yourself!" almost shrieked Madame Henriette, and with what Mrs. Crutchley thought perfect truth.

Stevens, unable to see anything, but hearing the ladies' voices raised in anger, thought it was time to interfere.

"Ladies, ladies!" As he spoke he stepped on to the little platform on which the tea-gowns were standing, and pushed his head up through the dresses. A light French confection rose with him on the top of his head, and he stood before the three, clothed apparently in a tea-gown, and wearing a hat of pink chiffon.

At first Lady Bellamy hardly recognized him. He looked like some dreadful nightmare, or a low comedian in a pantomime. At last the fact of his identity dawned upon her. She concluded at once that he was an emissary of Lord Bellamy's, and that he had been spying on her.

"Stevens, what are you doing here—and in that hat?"

Stevens despised Lady Bellamy, as did all her servants, and he replied, for him, almost insolently—

“I might ask your ladyship the same question, excepting the hat.”

The scene became less and less to Mrs. Crutchley's liking. It exceeded even the vulgarity she had prophesied for it—although she was the only member of the party who frankly laughed at Stevens's ludicrous appearance, quite unconscious of her own.

“You see, Selina,” she said, irritably, “I advised you not to come. We have only ourselves to thank.”

Madame Henriette hurried to the door and shut it. Some customers had just come into the outer room.

“I believe you are right, Jack,” said Lady Bellamy. “After all, the man is only doing the master's work.”

“Pardon me, my lady, it appears that the master has been doing the man's work.”

Unable to solve this engima, Lady Bellamy looked at him inquiringly.

“With your ladyship's permission, this woman is my wife.”

“Your wife!” exclaimed Lady Bellamy and Mrs. Crutchley together.

“Yes,” continued Stevens, sardonically; “your ladyship need not congratulate me. I am her fool of a husband. I, too, have been deceived—only, if I may

be pardoned for saying so, it's a novelty as far as I'm concerned."

"For goodness' sake, let's get out of it, Selina."

Lady Bellamy, feeling eminently unlike a sleuth-hound, was anxious to "get out of it" on any terms.

Miss Gray entered the room, and, closing the door behind her, as if she knew that her announcement would create confusion, said—

"Lord Bellamy wishes to know if he can see Madame Henriette."

Lady Bellamy looked as though she meditated a leap out of the window into Bond Street.

Stevens keenly enjoyed the situation, and smiled on every one quite benignly.

"Isn't there another door?" demanded Mrs. Crutchley, frantically, indifferent to the assistant's amazement at her strange appearance.

"I'm afraid not, ma'am," said Stevens, adding, "show Lord Bellamy in."

"I forbid it," said Lady Bellamy, trying to look majestic.

"Henriette," said Stevens, in his most deadly tones, "tell your assistant to show Lord Bellamy in."

It was obviously no use for Lady Bellamy and Mrs. Crutchley to oppose him. They unconsciously recognized his domination.

"Quick, in here!" said Mrs. Crutchley, dodging behind a screen. "And if Dodo barks put a hat over his mouth."

64 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

As the assistant was leaving the room, Lady Bellamy made one feeble attempt to save her dignity.

"In concealing myself, I trust it will not be considered that I have anything to be ashamed of."

The assistant left the room, and Lady Bellamy disappeared in a panic.

Poor Madame Henriette was left to reflect for a few seconds on the possibilities of the coming interview. If she could only think of some way by which she might inform Lord Bellamy of the presence of the others in the room! If he went on in his usual way, with her husband standing behind the tea-gowns, the pistol might be expected to go off at any moment, not to speak of the humiliation involved in Lady Bellamy, and Lord Bellamy's *chère amie* Mrs. Crutchley, hearing what his lordship had to say.

He entered with a supreme attempt to throw off his ill-humour of the morning, and long practice in this admirable self-control, cultivated not at all for its moral sake, made him fairly successful. He was still conscious that there was something wrong with his clothes, a misfortune which to the complete dandy equals neuralgia or headache. Madame Henriette decidedly appealed to him. She was what might be termed, in the categories of his heart, a romance of the second class. She had never given him a fictitious sense of goodness, a gift which only accompanies romances of the first class. He drank of her atmosphere as he would have done of a good and pleasure-making

wine. He had never pretended to himself during the long three weeks in which he had known her that she had any of the quality of the great vintages. She had brought something of the wonder of a new beauty into his life, and he never asked for more. She stirred him, and he was satisfied. He was always honest with himself, even to bluntness, about his own feelings, and he would not try to force the note of romance one moment longer than her beauty could warble it. Directly the song of her personality ceased to rouse sympathetic vibrations in his own he would say so, as he had always done before, and he conceived that there was great merit in so doing. He was conducting the affair with supreme recklessness, which was part of his perennial youth. It was not every man in his position, and especially if he were married, who, having fallen in love with a milliner, would call on her in the middle of the day at her place of business.

As the assistant closed the door he murmured something as to having come on his wife's account, but when they were, as he imagined, alone, he hastened towards her.

With a cry almost of warning she held him off. He looked at her in surprise. He had quite thought that the period of reluctance was over. It certainly ought to have been, but women have a bad habit of doubling. Then he laughed lightly, and said, with a spontaneity which was quite delightful in a man of forty, "Oh, I see—I am late. I beg your pardon, I am so

66 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

sorry ; but my servant, who has been with me since I left Oxford, disappeared this morning—drowned himself, I hope. Rather astonishing, because he's got a decided hanging face. Do you know, Henriette, if it hadn't been for my presence of mind in dressing myself I should not have been here at all."

"I'm very busy," she began ; but he took no notice, and rattled on—

"It's rather awkward, though, because I can't for the life of me tell whether I'm properly dressed or not. Would you mind just giving me a look over, and seeing if there's anything missing ?"

"It looks all right," stammered Madame Henriette.

"It's thrown me into a thoroughly nervous state. But you forgive me ?"

"What can it matter ?"

By a studied carelessness of manner, Madame Henriette was endeavouring to convey to the others in their hiding-places that she had never given his lordship any reason to suppose that she cared in the least whether he had her forgiveness or no. He, on his part, thought her manner was the result of pique. His instinct was always sure as to the exact level of gallantry a woman's mental development required, but unfortunately he was not reckoning with an audience.

"But you must forgive me, or I shall kiss you."

Madame Henriette hastily placed the table between them.

"Oh, don't, please ! I forgive you."

"I have been thinking of you ever since we parted yesterday evening. That is an absolute test of passion, Henriette. If a woman remains in one's thoughts without effort it is a proof of sincerity. Sincerity should be automatic ; if it is anything else it is hypocrisy. We must have another dinner at that charming hotel. Henriette, you have taught me that romance never dies."

"Do for goodness' sake be quiet."

He looked at her in surprise. He had never seen her in this mood. There was something of the commonplace in her remark which displeased him. Then he saw that her eyes were wet. He had certainly never credited her with a large amount of sensibility. He had been wrong. That was curious. His calculations, as regards women, were apt to be almost mathematically correct, and he had more than once suspected that such a perfect knowledge might in time breed *ennui*. Was she about to become an unknown quantity ? He hardly dared hope so, but if she had any such intention she must decidedly be encouraged. He took her hand, but she drew it away sharply.

"Why, Henriette, you are trembling ! Good heavens !"

The ejaculation was so tragic that the three listeners at once concluded that they had been discovered.

"What is it?" gasped Henriette, who already saw master and servant struggling in deadly combat.

"Look at my feet!"

She did as she was asked, vacantly.

"Odd boots!" And then he burst out laughing.

"I don't see anything odd." She tried to take an interest. Boots, at any rate, were a subject far removed from questions of the heart.

"Yes, can't you see, the pattern of them is quite different? Damn Stevens!"

Madame Henriette gave a jump.

"I beg your pardon, but——" He was sitting in a chair and turning his feet about. "They do look so ridiculous."

"I can't ask you to stay," said Madame Henriette. "I have a great deal of work to do."

Lady Bellamy's heart warmed towards her. She was evidently a very sensible woman—or was it experience?

Madame Henriette began aimlessly to cut up a tea-gown with a pair of scissors.

"Henriette, you are almost making a scene. The season is over, and we ought all to give up work. August is the month of rest, and of romance—that is, if romance and rest ever go together, which I very much doubt. I am in town only because of you."

"I have been foolish—indiscreet," almost wailed the terrified woman. "Oh, please go away!"

"Henriette, you are suffering from an early conscience. Autumn is the season for conscience. Mine always comes in October and stays a week."

"Please don't talk such nonsense," she said, almost tartly, and still playing to the invisible gallery.

"I never talk nonsense, Henriette. It may sound like nonsense, but the philosophy is underneath."

"I don't care what's underneath. And you are right, my conscience is troubling me."

"Ah, that is exactly the sort of thing people say when they are going to be found out."

She looked at him apprehensively. Was it possible that he suspected the presence of the others? She felt that sooner or later the scene must end in wild hysterics on her own part. To add to her nervousness, Mrs. Crutchley's tall hat kept moving about above the screen.

"We are both married—we must remember that."

"Of course we'll remember it. We should be unjust to our romance were we to forget it. I suppose that sounds terribly iniquitous, but it's perfectly true. Where there is no marriage there is no adventure. Besides, marriage is an institution to keep the middle classes in order."

"I belong to the middle classes."

"Ah, Henriette—Henriette!" He shook his finger at her deprecatingly. "Never apply the personal test to abstract philosophy. It almost amounts to bad manners."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said helplessly, and very truthfully, wondering if Stevens would think the speech compromising. "When are you leaving town?"

She had now divided the tea-gown into three meaningless sections, and he was getting interested in the process.

"Could I have some ties made of that?" he asked. "They would be very original, and of late I've felt it was time I did something new."

"I will book the order at once," she answered, vaguely hoping to give a business-like turn to the conversation.

"Thank you. My man shall send you a pattern. Do you know, it's perfectly extraordinary, although he never wears anything but a meaningless piece of black ribbon, his taste in ties is perfect. Strange, one sees that in all art. The man who spends his life painting the beautiful, as a rule has the appearance of a chimpanzee. One would think that a love of the beautiful would naturally result in a dandy. Dandyism is the last word in ephemeral criticism on the physically lovely. Women understand that, and you, Henriette——" He moved towards her, but she drew away hastily. "Henriette, you are not usually cruel. Be as you were last night."

"You are a wicked man!"

He looked at her in amazement. There really was a distinct suggestion of the servants' hall in the remark.

"Granted. No man minds being called wicked. It argues a sentimental interest."

"You don't understand." And, conscious of her audience, her voice took something of the passionate ring with which a lady in transpontine melodrama states her wrongs. "I was lonely; you were kind and thoughtful, and I trusted you."

"My dear Henriette, surely there is no need for deception between us—at least, not when we are alone. Yesterday evening you told me that you loved me."

"Oh, I never!" It was not a moment for grammar.

"You told me that your husband was dull, and at times reminded you of an undertaker."

She wondered why she did not faint.

"How can you say that! I never said anything of the kind."

"Oh, but you did! Then, you are always so witty when you are describing your husband."

"Oh, do go!"

"Of course, if you wish it I will, but I can't understand this sudden change of manner."

"There is no change of manner."

"Have I offended you in any way? Coming along I bought you a present, but I hardly like to offer it to you now."

"I don't want it."

"That is absurd. All women want jewels—

if they don't always find it convenient to accept them."

He took out a jewel case, and, opening it, laid it on the table. The bracelet it contained was obviously valuable, and Henriette could not help reflecting that if she were left in the lurch it would prove a decided asset. She did not suppose that her husband could see what she was doing, so she slipped it into her pocket, and Bellamy waited for at least a conventional speech of thanks. It was not forthcoming.

"Henriette, I begin to think the heat has affected your brain. Shall we dine together this evening?" Lady Bellamy quite enjoyed Mrs. Crutchley's start of indignation. "I will drive you down to Windsor in my motor."

"Certainly not. I don't know what you take me for."

Bellamy began to think that if this prolonged irritability was Henriette's idea of a scene he must have been mistaken in her. He took up his hat and gloves, and at that moment Dodo barked.

"It's only my dog. I always put him behind there, out of the way of the customers. I must ask you——" she added quickly as he moved; but it was too late.

Bellamy had discovered his wife and Mrs. Crutchley. He was as near looking foolish as he has ever been in his life, but Dodo, who was being gagged with a hat, saved him.

"I thought I knew that bark. My dear Selina, you will smother that dog if you are not careful."

They both came out, Mrs. Crutchley feeling that she should hate Lady Bellamy to the end of her days.

"Gerald, I came here on an errand of mercy. I bitterly regret the good nature that prompted me to do so."

"I have no doubt you do, Selina. I have always thought that Dodo would get you into trouble sooner or later. And Mrs. Crutchley—another angel of mercy?"

But Mrs. Crutchley had not the least intention of being made to look more foolish than she could help.

"I came here with Selina. I was absolutely in the dark as to the reason of her visit—the whole thing was sprung upon me."

"Oh, Jack, how can you tell such dreadful stories!"

"Did I want to come?" said Mrs. Crutchley, indifferent to logic. "I said it was a mistake from the first."

But Lord Bellamy was quite prepared to surmount the situation.

"Shall I get you your carriage?" he asked easily. "And shall we lunch together?"

He and Lady Bellamy had not lunched out together for years, and he felt that she ought to be obliged to him for the tact of the suggestion.

But Stevens was burning with indignation. He knew the consummate impertinence with which his

master would have tripped it through the Divorce Court, and the ease with which he met a state of things which should have confounded him exasperated the injured husband. He rose above the rampart of tea-gowns, and demanded indignantly—

“What about me, my lord?”

For a moment Bellamy wondered if the extraordinary individual surmounted by the French hat were Henriette’s mother. Then he knew it for Stevens. What on earth was Stevens doing there? He concluded that he was in Lady Bellamy’s pay, and wondered how he had managed to find out about Henriette.

The blood of the Magnificent one was up. It was a situation which a great reputation like his might be proud to handle.

“Well, Stevens, what about you?” he asked airily. “Supposing you run along to Grosvenor Place and fetch me a complete pair of boots.”

Stevens turned still whiter with suppressed passion.

“Perhaps, my lord, you would like to know the reason of my presence?”

“Or the reason of your absence, Stevens.”

“I will explain both, my lord. This viper”—he indicated Henriette—“is my wife.”

Stevens had a momentary satisfaction. Bellamy was staggered, but hardly even Mrs. Crutchley or his wife noticed it, and nobody but Stevens, who had seen him in some of his worst moods, would have detected it. The next moment he had broken into a laugh of almost

boyish merriment. He looked at the three women—Mrs. Crutchley and Madame Henriette fuming, Lady Bellamy a failure in inane dignity. There was a solemnity about them all which was to his cultivated taste inexplicable.

“If any of you have any sense of humour, laugh.”

“Gerald,” said his wife, “have you nothing to say to me? You have wounded me in my most womanly feelings;” and then she added, with a reprehensible collapse of her affected restraint, “You are a thing of brass.”

“This affair isn’t going to pass off like this,” said Stevens, coming down into the middle of the room, and bringing a whole avalanche of tea-gowns with him. “I could kill you, my lord, but I won’t. I’ll do worse—I’ll give you a month’s notice.”

Again Lord Bellamy winced, but he recovered himself gallantly.

“And go at once, I suppose, Stevens?”

But the affected gaiety of the remark was a failure. Stevens had got home with a rapier thrust, and if the wound was not visible, there was serious internal hemorrhage.

Mrs. Crutchley thought it was high time she was out of such imbroglio.

“We had much better go to lunch, and leave the lawyers to decide who is right and who is wrong.”

“My dear Mrs. Crutchley, what a head you have!” said Bellamy.

76 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

But Lady Bellamy was never able to see any situation except from one point of view. She was possessed of a genius for inanity.

"Gerald, have you nothing to say to me?"

The shadow of irritability crossed his face.

"My dear Selina, I have noticed that whenever a situation arises pre-eminently requiring tact, you destroy it with sentiment."

Lady Bellamy's mentality was not rapid, but she gathered that once more she had bruised herself against brass.

"Come, Jack, let us go."

But Mrs. Crutchley was really incensed, and, indifferent as to who heard her, exclaimed with an energy a little more pronounced than the conventional latitude of good breeding warranted—

"I hope it will be a lesson to you never to see further than your own nose again."

"A charming limitation, Selina." He held the door open for her. "I will join you in three weeks' time at Lanham."

"It is immaterial," murmured the sleuth-hound, as she went out.

"See her ladyship to her carriage, Stevens."

"Yes, my lord."

Stevens was out of the room and half-way downstairs, through sheer force of habit, before he realized from whom he had received the order. Then he reflected that he had done by accident what he would have

wished to do on purpose. It was eminently undesirable that private feelings should interfere with the proprieties of service. A month's notice, and possibly revenge, but no vulgarity.

Poor Madame Henriette retreated to the window, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, you beautiful liar!" said Mrs. Crutchley, looking at Lord Bellamy pathetically.

He answered her with an expression of guilty insouciance, full of a deprecatory charm.

"My dear Jack," he said, *sotto voce*, "everything can be explained, but it will take time."

"I could murder you. I feel like Lady Macbeth."

"You don't look like it in that hat."

Mrs. Crutchley surveyed herself in a glass, and rippled to a smile at her appearance.

"What a sight I look! Good day, Madame Henriette. You behaved like a brick, and I shall recommend you to all my friends."

"Don't mention it," snapped Madame Henriette, "I've thoroughly enjoyed myself."

"Poor Bellamy," said Mrs. Crutchley, "for the first time in your life, I suppose, you have looked just a little foolish."

She went out of the room after Lady Bellamy, but her parting remark might have been more studied than it was, considering the effect it had on him. Had he looked foolish? The suggestion made him feel uncomfortable. He felt like a singer who has been

accused of a false intonation. It was his particular business in life not to look foolish.

He was obliged to await the return of Stevens, an indefinable obligation of the circumstances demanding it.

"My dear Henriette, I consider we have both behaved splendidly. Such a dreadful thing to happen—in the morning, too! Such a glare, don't you think? The evening might have mellowed it; but it's impossible to take the play seriously at lunch-time. Your dignity was wonderful."

"Don't talk to me of dignity," she answered furiously. "A nice morning's work—to be found out, and to find out that one's husband is a common servant."

"Stevens is not a common servant, Henriette. He is my servant."

"What are you going to do?"

"I will do anything you like—from a yachting cruise to a villa in Algiers."

"No, thank you; I've made one mistake. I wasn't born yesterday. I'm going to pull up while there's time."

"We are told, Henriette, that it is never too late to mend; but surely you are beginning a little early."

"You may be surprised to learn, Lord Bellamy, that I am in love with my husband."

"The unexpected is woman's privilege."

"Perhaps you will leave me to conciliate him the best way I can."

"You really wish it?"

"Yes."

He took up his hat and waited near the door for Stevens's reappearance, hoping he would not be long, for he was hungry, and wanted his lunch. Perhaps Stevens had left him in possession. If he had, it was very inconsiderate. Then a thought struck him. He turned to Henriette.

"I say, do you think Stevens really meant what he said about giving me a month's notice?"

"Naturally."

"Henriette, you terrify me!"

"Good heavens—if that were all!"

"All? You don't know what you are talking about. How selfish women are! It is the worst thing that could happen. Why ever didn't you tell me who your husband was?"

"I didn't know till this morning."

"Something must be done. Good-bye. I suppose it is good-bye?"

There was a slight affectation of sentiment. It was due to her.

"I hope so," she answered.

He met her mood at once.

"As a matter of fact, so do I."

Stevens re-entered the room.

"I shall be back in time to attend on your lordship," he said deferentially.

Bellamy smiled graciously.

80 BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT

“That’s a good fellow. Never let the trivialities of life interfere with business.” He turned to Madame Henriette. “Good morning, Mrs. Stevens.”

Stevens closed the door after him, and then looked at his wife.

“He’s an open-hearted gentleman, isn’t he, Henrietta !”

He spoke slowly, partly to her and partly to himself.

CHAPTER VII

REGGIE VANDELEUR sat up in bed eating his breakfast while he gazed meditatively through the open window at the smoky roof opposite, which was made tolerable and even cheerful by the midday sunshine. On the breakfast tray lay his landlord's account, several weeks overdue. That worried him perhaps just a little, but the puckering of his brow was due to financial troubles of wider import. He had early made up his mind to lead a perfectly useless life, and how to do it became a problem more difficult of solution every day. By dint of one or two small legacies which he had come into when he was twenty-one, and the allowance extracted irregularly from his mother, he had managed to get into debt, but his courage was not equal to the career of a complete adventurer, and he felt that his abilities were not such as to carry him very far in that direction. His limited imagination only suggested one way out of the difficulty, and that was a marriage for money. He was prepared to sell himself, and his excuse for thinking that he might get a certain price was that he had known many who were no more eligible than himself do so. At the moment, however, it was

absolutely necessary that he should have a certain sum of money, and he had concluded, since he had wearily dragged himself into a sitting position to eat his breakfast, that five hundred pounds was the minimum. For him the calculation had been quite a brilliant mathematical feat.

He had manœuvred an invitation to Lanham Towers out of Lady Bellamy, and he knew that Pamela Gray was to be of the party. It was his mother who had first suggested that he should apply himself in that quarter. She was not a great heiress, but she had the sort of income that would run to a small house in town and a sufficiently smart style of living, and, as Mrs. Vandeleur said—

“And you know, Reggie, when I die you will inherit everything I have to leave.”

It was as well to make a virtue of necessity.

“Everything you have left, you mean, mamma,” said Reggie, who, with the instincts of his mother’s son, could not help admiring her for having lived for years at the rate of two thousand on an income of a thousand. Considering Mrs. Vandeleur was barely forty-five years of age, and looked ten years younger, there was very little comfort for him in looking forward to her demise, which, at the same time, he would have been perfectly prepared to do had there been any immediate prospect of it.

He had appealed to his mother for help, urging as an inducement that he was really getting on splendidly

with Pamela Gray, and that it was to her interest that he should marry money. "She says that she feels like a mother to me," he had written. "Do you think this is a good sign?"

Mrs. Vandeleur had replied, saying that she hoped it was, and enclosing a cheque for five pounds on account of his last quarter's allowance.

His room was in Jermyn Street, rather high up, but Reggie could be economical where it was necessary, and, as he truly remarked, all a man of his age wanted was a good address in a district which would save cab fares.

He had all August to get through, and he felt that it was quite imperative he should go to the seaside—and to Reggie the seaside meant Trouville or Dinard. He had never expected his mother to help him. There was one satisfaction about having her for a mother—he always knew where he was, and that it was not the least use appealing to her heart; and Reggie, being made in her mental image, could not help feeling that, after all, this was a very useful characteristic. Her letter was so full of wails at her own impecunious state that he felt quite sorry for her. She would, she declared, have to spend the summer at a cheap boarding-house at Brighton, where, at that time of year, she was not likely to meet anybody she knew. Perhaps it would be wiser to take an assumed name till things looked up a bit. Would Reggie like to join her—paying his own share of the bill, of course? If so, she would write

and tell him what name she had decided on, so that he could have his luggage labelled accordingly.

Reggie was used to these meanderings in his mother's letters, and knew perfectly well that she would end up at some smart watering-place, whatever happened. He was not in the least surprised, therefore, when she added in the postscript that she did not think the idea would work, as she would have to coach her maid, who would never remember, and they would probably all be taken up by the police as impostors, and she had come to the conclusion that, after all, Trouville would be just as cheap as Brighton. All of which might have furnished Reggie with some entertainment had he not been in such a panic about his own money affairs. Moneylenders would be no use—he had already tried them. When they heard his mother's age, and read the life he was living in his face, they saw that the odds were by no means in his favour; in fact, an opulent old Israelite, wearing five hundred pounds in his necktie, who turned out to be quite a friend of his mother's—which Reggie thought strange—told him as much.

"I suppose I am delicate," he reflected, rolling up the sleeve of his pyjama and gazing at a skinny and wholly undeveloped arm. "I wonder if they'd change their minds if I went through a course of physical culture." He manipulated his arm, vainly searching for a non-existent muscle. Then it struck him that he might develop so rapidly that the plea of inability to work would be considered futile.

Pamela Gray was going to Dinard, and he would have to follow her if he was to show that he was in earnest. It was absurd that he should be in such a deadly state of impecuniosity.

Having finished his breakfast, he lit a Turkish cigarette and closed his eyes in meditation. Its fragrance soothed him. Life was hard, much too hard for thought. He would try not to think, and give himself up to the perfume of the tobacco for at least ten minutes. The second minute had hardly passed when there was a knock at the door, and the servant—whose valeting was included in the rent—entered and asked if Mr. Vandeleur would see Mr. Dawlish.

“Dawlish?” thought Reggie. “What on earth is Dawlish coming to see me at this hour of the morning for?” Reggie was tired of Dawlish. Dawlish had twenty thousand a year, made on the Stock Exchange, and, strangely enough, Dawlish knew how to keep it. Anything in the nature of wealth attracted Reggie, and he had at first paid Dawlish a good deal of attention, but, so far, the friendship had proved very unremunerative, and Reggie felt that it was something against a person of Dawlish’s antecedents—which he had reliable information were of Clapham—that he should not appear to care whether he knew Reggie Vandeleur or not. True, he had once asked him to dinner—at a flash restaurant near Shaftesbury Avenue. Reggie stood it till he realized that the claret was cheap, and then he grew bored, and behaved with a certain

feminine superciliousness all his own. Since then he and Dawlish had contented themselves with a curt nod, which would no doubt have finally evaporated into a stare. The last night of the Opera, however, Dawlish had been quite friendly in the vestibule, but Reggie was not encouraging. After all, everybody knew that Dawlish was making a frantic attempt to get into really good society, and it was absurd not to be able to borrow a fiver from that sort of person. They ought to be made to pay their way, reflected Reggie, indignantly, in tens of fivers.

Reggie was much too well-bred to mind this plutocrat knowing that he only had one room. After all, he belonged to a club that Dawlish would find it difficult to get into.

Dawlish stumped up the last few stairs and entered the room, bringing with him the atmosphere of a man who has all his life been up early.

"Why, Vandeleur, are you still in bed?"

"Still in bed?" said Reggie, fretfully; "where else should I be?"

"Can I sit down?"

"Do."

Dawlish looked round the room curiously. The mantel-piece was covered with photographs, many of them signed with names, the owners of which he would have given his ears to be on nodding terms with. He went over and took one up. It happened to be a portrait of Lady Bellamy. There was a

certain lack of taste in the abruptness of the action, but Reggie had seen Dawlish make mistakes before.

"I saw you at the Opera the night before last," he said; and then he added quickly, "Oh yes, I forgot—we spoke to each other going out."

Reggie felt inclined to correct him, and say, "You mean you spoke to me," but he remembered that he was in his own bedroom, and said instead, "Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks."

"So long as I have a cigarette to offer——"

"Why, Vandeleur, you don't sound very chirpy."

"I don't feel it."

"That comes of staying in bed—frightfully depressing, and very weakening."

"I don't see how rest can be weakening."

"You ought to be breathing the fresh air."

"Don't talk rot," answered Reggie. "Fresh air only makes one hungry, and I can't afford a good appetite except when I'm lunching out."

"Money troubles?"

"Of course," said Reggie; "what other troubles are there?"

"Ah," said Dawlish, wisely, "money is what we all want."

"Well, you've got enough. Couldn't lend me five hundred pounds, could you?" said Reggie; and then he laughed, so that Dawlish could treat it as a jest if he liked.

Dawlish threw himself into an armchair by the window.

"I don't know—I might."

A thrill ran right through Reggie's body. Was it possible that he had heard aright? Or was it only an inhuman jest on the other's part?

"Do you know the Bellamys well, Vandeleur?"

"Pretty well. My mother and Lord Bellamy were girl and boy together."

"Wonderful man, Bellamy," said Dawlish. "Nothing that he does ever seems to matter."

Dawlish was getting away from the five hundred pounds.

"Some people have everything," said Reggie. "Considering his other advantages, Bellamy ought to have been born a pauper."

Dawlish looked at him carelessly.

"Do you want five hundred pounds very badly, Vandeleur?"

"Badly? Of course I want it badly. I'm in an absolute hole."

"Well, we'll talk about that later."

Reggie was getting mystified. There was something very peculiar about Dawlish this morning.

"You told me that you were going to the Bellamys' in September, didn't you?"

"I am going," said Reggie, wondering why on earth Dawlish should have remembered such a simple matter.

"They entertain a great deal, don't they?"

"Tremendously. They're frightfully rich, you see; and the funny thing is, that although Bellamy's lived such an awful life, he doesn't seem to have outrun the constable."

"He gambles, doesn't he?"

"Yes, of late. He always said he was going to keep cards—that is, real card-playing for his old age. Although, of course, Bellamy isn't old."

"He must be over forty," said Dawlish.

"That doesn't matter," persisted Reggie. "He isn't old."

"Do you know the Comtesse de Perrefonds, Vandeleur?"

"Very well."

"She is going to Lanham Towers."

"So I believe."

Dawlish, who was six feet, came across the room and stood over Reggie with his hands thrust in his pockets.

Reggie wished he wouldn't. It made him feel self-conscious, especially as Dawlish stood regarding him silently and thinking deeply. His gaze so got on Reggie's nerves that he closed his eyes and murmured feebly that he believed he was going to have a headache.

"Can I trust you, Vandeleur?"

"I wonder if he means with money or a secret," thought Reggie.

"What with?"

"With a secret."

"Of course."

As a matter of fact, neither Reggie nor his mamma ever held their tongues about anything, but he would have perjured himself to any extent to learn other people's private affairs.

"The Countess is a widow, isn't she, Vandeleur? Well, I'm rather hit by her."

"Mean to say you're in love with her?"

Dawlish was silent for a moment, and then said slowly—

"Yes, I suppose that's what I mean."

The Comtesse de Perrefonds was a woman who spent her life on a sort of yachting expedition, putting in at all sorts of peculiar ports, but whenever she was in danger of being mistaken for a resident, sailing away on the good ship *Blue Blood* and *Social Prestige*. It was possible that she might compromise herself with a sweep, but impossible that she would marry again otherwise than in her own station. Reggie was acute enough about social nuances to recognize this. He would have liked to ask Dawlish in what character he proposed to approach the lady—as admirer or suitor. In the first, his cheque-book would give him a very good chance; in the second, his Clapham beginnings would put him quite out of the running. Reggie could not be expected to grasp what was a very subtle point. Dawlish admired the Comtesse de Perrefonds, was perfectly prepared to pay her attentions—and to pay her bills, if necessary—but it was merely because it was

convenient to be in intimate social touch with a woman who moved in such a very smart set. In this particular case, for instance, his supposed infatuation for her quite covered the vulgarity of manœuvring for an invitation to Lanham ; but any other woman with exactly the same advantages would have suited him as well.

Reggie thought that Dawlish was asking his advice, and proceeded to hold forth with importance.

"Of course, if you're serious, Dawlish, I should try and get over it, but if you only want to give her a good time I shouldn't wonder if you had a jolly good time yourself. Now, I know a good deal——"

"That sheet's on fire," said Dawlish, coolly, pointing to a spot where Reggie had inadvertently allowed his cigarette to come into contact with the bedding.

With a screech Reggie bounded from his couch, and made several hysterical dabs with a wet sponge at the conflagration.

"I suppose I shall have to pay for that beastly sheet," he said irritably. "Just as I'm so hard up, too."

"I don't want your advice, Vandeleur ; I want your help."

"What do you mean ?"

"Why, I believe if I could only be in the same house with her for a time, I might make her like me."

"You want to go to Lanham Towers?" blurted out Reggie.

Dawlish bit his lip, and turned away to the window.

Reggie saw that he had made a mistake, and, grasping the drift of the other's remarks, said—

“Well, I can't very well ask you, can I?”

He began to doubt Dawlish's infatuation for the Countess. He knew Dawlish's ambition, and also his determination. A visit to Lanham Towers, with perhaps his own portrait included in a photograph of the entire house party appearing in some illustrated paper, would no doubt be in his opinion a great step towards social advancement. Dawlish was not able to see the difference between people who lent themselves to these vulgarities and a really exclusive set.

Then Dawlish began to talk of other things, and obstinately refused to return to the subject of Lanham Towers or the Comtesse de Perrefonds. Finally, he took his leave, but before he left the room, and when his hand was on the door, he turned to Reggie, and said slowly—

“Five hundred pounds, isn't it, you want, Vandeleur?”

“Yes,” said Reggie, in a voice almost shaking with emotion, and wondering whether Dawlish was about to produce his cheque-book.

“Well, I'll think it over.”

He brought out the words slowly, and gave Reggie a keen, searching glance. In that glance Reggie understood the meaning of the other's visit. The glance said as plainly as possible, “You shall have five hundred pounds when I receive an invitation to Lanham Towers.”

When he was gone, Reggie said to himself, striking viciously at an imaginary Dawlish with his razor—

“What a beast! What a horrible, bloodthirsty beast!”

At first he looked upon the five hundred pounds as lost. Then he began to wonder if Dawlish's idea were feasible. He knew what a fastidious objection Bellamy had to men of Dawlish's class, and although he turned the idea over and over again in such brain-room as he could give it, he could not see how it was to be done. He quite forgot to dress, and, smoking more cigarettes, flung himself into the chair by the window with a French novel in his hand.

“*La diplomatie c'est l'art de dire la verité.*”

The words occurring at the beginning of a chapter in the book he held in his hands arrested his attention. It was a little deep for him, and in any other case he would have passed it by without bestowing sufficient attention for its unravelling, but he felt vaguely that it bore upon the situation that he had to grasp, and suddenly he realized its application. The experiment was daring, but it was worth trying. Notwithstanding Bellamy's great wealth, it was improbable that he could lend Reggie five hundred pounds; in fact, he was never in a position to lend anybody anything, and Reggie was logical enough to see that the expenses of such a career put it out of the question. But Bellamy's sympathy with the impecunious was enormous. He always declared that there was a peculiar charm about them

impossible to describe, but very real. Reggie believed that if he put the matter before him quite crudely and simply, the ingenuousness of his diplomacy might appeal to a palate jaded with intrigue. He would take the advice of the writer of the novel and simply tell the truth. He only hoped that he would not find any particular difficulty in so doing. He knew Bellamy was leaving town the next day, so he would have to see him that afternoon. He hastened to dress himself, and did so with even more care than usual, for anybody properly turned out would stand a much better chance with Bellamy. Reggie keenly felt that a touch of slovenliness might offend the master to the point of a refusal. He put on a pair of boots that had been boned till they were irreproachable. He himself preferred patents, but he knew that Bellamy was fastidious on this point. A copper-coloured carnation, saved from the night before, and preserved from early decomposition by being laid on a wet sponge in the shadow, was put aside. A genius like Bellamy would inevitably detect yesterday's buttonhole. The tying of his tie was an anxious and almost terrible moment, for a tie is a question of inspiration, and depends for its success on a mood which will not be forced. It either comes right the first time, or, in most cases, not at all. But the occult forces were propitious, and it knotted itself with absolute precision at once, and when he emerged into St. James's Street early in the afternoon, he was granted a peculiar conviction of grace as to personal appearance.

CHAPTER VIII

THE adytum of Lord Bellamy's house was the temple of his reflections, a room at the back. No one ever entered it except at his invitation. There was a singular impression of lightness about it, gained by the fact that a conservatory, full of flowers, whose predominant note was at present scarlet—although the colour scheme was variable, according to their owner's mood—had been thrown out at the back over the little scrap of ground which separated the house from the stables. The room itself was curiously simple. There was a grand piano—for Bellamy played, entirely for his own amusement—a Chesterfield, a divan, and some armchairs, upholstered in primitive chintzes. The walls were white, their only adornment a full-length pastel of Bellamy at twenty. He was quite frank in saying that he still thought it amazingly like, except, perhaps, that it had aged. Across the window, and facing the conservatory, was a large satinwood writing-table, so arranged that Bellamy could look upon the flowers while he wrote his letters, a fact which he declared had not a little to do with the charm of his correspondence. The moss-green carpet was the tone-link between the room and the house of flowers

beyond. He used it in the morning, and had wished it to be free from subtleties.

"One can forget intrigue here," he had said, "and think only of sweethearting. Chintzes always have that effect on me. They make me feel like a volume of old English songs."

In the corner of the room, as if it were a dust-heap, lay a pile of books some feet high.

Bellamy declared it was absurd to keep books in our days, and whenever the heap went higher than three feet they were sent to a hospital. It was true, a large number were French romances of a light order, but they had to go somewhere.

It was the day after the absurd adventure in Bond Street, and about the same time that Dawlish was calling on Reggie. Bellamy was seated at the piano playing a nocturne by Chopin. It was in his mood. He had returned the day before to find Stevens behaving irreproachably, but nevertheless he was oppressed with a suspicion that he had meant what he said when he threatened to give a month's notice. It would be quite necessary to ascertain what he intended to do. Half-way through the nocturne he rose, and, crossing the room, rang the bell. He told the servant who answered it to send Stevens to him, and then went on playing dreamily and reflectively.

When Stevens entered the room he remained obsequiously near the door, and was granted the privilege of hearing the last half-dozen bars of the piece finished

with almost ultra fastidiousness before his master spoke.

Bellamy rose, crossed to the writing-table, seated himself in an armchair, and, turning round, addressed his servant.

"You said something yesterday, at a time when we all found ourselves in a somewhat embarrassing position, about a month's notice."

"Yes, my lord."

The tone of Stevens's voice was not encouraging. Bellamy waited, expecting him to add something about regret at any hasty expression he might have used ; but he stood silent, perfectly at his ease.

Bellamy tried a frontal attack.

"Now, of course that was said in the heat of the moment. You were a little out of temper, naturally."

"I was a little upset, my lord."

"Exactly. Of course, you withdraw it."

"Withdraw what, my lord ?"

"Your month's notice. You will remain here—we will continue as before."

"Certainly not."

There was something unpleasantly decided in the way Stevens spoke, and yet nobody could have accused him of want of respect. His lordship felt an inward sinking, but he managed to say airily—

"Oh, nonsense !"

Stevens advanced a little into the room.

"Your lordship is labouring under a misapprehension.

Your lordship is, no doubt, misled by the calmness of my demeanour. I have lived since I was a boy in the best families. You will remember, my lord, that I came to you from a serene highness."

"Yes, yes, I remember — bankrupt, but still serene——"

Stevens gave the conventional smile usual to a well-bred servant when his master is pleased to joke, and resumed—

"This contiguousness with some of the noblest natures in the land has taught me that to show temper is vulgar. Some people say, 'Never forget that you are a gentleman.' I should say, 'Never forget that you are a gentleman's gentleman.'"

"My good fellow, you should have been an ambassador. Sit down."

"It's very good of your lordship to ask me to sit down, but I'd rather not. I know it's far from being what your lordship would really wish. In short, I decline to remain in your lordship's contaminated service."

"Overlooking the adjective, I'll double your wages."

"I thank you, my lord, no."

"And a cheque as compensation for my unfortunate mistake."

"Your lordship forgets that you are speaking to a gentleman's gentleman."

"Ah, if you were simply a gentleman you might listen to reason."

Stevens made no reply other than a deferential inclination, which might be taken to infer that beyond a gentleman's gentleman he would not presume to lay down the law.

Bellamy threw his cigarette impatiently into the grate. Stevens noticed that it was only half smoked. So crude an indication of temper was much from his lordship, and the man noted it with secret triumph, but, with absolute impassivity, he handed his master a light for another cigarette.

Bellamy rose and walked out into the conservatory. The perfume of the flowers soothed him, and he returned to the discussion with every appearance of good temper.

"Now look here, Stevens, this is all rubbish. I am extremely sorry for what has occurred, and for what, my good man, has so far been merely——" He paused, but it was not a time for hesitation, and he finished bravely, "an innocent flirtation."

If ever man fought with almost overmastering passion, it was Stevens at that moment. He had detected the pause, and all the private inquiry agencies in the world could not have informed him so surely of what he wanted to know, but he answered suavely—

"Ah, my lord, there are things we must not expect to learn the truth about till the Day of Judgment."

"But my word of honour," said Bellamy, impatiently. Stevens made no answer.

Lord Bellamy was standing where a ray of sunlight

fell across the lapel of his coat. Stevens thought he detected a white thread marring its well-brushed black. He bent respectfully forward, and, verifying his suspicion, picked it off, and, holding it between his finger and thumb, dropped it fastidiously into a flowerpot.

"I repeat, Stevens, that I give you my word of honour."

"I heard your lordship."

"Well?"

Stevens paused, and Bellamy could not but admire the perfect control and skill with which he conducted the duel.

"I trust I shall not be considered disrespectful, but I do not think your lordship should lower yourself to do anything of the kind."

"Upon my soul, Stevens, you are very exasperating. You won't stop?"

"I shall stay my month, my lord. To do less would be to show temper, and would be most unbecoming."

"May I ask if you intend to invoke the law, Stevens?"

"I shall consult my solicitor, and be guided by him."

"Stevens, go to the devil!"

"I do not aspire to serve royalty, but with your lordship's recommendation——" Instead of finishing he broke off with, "Begging your lordship's pardon for the jest."

"All this fuss about what really amounts to nothing!" Bellamy was beginning to get angry. He

was being thwarted, and the experience was a novel one. "Good heavens, Stevens! What do you think I'm going to do if you behave in this ridiculous manner?"

"There are several gentlemen's gentlemen that I can recommend to your lordship's notice."

"Don't talk nonsense. There are a thousand and one things that would go wrong. I can't change my whole way of living."

"It will certainly be a little awkward at your lordship's age."

The remark was hardly worthy of Stevens. It was a breach of the perfect restraint upon which he prided himself. Apart from the sting contained in it, Bellamy thought the less of him for it. However, it was sufficiently obvious not to hurt him as much as it would have done had Stevens given it inference instead of speech. He ignored it, and answered—

"Well, Stevens, there is plenty of time to think the matter over. Remember, I consider you quite indispensable, and value you more than a dozen women. Why, in a decently civilized country, a mere woman would never be allowed to interfere in the sacred relations of master and man! Woman is a thing of charm, of beauty, of delight, the companion of our leisure moments. Perhaps it is only the Orientals who know how to frame a woman properly, and to keep her out of mischief. It is absurd to allow her to upheave the whole social fabric in this way. Stevens, you are mad, quite mad. Think it over—think it over."

"I will do my best, my lord, to see the matter from your point of view, but I am afraid it will be quite impossible." And he moved towards the door.

Bellamy's heart sank, and it was an additional mortification to feel that it was Stevens who had closed the interview. Luckily for his dignity there was a knock at the door, and Lady Bellamy's maid entered.

"Her ladyship wishes to know if your lordship is disengaged."

Lord Bellamy looked at her in surprise.

"I thought her ladyship had gone into the country."

He was put out. Had he know that Lady Bellamy would be so erratic, he would not have despatched a certain note that morning to Mrs. Crutchley. It was exceedingly awkward, but he answered—

"Tell her ladyship I am at liberty."

Stevens opened the door for the maid, and ere he followed her turned to his master—

"At what time will your lordship go out?"

For one moment Bellamy was seized with an almost overpowering inclination to tell Stevens that he would dispense with his services from that moment, but real heroism was not in his line. Besides, the battle was by no means over.

"Have the motor brought round directly after lunch. Send this note by special messenger, and tell the boy to deliver it into the lady's hands himself. If she is out, he is to bring it back."

"Yes, my lord."

"And go to Bond Street, and see what appointment Madame Rosalie can give me during the next few days. Your remark about my age, Stevens, has frightened me. I must have my face massaged."

"Very good, my lord."

Lady Bellamy entered the room as Stevens went out, closing the door behind him. Dodo was in her arms, and as she sank into a chair—in order to give him a comfortable lap while she buttoned her gloves—he fell asleep.

"I was obliged to wait for a later train," said her ladyship, fretfully, "Dodo seemed so very unwell." Then she looked at Bellamy with an irritating affectation of wounded feeling. "Gerald, have you nothing to say to me—no promises to make?"

Lady Bellamy was certainly extraordinary in one respect. No amount of experience ever taught her anything in regard to her relations with her husband. She had not the least suspicion that such a sentimental speech as that which she had just addressed to him was purely comic. She could descend with perfect unconsciousness into absolute depths of banality.

It was not in him, however, to be discourteous.

"Promises—what do you mean?"

"Are my sufferings nothing to you?"

"My dear Selina, this is the first I have heard of them. What is the matter?"

"My heart."

"I never guessed. See a specialist before you leave

town. It's rather a bad time, though—the professional classes are all falling off the Alps in August.”

Lady Bellamy looked at him with even a little pity. She verily believed that he was incapable of accompanying her into any real depth of sentiment.

“You misunderstand me, Gerald. It really seems as if your trivial nature were quite unable to comprehend me. If I do not seek some redress, it is because of our child.”

“Where is he?”

Lady Bellamy looked at him vaguely. The child had an excellent nurse, and she was a little apt to forget him during the season. Thoughtlessly she admitted—

“I don't know.”

“My dear Selina, you have surely not dragged our child into a sentimental discussion without knowing his whereabouts?”

“Really, Gerald, it is hardly the point.” Then she brightened. “Nurse said something about the seaside—or was that last year? I'll ring and find out.” She half rose, but Bellamy was before her.

“Allow me,” he said, and pressed the electric button. “I shall join you at Lanham, Selina, later.”

“Am I always to appear before the world, Gerald, as a neglected wife?”

“For heaven's sake, Selina, don't talk nonsense. I am an excellent husband.”

Lady Bellamy looked at him in very real astonishment. He noticed her expression, and, enjoying the

solemnity of her mystification, continued to play with the subject wilfully.

"I repeat, my dear Selina, I am an excellent husband. If you wish to understand me thoroughly, you must take your atlas. I am a little Eastern in my habits; I should have been born in Turkey. Any little faults I may have are geographical, not moral."

A servant entered the room in response to Lord Bellamy's ring. He looked at the man solemnly, but to Lady Bellamy there was a disturbing intonation of fun in his voice.

"Would you find out if Lord Braby is in the country or at the seaside?"

The man paused for a moment, as if wondering whether he was expected to join in the joke. He decided on the safer course, and answered gravely—

"His lordship and his nurse are at this moment awaiting her ladyship in the 'all."

"Thank you, Curtis; that will do."

The man left the room.

"There," said Lady Bellamy, triumphantly, "I was quite sure there was no cause for alarm. Thomson is a most reliable creature. They are evidently going with me. I am sure I always arrange everything for the best."

"Well, good-bye."

He was anxious for her to be gone. Mrs. Crutchley might sparkle in at any moment, after having decorously asked at the front door for Lady Bellamy, whom she

supposed to have left town by an early train that morning. But Lady Bellamy had no intention of going before she had played out her little scene as she felt it ought to be played out. She imagined herself—having come to that conclusion by a curious mental process all her own—to have scored a signal triumph the day before.

“Since you are dead to shame, Gerald, perhaps you will tell me how you have managed to persuade that poor deluded creature to remain in your service.”

“He has given me a month’s notice.”

Lady Bellamy was quick enough to detect that Stevens’s decision had roused more emotion in Bellamy than her sentiment.

“Surely rather unnecessary under the circumstances.”

“Thank goodness, he doesn’t think so. It’s terrible enough as it is.”

Lady Bellamy thought she saw her opportunity. “The wages of sin——”

“I’ve offered to double his wages. In his own peculiar way he is revenging himself.”

There was one thing more Lady Bellamy wished to ask. It interested her as much as it did her husband, for, whatever Lord Bellamy might be guilty of, she had not the least intention of doing anything foolish in the direction of dissolving her alliance with him, even though she might consider the threat of its possibility a valuable weapon in reserve.

She rose and said carelessly, as if it were an after-

thought, and a by no means very important question with her—

“May I ask if his dignity will carry him as far as the Law Courts?”

“I hope not, I am sure.”

“I have sacrificed myself a good deal so that there should be no scandal.”

“My dear Selina, you are an angel.”

She went towards the door, but paused. “Oh yes, Gerald, there is one thing I wish to say to you—what was it?” She reflected whilst he stood, a monument of restrained impatience.

“Oh yes, I remember what it was. I hear you have been playing very heavily of late. I trust you have not been losing?”

Bellamy's eyes half closed with anger. It was absolutely nothing whatever to do with his wife, but he answered, as always in his dealings with her, courteously—

“Make your mind easy, Selina. I shall not be obliged to take to the City—at least, not just yet.”

Lady Bellamy was in reality thinking that if Bellamy should force her to economize it would constitute a very real grievance.

“Good-bye, Gerald.”

“Good-bye, Selina.” He touched her cheek with his lips. “Take care of yourself.”

“I am obliged to, Gerald.”

It was a very palpable hit, and Bellamy gave a

pleased little laugh, a habit of his when recognizing a clever thrust.

In such a form of repartee Lady Bellamy excelled. Anything snappish, spiteful, and not very well-bred was quite in her line. As some one once said of her—she was not a lady, but she looked it.

“You are very unjust,” he answered with imperturbable gaiety. “I don’t see what else I can do.”

“No, Gerald; I should say you had very nearly reached the limit.”

But Lady Bellamy was like a cheap actress, and could never by any chance leave a situation alone. Pausing at the door she said—

“Gerald.”

“Yes, dear?”

“Don’t be surprised if one of these days you offend me too much and go too far.”

She was about to make her exit, clothed in the banale, when there was a prolonged cry of anguish from the other side of the door. Lord Braby, who had escaped from his nurse, had made for his father’s room. Feeling for the handle in the sombre passage, his finger had slipped into the space between the door and the lintel, as Lady Bellamy had half opened it and then attempted to close it. He was very little hurt, being, indeed, more frightened by the suggestion of what might have happened.

He was a pretty, fair child, with his mother’s eyes and a curiously grave expression. Bellamy declared that

he was obviously carrying out the family tradition, which insisted that a rake should be followed by a prude.

Lord Bellamy took his son and heir up in his arms to comfort him. The child was very fond of the father whom he hardly ever saw, and was soon pacified.

"Are you coming to Lanham with mummy and me?"

The homely term as applied to Lady Bellamy made Lord Bellamy smile.

"I'm not coming just yet, Braby."

"Where are you going, then?"

"I am going to Dinard."

"Going to dinner?" said the child, mystified.

"No, to Dinard."

"What are you going to do there?"

"I don't quite know yet, Braby. I never make up my mind too long beforehand—it spoils one's enjoyment."

"Why should it?"

"Really, Gerald," said his wife, "I am surprised at your talking to Braby in that way." And then, as if to show how excellently she was bringing him up, she sprung upon the astonished child the question, "Did you say your prayers this morning, Braby?"

He looked at her doubtfully.

"Why don't you answer?" crescendoed Lady Bellamy, with truly Christian patience.

"I think so," he said. "I always do."

"Then why didn't you say so before?" And Lady

Bellamy looked as if a great moral victory had been gained.

The servant opened the door and announced Mrs. Crutchley.

Mrs. Crutchley floated into the room.

"I heard you were here, so I came straight in. You are just off? I thought I should catch you."

"But I told you, Jack, I was going this morning."

Bellamy looked at Mrs. Crutchley anxiously. The latter rippled on with convincing fluency.

"Did you, dear? Now I come to think of it, so you did; but then, you always change your mind, don't you? Rollo has just dropped in at the club, and is coming on here to fetch me. Is this Braby?" She diverted the conversation cleverly to his little lordship. "He is so very like you, Selina, and so very like you too, Bellamy—which is so very nice, isn't it?"

"I really must go, Jack," said Lady Bellamy, "or I shall lose my train. Come, Braby."

The boy took her hand.

"I hope I'm not in the way," said Mrs. Crutchley, turning to Bellamy. "Only I really must wait for Rollo."

"You are never in the way," he answered audaciously.

Lady Bellamy departed, and as soon as the door closed behind her the expression of Mrs. Crutchley's face changed. She looked as severe as it was possible for her to look.

"I had made up my mind, Bellamy, never to speak

to you again; but on second thoughts I decided that it would be best to see you, and to hear what you had to say about yesterday."

"Ah, second thoughts are always best, Jack."

"Oh, please don't be flippant. I want to hear what you have to say."

"Don't you think that everybody has said quite enough?"

"But you must make some explanation."

"I don't see."

"Good taste demands that you should invent some excuse."

"The only excuse I can think of would hardly be diplomatic."

"Never mind, let me hear it."

"Well," said Bellamy slowly, "her face — her figure——"

"My dear Gerald, she's not bad looking, but for you, whose taste is usually so correct, it's absurd."

"Come, my dear Jack, you and Selina have, with a complete lack of tact, played the spy."

"Nothing of the kind, Bellamy. I was dragged into the whole affair; I protested against it from the first. Although, of course, I was horribly disgusted. I believed in you."

Bellamy came and sat beside her on the Chesterfield.

Mrs. Crutchley looked nervously towards the conservatory, as if there might be a whole host of detectives disguised as geraniums.

"My dear Jack, don't you think the whole thing is just a little vulgar? Let us say no more about it."

"Of course it is impossible for me to stay here and be called vulgar."

"Good heavens! I am the one that suffers. What would you say if that maid that you think such a treasure gave you notice?"

Mrs. Crutchley looked alarmed.

"For goodness' sake, don't talk of anything so dreadful."

"Exactly—the very idea makes you go white. Well, Stevens has given me notice."

"Oh, Gerald, I'm so sorry! And here have I been worrying you about trivialities!"

Bellamy was soothed. He had not been deceived in Mrs. Crutchley. He had always believed that beneath her apparent superficiality there lay a world of real feeling.

"You are very sympathetic, Jack," he said gratefully. "It has paralyzed me. Heaven only knows what is to be done."

"Oh, surely, Gerald, money——"

"He has refused it. I have implored—humbled myself to him, all to no purpose."

A ghastly look of horror came into Mrs. Crutchley's eyes. She gazed at Bellamy in petrefaction.

He rose in alarm.

"My dear Jack, what on earth is the matter? You are turning quite pale." He really thought she was going to faint. She strove vainly for speech.

At last she gasped out, "Just think !"

"Think—what about?" As a matter of fact, he could only think of brandy, and had his hand on the electric button.

"Don't ring," she said faintly. "But just think—he knows all about us."

"My dear Jack, I should think society in general knows a good deal, but it really doesn't matter."

But Mrs. Crutchley was stirred to the depths of those feelings which Bellamy so sincerely believed in.

"Yes, but he has proof—proof positive. You must bribe him—bribe him heavily. Offer to pension him for life."

"Thank you. Perhaps you'd like me to hand over this house to him."

"It is cruel to trifle about a matter like this."

"My dear Jack, I am not trifling, but I cannot see the danger."

But Mrs. Crutchley was walking up and down excitedly.

"Not see the danger? Bellamy, don't talk nonsense."

"You are anticipating danger."

"Better do that and make provision for it than wake up one fine morning and find ourselves in the Divorce Court for all London to talk about."

"I fancy the provinces are interested in the Divorce Court, too."

"You know perfectly well what I mean."

But Bellamy did not like matters to be taken seriously, and the more serious they might be the less he liked it.

"It's quite true," he said, "that carelessness keeps the Divorce Court open; but, you see, if I spoke to Stevens it might put the idea of blackmail into his head."

"I shouldn't think he would want any suggestion. This comes of trusting servants. I should never have thought of doing so, only you said he was such a treasure."

"So he is."

"So evidently is his wife," snapped Mrs. Crutchley.

"Really, Jack, I don't like to see you in this mood—it's not becoming, believe me."

"As if at a moment like this I cared about what is becoming!"

"Then if you don't, you ought to. We have our duty to ourselves to consider, even in the most trying moments."

"I was never so frightened in my life," said Mrs. Crutchley, almost whimpering.

"There is really nothing to be frightened about. As Stevens himself says, he is a gentleman's gentleman, and he will not forget it."

Mrs. Crutchley looked at him indignantly. "Do you mean to say you are going to trust to his fine feelings, and not take every step to make him hold his tongue?"

"Of course, my dear Jack, I shall do everything I can ; but as for trying to make Stevens hold his tongue—he can do that perfectly. It's the very quality that has put him at the head of his profession."

There was a knock at the door, and the servant announced : "Mr. Crutchley."

"My dear Rollo, what a time you've been !"

Crutchley looked a little sulky. He had not expected to find his wife and Bellamy alone. Even in his morning-coat and tall hat he suggested not being quite finished, as if there ought to be a horse about somewhere.

"I got talkin' to Portchester about Too lay Maw."

This was Crutchley's anglicized version of Tous les Mois—the name of a horse entered by him for a classic event.

"My dear Rollo, it will be a triumph. I have never felt so certain about anything in my life."

Bellamy had artfully sent a racehorse galloping across Crutchley's vision, and he forgot his wrongs—at least, for the moment.

"Well, of course, Bellamy, if you say so—— You're one of the few people whose head is screwed on the right way where horses are concerned. By Jove, what a blaze of geraniums !"

"A wonderful study in scarlet, aren't they ?" said Bellamy. "I had them put in there because I was afraid of an attack of sanity ; they're an antidote."

Crutchley did not pretend to understand this sort

of conversation, but he looked very solemn, and answered—

“I dare say you’re right—you usually are when one comes to go into the matter; and it’s the more amazin’ because you always sound quite wrong. Come on, Jack; we shall be late.”

Mrs. Crutchley placed her hand in Bellamy’s with an appealing glance, which plainly said, “Strangle Stevens if necessary, only silence him.”

As Mr. and Mrs. Crutchley were leaving the room, a servant entered with a card, and in the hall Mrs. Crutchley recognized the young man who had been pointed out to her at the opera as Mr. Spottitt.

“What beautiful eyes that man has,” she said to her husband as they entered their hansom.

“What on earth does a man want eyes for!” said Crutchley.

CHAPTER IX

BELLAMY looked at the card in his hand inquiringly. "Whoever is Mr. Spottitt?" he was thinking; but he had nothing to do, and so said, on the impulse of the moment—

"Show the gentleman in."

Mr. Spottitt entered the room, perfectly at his ease. Bellamy had a rare instinct about individuals, and asked him to sit down at once. He was quite sure that he could not make a mistake in so doing.

Mr. Spottitt sat down opposite to him, and said in a languid voice that he felt would suit the occasion and would soothe Bellamy's nerves, which he detected at once were on edge—

"May I ask you to consider everything which I say as being in confidence?"

"Of course."

Bellamy did not quite know why he said "of course," excepting, perhaps, that he felt it was too hot for argument; but Spottitt was inwardly relieved at obtaining the assurance so easily.

"That clears the ground," he said, "and I feel perfectly safe. You see, I have to be very careful, and

I absolutely decline to be entrusted with any work which deals with people who are likely to break their promise of confidence. I don't wish such social position as I have to be jeopardized."

Bellamy was mystified, but he answered with conviction—

"Of course, I quite see that." It pleased him to take this whimsical attitude.

"You see, I am a private detective."

Bellamy raised his eyebrows slightly, and murmured, "Interesting life."

"That depends."

"What made you think of taking it up?"

Spottitt was gratified at the implied compliment that his profession was unexpected.

"My mind," he said, "was always too creative as a child. I may say that I was so full of ideas of my own that I had no time for the ideas of other people, with the result that it was impossible to educate me in the ordinary sense of the word, or to send me up for any examination, and I began my career without a profession."

"In other words, unencumbered," said Bellamy, lazily blowing his cigarette smoke into rings.

"I devoted half an hour every Sunday morning to thinking over the matter," continued Spottitt, pleased to see that Bellamy was getting interested. "During my father's sermon I gave it my entire attention."

"A clergyman's son?" said Bellamy, with a smile.

"A clergyman's son," assented Spottitt. And then

they both laughed. The credentials suggested conviviality.

"By an inspiration I thought of a new rôle—that of a private detective."

"The idea did not come out of a popular magazine?"

"I don't know—I wonder," said Spottitt, reflectively, as if it had not before struck him. "However, the sort of detective I mean was quite original."

"Indeed?"

Bellamy looked curious.

"I conceived the idea of a detective who could sit down to dinner with ladies and gentlemen without every one shouting, 'Police'!"

"Excellent," said Bellamy, "excellent! And you could."

He laid a delicate emphasis on the personal pronoun, which was none the less flattering because it was carefully modulated.

"To come to the point, I am in the pay of Lady Bellamy."

"Oh," said Bellamy, raising his eyebrows, "is that how——"

But Spottitt interrupted him.

"Yes, it was I who arranged that little scene in Bond Street yesterday."

"Indeed. I am sorry you didn't see it."

"I did see it—from an opposite window, with a field-glass."

"Humph!" said Bellamy.

This was indeed a surprising young man. But his lordship was not one to resent an individuality so delightfully original, even if he himself suffered from its daring. On the contrary, Mr. Spottitt had all the fascination of an absolutely new experience. Bellamy looked at him with growing curiosity. What was he driving at? Blackmail? Possibly. But his lordship felt that the perfectly turned-out youth before him was a born artist, and was sure to have elaborated in his own mind a scene which it would be worth while to let him play his own way. He was perfectly dressed, and positively had on something new in waistcoats which permitted itself to be unaggressively discovered. Bellamy found himself making a distinct mental effort in order to detect its material, and even his final verdict only suggested that it might be of plaited silk, bound with suède. It was a very prince of waistcoats, and even the dark onyx buttons could not affect its reticence. He was groomed *à merveille*, and Bellamy quite admitted that he could have entered a Mayfair drawing-room without the hostess shouting "Police!"

"I could bring about half a dozen such scenes if I cared to."

"I'll trouble you not to."

Spottitt paused before he replied. Bellamy felt that they were nearing the point of the interview.

"The fact is, Lord Bellamy," said Spottitt, accept-

ing the proffered cigarette, "I am a little tired. I am in want of a holiday."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Bellamy. "I hope I have not given you much trouble. It's a strange thing, you know, but I don't remember ever having seen your face. It's rather surprising, as you're a detective—I ought to have seen it everywhere."

"I hope I am an artist," said Mr. Spottitt, modestly. "Besides, to find out anything about a man you should go to his friends. He may deceive you as to his actions; they never do. But, as I was saying, I am a little done up, and I thought I would leave your lordship alone for, at any rate, August."

"I should prefer it," said Lord Bellamy, gratefully. "But why not for the rest of the summer?"

"On terms, of course."

There was quite a long silence, and then Bellamy said gently—

"I see. My wife pays you to keep an eye on me, and I pay you to do nothing of the kind."

"It's often done," said Mr. Spottitt, "and I can assure you that it is an arrangement that brings harmony into many a distracted household."

"I can quite believe it," said Bellamy, laughing. Then he changed his tone, and, still speaking languidly, but with a curious suggestion of latent energy, added, "Supposing I ring for the police and give you in charge?"

Spottitt smiled.

"Your lordship is not given to making mistakes."

As a matter of fact, Bellamy had merely made the remark to see if Spottitt was of the material he appeared to be.

"The police are not fond of your calling. Nobody likes to be beaten at his own trade."

"Besides, I have your lordship's word. I take no risks." Spottitt was perfectly cool.

The compliment was charmingly put.

"Of course, I forgot," said Bellamy.

He crossed to his writing-table and produced his cheque-book.

"How much?"

"Shall we say five hundred?"

"Is that to begin with?"

"I never come more than once. That is the secret of blackmailing."

"Indeed? I suppose every calling has its axioms—even blackmail."

"Especially blackmail," corrected Spottitt, suavely.

He watched Bellamy write the cheque with his eyelids almost closed.

They perfectly understood each other. The little scene at Madame Henriette's hat shop was on no account to be repeated.

Spottitt would not have accepted a cheque from anybody else, but he knew his man.

Bellamy carefully blotted the slip of paper and handed it to him.

"You will pass it through your own bank, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you. It's delightful to feel that we trust one another so absolutely. Good morning."

"Good morning. I only wish every one had the same sense of business that your lordship has."

"Thank you. I'd sooner be thought a judge of pictures."

"Your lordship is both."

"Oh, really," said Bellamy, with a deprecating smile. What a charming companion Spottitt would make!

"It is quite true, I assure you." And Spottitt drifted easily and gracefully from the room.

"What a very pleasant fellow," murmured Bellamy.

He was about to lock up his cheque-book, but paused with the key in one hand and the book in the other, whilst he reflected swiftly on an idea which had flashed through his brain. He put the key and his cheque-book on the table, and went swiftly to the door. Mr. Spottitt was still in the hall. Bellamy called him.

"Mr. Spottitt!"

"Yes?"

"Will you come here for a minute?"

Spottitt returned into the room, saying, "I was choosing a stick. It rather delayed me."

Bellamy closed the door.

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Not at all."

"May I offer you a drink?"

"Thank you, no. Vanity keeps me a teetotaler till the evening—and then only sometimes, and what I can't afford."

"I see. You are one of those people who know how to drink. It has struck me that you might be of assistance to me."

"Professionally?" asked Spottitt.

"I shouldn't think of wasting your time. It's about my valet."

"Oh, do you suspect him?"

"He has given me notice."

"Been with your lordship long?"

"Twenty years."

Spottitt was evidently a person of sensibility, for he sat up and looked at Lord Bellamy with real sympathy.

"That must be a terrible blow."

An expression of keen pain crossed Bellamy's face, and he half closed his eyes.

"I don't know anything that could have affected me more."

"You like the man?"

"Like him?" said Bellamy, vaguely. "I don't think I've ever thought about him as a man. But at the same time I don't know what on earth I am going to do without him."

"I quite understand," said Spottitt, soothingly. "A good valet is like a real poet—there is scarcely one to a generation. Does he want to set up a public house?"

"I don't know."

"Then what has he given you notice for?"

Bellamy turned to him in some surprise. "Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"How should I?"

Bellamy looked disappointed.

Spottitt vaguely felt that his lordship's regard for him was suffering damage, and, like an acute person, he held his tongue till he knew exactly where he stood.

"Stevens—that is my servant's name—is Madame Henriette's husband."

Spottitt flushed. Bellamy's slight expression of disappointment was, he at once admitted, justifiable. However had he managed to remain in ignorance of so interesting a fact! He put himself in Bellamy's good graces again by frankly confessing that it was news to him. A clumsier mind would have pretended that he had known it all along, or at least that he had suspected it.

"I must confess," he said, "that it is absolute news to me. And he has given you notice because of that?"

"Yes. Childish, isn't it?"

"And you wish me to arrange so that he shall reconsider his decision?"

"Exactly."

"Upon my soul, the fellow ought to feel very flattered."

"Stevens is impervious to flattery."

"Then he stands alone amongst men."

Bellamy corrected himself.

"I should have said that I have been unable to hit off the actual mode of flattery which would meet the situation."

"You see," said Spottitt, "I am labouring under a disadvantage; I have not seen the man. I suppose he is the ordinary sort of servant. I mean," he added, correcting himself, warned by the slightest movement of impatience on Lord Bellamy's part, "at least, in outward appearance. Can you describe him?"

"Stevens is indescribable. In the things which don't matter, he is like anybody else's servant; in the things that matter, he is like my servant."

"And therefore ineffable," said Spottitt.

Spottitt was certainly a pleasant fellow.

"Can you imagine," continued Spottitt, "his answering to any other name but Stevens?"

Bellamy reflected.

"Impossible," he said at length. "It isn't a remarkable name, but Vesuvius was bound to be called Vesuvius, and Stevens had to be called Stevens."

"I must think," said Spottitt. "May I go and look at your geraniums?"

"Certainly, although I had them placed there as an antidote to thought."

"I'll try and manage with them, but I quite see your point."

Spottitt was growing on Bellamy.

"I'll double that cheque," he said, and took up a novel written by a popular author, a past master of involved sentences. It was a favourite game of his to take

a piece of paper and analyse his sentences. When he found the master had no meaning, the writer won a point ; when Bellamy discovered a meaning, the master lost.

He had been amusing himself for about ten minutes, when Spottitt appeared in the doorway.

"Of course, if he had no character he would have to stay."

"Most probably," said Bellamy.

Spottitt disappeared again, and Bellamy went on with his book.

In another five minutes Spottitt came back into the room and sat down.

"It's my business to take away people's characters."

"But supposing the character is a good one?"

Spottitt looked puzzled, as if Bellamy had mentioned an article he had not heard of. Then he said lightly—

"That is where the artist comes in."

"Still, if he has done nothing?"

Spottitt laughed. "Every one has done something."

"That is very true."

"The great point is to find out what that something is. Most people show it in their faces."

"Yes," said Bellamy, "but Stevens's face never shows anything."

"Well, it's quite easy to find out what a valet has done. He has stolen something."

"Stevens? Nonsense?"

"Oh yes; he has stolen clothes, and possibly jewellery."

"Not stolen, I have given——"

Spottitt interrupted him quickly. "Ah, if you are going to stick to facts!"

Bellamy looked at him earnestly for a few moments, and then a faint smile flickered round his mouth. The idea appealed to him. It even possessed a touch of the medieval.

"Oh, I see what you mean," he said slowly. "Well, stolen."

"Good. I fancy that, after all, Mr. Stevens will have to remain in your service. Where is he?"

"I have sent him out."

"He is performing his duties quite respectfully then?"

"Yes. The man is extraordinary. To do less than give a month's notice, and behave during that month as if nothing had happened, he would consider derogatory to his prestige."

"Really," said Spottitt, "he sounds like a man who is thoroughly worth fighting. Do you think he will be long?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"You might have me shown to your room first, and then to his."

"Certainly," said Bellamy. "By the way, please understand that I must not be made to take part in the details." He rose and rang the bell. He laughed, but he was all the same a little nervous as he added, "For heaven's sake, don't make a muddle of it."

Spottitt looked a little hurt, and said gently, "I never muddle. May I have your keys?"

Bellamy handed them to him.

A servant entered the room.

"This gentleman is to have free access to any part of the house," said Bellamy, and immersed himself once more in his book.

Spottitt left the room with the servant.

In about twenty minutes he returned with a bag in his hand.

"I have arranged everything. Stevens has just come in. Would you mind sending for him?"

Bellamy rang the bell.

Spottitt was perfectly confident, and talked about other matters till the servant appeared.

"Tell Stevens that I wish to speak to him."

"I think," said Spottitt, when the man had withdrawn, "that you had better sit here with your face to the light."

He evidently had a rare gift of delicate flattery. There was a knock at the door, and Stevens entered, bringing with him, as usual, a unique atmosphere of repose. He displayed the faintest indication of surprise as he found himself addressed by Spottitt instead of Lord Bellamy. He evidently recognized in the young man the mark of the ruling caste, for he maintained a full professional deference.

"Mr. Stevens, Lord Bellamy has charged me with the conduct of a rather unpleasant affair."

Stevens half turned to Bellamy as if for confirmation.

Bellamy waved his hand slightly to indicate that Spottitt was in authority.

"I understand," said Spottitt, "that you have given his lordship a month's notice."

"That is so."

"You do not feel inclined to reconsider your decision?"

"No, sir."

Spottitt looked at him keenly. His manner became a trifle more languid, and the space between his eyelids a shade narrower. The only indication he gave that he had recognized in Stevens a worthy foe was the dropping of his half-smoked cigarette amongst the flower-pots in the grate.

"You are quite sure that you do not wish to reconsider your decision?"

Stevens looked at him as if wondering what the repetition of this sentence, spoken with such peculiar emphasis, might imply, but he answered briefly as before—

"No, sir."

"You have threatened his lordship with the Divorce Court."

Stevens was about to protest, but Spottitt went on—

"For the reason that his lordship and your wife are somewhat too well acquainted."

Again Stevens was about to speak, but Spottitt continued, unheeding—

"We have now discovered the real reason."

Stevens looked at him with unconcealed astonishment.

"The real reason, sir?"

"Yes. For some time past his lordship has missed things."

Stevens started as if he had been shot, but Spottitt went on—

"Articles which, though small and unimportant in themselves, have nevertheless been missing. Some days ago his lordship placed the matter in my hands, with the result that I have traced some diamonds of his lordship's to that bag. That is your bag, is it not?"

Stevens went over and examined it carefully.

"It is."

"Open it."

"Certainly."

He produced some keys from his waistcoat pocket, and, kneeling down, unlocked the bag.

Mr. Spottitt watched him carefully.

"Be good enough to take out the things one by one."

Stevens looked at him defiantly.

"I should wish to know if you are accusing me, sir."

"Be good enough to do as I tell you."

Stevens began to remove the articles from the bag. He had evidently used it to lock up odds and ends which he valued. He first took out a photograph frame. For one moment his gaze rested on the picture of his wife.

Then he placed it carefully upon the table. Next he drew out some account books, and one or two cardboard collar boxes, containing a collection of studs, old pipes, and dilapidated match-boxes. After these, to his great amazement, he came upon a square jewel case, and as he looked at the thing in his hand he turned white.

"Would you be good enough to open that?"

He did so, and six diamond buttons, used by Lord Bellamy at a fancy dress ball which he had attended a short time before, met his astonished gaze.

"You have lived with his lordship for years," said Spottitt. "You have counted on his careless habits. You have been robbing him systematically. The shop in Bond Street was started on the proceeds of your thefts. It is on the verge of bankruptcy. Come, come, my man, own up."

There was a long pause. Stevens stood as if rooted to the ground, his jaw clenched. Once or twice he drew a long, deep breath through his nostrils.

At last he raised a furious gaze to Spottitt, who regarded him impassively and sleepily. Then he looked from him to Lord Bellamy, lying back in his chair, lazily blowing blue rings of smoke.

"You damned couple of conspirators!"

The words were spoken intensely, with almost electrical nervous force.

There was another pause, broken by Bellamy, who said gently—

"Really, Stevens, I hardly think that language becomes a gentleman's gentleman."

To their immense astonishment Stevens regained his self-control by a supreme effort, and answered suavely—

"Your lordship is quite right. Shall I ring the bell and send for a policeman?"

"Really, really," said Mr. Spottitt; "I am surprised at you. I should have thought that by this time you would have grasped his lordship's meaning."

"I opine," said Stevens, "that you mean I will consent to remain in his lordship's service?"

"Exactly."

"And if I refuse?" His voice grew a shade more vibrant. "Supposing I say to his lordship, 'Do as you please, and be——'"—he corrected himself in time—"and I reserve my defence?"

"I don't think," said Spottitt, "it's likely to improve by keeping. Come, come. His lordship considers you the one indispensable thing in his life. Therefore he will take any measures to retain you in his service. The events of yesterday will be nothing in your favour, because, you see, it will be all the more in Lord Bellamy's that he sacrifices his own reputation to bring you to justice."

There was another silence, again broken by Lord Bellamy, whose voice had grown plaintive.

"Stevens, I want to go to my lunch; please decide something."

Stevens thought deeply for fully a minute, and finally, turning to Lord Bellamy, said, as if nothing untoward had occurred during the interview—

“Has your lordship any orders?”

“I am motoring after lunch, and I shall dine out this evening.”

“Very good, my lord.” He was moving away, but paused and put out his hands towards Bellamy’s throat. Bellamy drew back in alarm, and Spottitt took a step forward; but Stevens said quietly, “Pardon me—your lordship’s tie.” He rearranged the tie and left the room.

Spottitt looked after him in admiration, and when Stevens had closed the door, with a noiselessness which was in itself a triumph, he said—

“By heavens, that man’s a genius!”

“My good fellow, should I have troubled about him otherwise?” He took out his watch. “Two o’clock. Good day, Mr. Spottitt; I am immensely obliged to you.”

“Pardon me, but my terms are cash.”

Bellamy laughed pleasantly.

“I beg your pardon.” He produced his cheque-book. “Let me see—what was the sum? Two hundred and fifty, was it not?”

“Five hundred, my lord.”

“Oh, surely—Mr. Spottitt!” Bellamy raised a white hand deprecatingly.

But Spottitt was firm, and repeated—

"Five hundred."

"Exactly," assented Bellamy.

"And another hundred for luck?"

"I'll see you damned first."

"Certainly," said Spottitt, easily and pleasantly, as he took his cheque. "It's been a very good morning's work for me. Good day."

But Bellamy detained him.

"By the way, Mr. Spottitt, you said something about a holiday."

"Yes; I'm off to Dinard to-morrow, and, thanks to this morning's work, I leave no cares behind me."

Bellamy thought deeply for a moment, and gradually a smile of keen enjoyment stole across his face.

"Give Lady Bellamy and myself a week at Lanham Towers later on."

Spottitt looked astonished. Bellamy was even more magnificent than report made him out to be. He replied—

"I should be charmed, but——"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see Lady Bellamy entertaining her own detective."

"And she will think that you have fallen into a trap, and have invited me to spy upon yourself. Is that your lordship's idea?"

"Exactly. And I shall be amused, which is the great thing."

"Good morning. Happy at any time to serve your lordship."

“Good morning, Mr. Spottitt, good morning.” He shook hands with the young man affably.

Spottitt went out.

After a second, Bellamy crossed swiftly to the door, and, opening it, called out—

“Mr. Spottitt !”

“Yes ?”

“Any stick you like.”

CHAPTER X

REGGIE was rather astonished to find, on asking for Lord Bellamy, that he was in the middle of lunch. He knew that, as a rule, Bellamy lunched early. Although Reggie had breakfasted late he was perfectly ready to share Bellamy's meal if he were asked. As the latter was alone he went in, and he found himself doing the unexpected and making a very good lunch, for Reggie ate when opportunity offered, with a heroic disregard of digestion.

"You look very smart, Reggie," said Bellamy, as his guest seated himself.

"Yes, I fancy I am looking my best"—and Reggie extracted a lark from its bed of aspic, while he murmured "Hock" to the man at his elbow—"which is rather funny, because I'm in the most awful hole, and mamma, as usual, utterly declines to help me."

"You'll have to work after all, Reggie. It's coming upon you, I am afraid."

"We shall see," said Reggie, sagely; and a curious look of determination came into his face.

"I suppose you mean that you will marry for money? My dear Reggie, I am afraid that you are

not the sort of article that women are prepared to pay for."

"I don't know," said Reggie. "At any rate, if I only had a few hundred pounds to go on with, I stand a very good chance."

"You mean Pamela Gray?" said Bellamy. And he looked interested. "I don't think she'll marry you, Reggie. You wouldn't be very useful to her. She would want a man whose career she could influence—she's just that sort of girl—and as you're not going to have any career——"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Reggie. "I could advise her about her dresses. Mamma always says that she is never so well dressed as when she takes my advice."

"I don't think that would appeal to Pamela Gray, Reggie. If you were only a great sinner, she might think it worth while to take you in hand; but you're not even wicked."

Reggie giggled. "Well, nobody's ever called me good before."

"I didn't say you were good, Reggie. You're vicious enough, but you're not wicked."

"Mamma says that young men nowadays are all disgraceful, and she can't think how society tolerates them."

Bellamy reflected that a society which tolerated Reggie's mamma might just as well put up with Reggie and his like.

"Well, Reggie, you will meet Pamela Gray at Lanham, won't you?"

"Yes," said Reggie, dismally, "if I ever get there."

"Well, you've got very good legs."

"What—walk?" Reggie's face screwed itself up into a look of amazement. "Who's going to carry my luggage?"

"Oh, you can have a knapsack," laughed Bellamy, courteously waiting for Reggie, who was engaged with his third lark.

"Do you know Dawlish?" said Reggie, helping himself to more salad.

"Dawlish—Dawlish?" Bellamy reflected. "Oh yes. Handsome-looking brute, isn't he? On the Stock Exchange?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"He's rather intent on pushing himself where he's not wanted, isn't he?"

"Yes; he wants to marry caste."

"I believe women rather admire him. He's got just that touch of the cad that, when allied to good looks, has a curious effect on them—goodness knows why!"

Reggie was silent for a while, thinking deeply. He had quite made up his mind to tell Bellamy the whole truth, but it was a little difficult to know how to approach it.

"He called on me this morning," he said at length. "And, do you know," he continued boldly, "I believe he was fishing for an invitation to Lanham."

For one moment an expression passed across Bellamy's face which made Reggie wish that he had not spoken.

"My dear Reggie, what on earth are you talking about?"

"I know exactly what you mean," said Reggie. "Just as if I could get him one! Wasn't it silly? Of course, if he wants invitations he should go to mamma. She'd do the thing properly."

"I suppose so," said Bellamy, entering into the spirit of the joke. "At a fixed scale—beginning with a small charge for 'At Homes,' and ending with a large fee for house parties, with a bonus should royalty be present."

Reggie was pleased to see him in this mood. Bellamy was not difficult to tackle if he felt that he was talking well.

"Yes, Dawlish has made up his mind to get into a decent set if he can."

"Well, the best sets will exclude everything but money," said Bellamy.

"It would be a very good thing for me if he were to go to Lanham," said Reggie.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that it would be five hundred pounds in my pocket."

"You don't mean that you have arranged terms with Dawlish?" And Bellamy laughed.

"Not exactly; only I asked him casually if he'd lend me five hundred pounds, and he said that he

would think about it. And then he mentioned something about Lanham, and I could see perfectly well what he meant."

"Apparently Dawlish doesn't mind how he gets what he wants provided he gets it," said Bellamy.

"No, that's just the sort of fellow he is."

Bellamy laughed again.

"Do you know, Reggie, I don't believe there's anybody else in London who would have had the courage to place himself in my hands as you have done. I wonder if you fully appreciate the delightful originality of the proceeding."

"I don't know, I'm sure, but it took some thinking out."

"I suppose Dawlish can behave himself?"

"Oh yes; and he plays cards no end, and doesn't mind a bit when he loses."

This last was a slight effort in invention on Reggie's part, for, in the first place, he had never seen Dawlish lose, and Dawlish was hardly the person to lose pleasantly; but Reggie knew perfectly well what he was about.

"I suppose he is very rich, Reggie?" asked Bellamy.

"Oh, he must be, because so many people have taken him up—people like the Comtesse de Perrefonds, who would be sure to find out first, you know."

"Yes," said Bellamy, slowly, "I don't think that Madame de Perrefonds is likely to be taken in. Does Dawlish know Lady Bellamy?"

"Oh yes."

"Well, I'll suggest that she asks him."

"Poor Dawlish!" said Reggie, giggling. "It will be funny. He won't have the least idea that you know how it's all been managed."

"And Dawlish may bring you other clients, Reggie."

"Clients?" said Reggie, inquiringly.

Any word which was not in use half a dozen times a day was apt to confuse him. He was obliged to think.

"Oh yes," he said at last, "I see what you mean. What a splendid idea!"

"You and your mother might go into partnership."

"Oh no," said Reggie; "it never does to do anything with mamma, she would only take all the profits."

It was certainly very clever of Reggie to have detected how Bellamy's sense of humour might be turned to account, and Bellamy wondered whether some more acute intellect might not have inspired him.

"I suppose the idea was your own, Reggie?"

"Oh yes, quite; and I'm awfully pleased with it. I said to myself that you'd see the fun of it at once."

Reggie departed with a full assurance that Lady Bellamy would send Dawlish an invitation.

"I hope it'll be soon," he said.

"I'll see to that," said Bellamy, reassuringly. "I quite understand. It's not the sort of security that you could go to a money-lender with."

When Bellamy went to his room to change his

clothes, Stevens was perfectly quiet and respectful, and although Bellamy carefully watched his reflection in a looking-glass, his face was unreadably impassive as ever. It was, after all, just as well that Spottitt was coming to Lanham. He would be able to keep an eye on Stevens, and to see if he were developing any plans for revenge, for Bellamy did not feel entirely comfortable, or convinced as to Stevens's absolute surrender.

In the afternoon he drove in his motor towards Regent's Park. He felt jaded. The morning's scene with Stevens and Spottitt had exhausted him more than he could have imagined possible, considering that he had posed merely as a passive spectator. He was in the precise mood for a quiet conversation with Marion Gorme. She was, he declared, one of the only three women in London who could talk. Being outside the pale of decent society, she was permitted as a conversationalist an extensive range of subjects. She would often say, "Fatigue may limit our action, but it should inspire our conversation."

She and Bellamy were old friends, and it was years since they had been anything else. With them the bud of passion had blossomed into the flower of pleasant acquaintanceship. It was strange, but true, that when he was in need of a domestic atmosphere, and the soothing quiet of a well-regulated household, he visited one of the most notorious women in England.

He found her, much to his annoyance, being interviewed for an illustrated paper by a young man who

displayed the insufficiency of his salary by the meal he made when the afternoon tea appeared.

He photographed every corner of the drawing-room, and as much of the house as he was permitted to see, including the umbrella stand.

Bellamy ended by becoming amused and interested, and the young man took him quite seriously when he suggested that it would be a novel feature if he were to be photographed as one of Miss Gorme's admirers.

At last the interviewer took his departure, bearing away his negatives and voluminous notes.

"Gerald, you look just the faintest degree worried," said Marion Gorme, as she resumed her occupation of knitting coarse woollen socks for the poor.

The Christian name was a relic of former days.

"My dear Marion, life is very difficult at times."

"I find it so, but surely you——"

"I have had a severe shock."

"Indeed?" She looked sympathetic.

"Nothing that I can exactly talk about. Even you would hardly appreciate its true proportions. So far, I have only found one person capable of doing so."

"I thought you might have discovered a grey hair."

"Not yet; that will come with the ogle."

"What do you mean?"

"I always hold that a man who has lived his life learns that he has grown old the first time he is accused of ogling."

"I see. In youth we make eyes ; in old age we ogle."

"Exactly."

"But old age should have no terrors for you, Bellamy."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Why?"

"You cannot be said to have wasted your opportunities."

"As I understand them, no."

She looked at him with all the appearance of frank admiration. At least she understood him well enough to know that if he saw the faintest suspicion of a smile behind her flattery their friendship would be a thing of the past.

"How I envy you, Bellamy, your endless capacity for being stirred!"

"Are you never stirred?"

"No ; I am an almost extinct volcano, and I burn in sunset fires. I look out on the world with a dull glow of interest, and I have no desire to fling hot cinders abroad."

"And yet your acting does not suffer. The other evening I thought you were finer than ever. Of course you know that, as a matter of fact, I hate good acting. The one redeeming feature of the last Shakespearean production was the incompetence of the actor-manager ; that was amusing. But the other evening you were quite great."

"It puzzles myself, because I still actually feel things on the stage. It is what one might almost call living in outline."

"Your art is biographical; and, after all, people are never so amusing as when they are reproducing themselves. I have known quite dull folk hold my attention when talking of what must have been a very prosaic youth."

As Bellamy watched Marion Gorme knitting industriously as she talked, he was recalling the circumstances of her original fascination for him. He had first seen her, a girl of great beauty, still in her teens, in a provincial company. He had been attracted far more by her crudities than by her undeveloped power and talent.

"You closed last night?" he asked.

"Yes, and I leave town on Monday. I couldn't go before because I had promised to recite at the Picture Club, and, as you know, I never break my professional promises. Are you going? You are on the committee."

"As a matter of fact, I founded the wretched place, but, as is always the case with that sort of club, one has to fall back on the wrong people to keep it going. I am waiting for it to die a natural death."

"And yet I only consented to recite because of you."

"My dear Marion, you should have dropped me a line. I would not have had you trouble yourself for the world, especially as they are going to have an entirely novel second part to the programme."

"What is that?"

"An exhibition of wrestling."

"Well, really," said Marion Gorme, laughing, "last week, at a Benefit, I was sandwiched between some performing parrots and a conjuror, and now—wrestling!"

"It's a novel feature," said Bellamy; "but we shall no doubt yet see the socially jaded amusing themselves with boxing competitions on Sunday evenings. I know one or two women who are putting off leaving town to see it."

"I once went," said Marion Gorme, "to a prize fight. It was years ago, when I was thirsty for experiences. I went disguised as a boy. It was a winter's night, so it was fairly easy—in a long fur coat, with the collar turned up."

The story interested Bellamy.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"I distinguished myself by fainting away at the first sight of blood, and the appearance of the two men has been a sort of nightmare to me ever since."

"Has your season been a success?"

"Frankly, no. The syndicate just managed to pay my salary—which is the great thing—and the managing director came out all right; but we shall want shoring up if we are to last through the autumn."

"Perhaps I can help you. There's one of the latest Stock Exchange successes coming to the club on Sunday night; I'll introduce him and drop a hint of what is expected."

Marion Gorme smiled.

"Introduce him, and leave the rest to me. We had a farewell supper last night," she went on.

"Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Of course not. You know the sort of thing—a dozen middle-aged men, and twelve women, the photographs of whom the public are sick of seeing in shop windows. Most of them would have made very good housemaids, and yet there they all were, hardly daring to open their lips, quite stupid, quite dull. I could not help recalling the descriptions that I used to read as a girl of the life that sort of woman was supposed to lead. Good heavens! the most overworked housewife in the suburbs, trying to make both ends meet on three pounds a week, gets more fun!"

"I know," said Bellamy. "One so very soon realizes that pleasure plus vulgarity is impossible."

"Now and then some of the men made a *risqué* joke, and then all the poor creatures cackled."

Bellamy dined with Mr. and Mrs. Crutchley, and so admirably did he understand the former, that before Crutchley went to bed that night he had apologized to his wife for anything he might have said about Bellamy, adding that, when one came to think of it, it was a beastly shame that a woman was unable to make a friend of a man like him without the ill-natured talking, and that it was all just because he had done one or two things more openly than other people.

"I like Bellamy," he said, parading his wife's bedroom in a dressing-gown of wonderful pattern, while

she lay and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling, her black masses of soft, silky hair flowing over the pillow and laced sheet, giving a wonderful impression of girlhood and spirituality.

Bellamy left the house in Grosvenor Street more in love with Mrs. Crutchley than ever. The presence of a husband invariably had a stimulating effect on him, and he came to the conclusion that any slight waning of their romance, which he had been inclined to think he had detected, had been imaginary. She was so admittedly fascinating and lovely that she was a perpetual spur to his vanity. It was quite evident that she had entirely forgiven him for the little *contretemps* in Bond Street.

With characteristic vitality, he regarded his evening as only just begun. He drove to a little house in Chester Street, where he played till far into the night, winning and losing with superb indifference. The omnibuses were already beginning to roll eastwards when he sauntered round the corner and let himself in at his own door.

"Wonderful man, Bellamy," soliloquized Lord Portchester, who had accompanied him so far. "He goes at life like a boy at plum cake."

CHAPTER XI

“DAWLISH, let me introduce you to Lord Bellamy.”

It was Sunday evening at the Picture Club, and Reggie was working hard for his five hundred pounds. He had actually put off a delightful dinner at the Duchess of Havant's to dine with Dawlish. Half a dozen times since they had entered the room he had edged himself and Dawlish near Bellamy so as to effect the desired introduction, and he began to have a depressing conviction that Bellamy had forgotten all about the matter. It was not like Bellamy to do so; Reggie did not believe that he ever forgot anything.

As a matter of fact, Bellamy had been thoroughly aware of Reggie's manoeuvres, and had enjoyed them. To see Reggie's face almost distorted with anxiety, and with an unusual glare of fixed purpose in his eyes, was very amusing.

The wrestling match had attracted an August Personage who had of late grown a little tired of the club; and some of the most chic women in London had turned up, athirst to see a couple of half-nude men strain and wrestle, and not improbably injure each other.

Dawlish felt that his being seen talking affably to

one who was so absolutely the cream of smart society and evil-doing as Lord Bellamy was a social tonic of extraordinary effectiveness. Reggie was carrying out their unwritten and unspoken compact admirably. Had the latter known it, his five hundred pounds was now quite a safe thing, but he was assailed with all manner of doubts and fears. These City men were notoriously sharp-witted, and should Dawlish refuse to pay him his fee when it was earned, he would have no possible remedy; in fact, even to complain of breach of faith would be to give himself hopelessly away. It was a depressing situation, which only a cheque for five hundred pounds, signed by Dawlish and safely passed through his own bank, could solve.

"I wish mamma were in England," he said to himself more than once. "She would know so exactly what to do." And yet, on further reflection, he doubted whether it would have been wise to make his mother privy to the transaction. Her percentage for giving good advice would most probably have been tremendous.

Bellamy shook hands with Dawlish, and the latter took in every detail of his attire and manner with all the speed of a man accustomed to reckon up personalities under time pressure. He had, of course, frequently seen him quite close, but was compelled to admit that people had by no means overestimated his charm of manner.

"He reeks of fascination," a certain great lady had said, who had every reason to deplore the fact.

But what Dawlish was most struck by was the entire lack of that something not quite agreeable which is usually associated with men who are notorious libertines in their dealings with their own sex. It was certainly nothing so vulgar as heartiness, but might have been described as cultivated *bonhomie*.

Naturally Dawlish came into good society on the defensive. When by himself he was not infrequently moodily introspective. He cursed himself for his snobbery. He would wonder why on earth a man who was generally reputed to have more than the average share of common sense should attach so much importance to things which should not have mattered.

Reggie's heart quite throbbed with gratitude as he noticed how entirely civil and affable Bellamy was making himself to Dawlish. He drifted away and left Dawlish to make the best of his opportunity, surveying him from a distance with all the trepidation and anxiety of a fond mother for a *débutante*.

"Reggie," said the Duchess of Havant, "who is that handsome dark man that Bellamy is speaking to?"

The Duchess of Havant was a distant cousin of Reggie's; in fact, Reggie's claim to social recognition lay in any number of distant relationships to great folk.

"That's Dawlish—Stock Exchange, you know."

"Oh, he's very rich, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Reggie. "He's got something to do with a part of Africa where the Stock Exchange is quite new—owns the Equator, or something of that sort."

Those around him laughed.

"Reggie, you're getting quite witty."

"Do you think so?" And he forbore to say that he had made the remark in perfectly good faith.

A young man, whose high notes sounded like a baritone, and his low notes like a tenor, was mournfully but conscientiously meandering through a German Lied, and was being received with all the indifference which society bestows on any artistic attempt. He retired to the ante-room amidst some good-natured applause, and after an interval Marion Gorme took his place.

Considering her audience she was received quite rapturously, fully one-third making an attempt at applause. She was much too experienced to have troubled herself to prepare anything, such as she might have done had there been a sixpenny gallery to propitiate. She recited a trifle of no particular interest, consisting of about twelve lines, of which she forgot three, her good humour and fascination being sufficient entertainment in themselves. After leaving the platform she received a distinct recall, and on returning sat down at the piano. There was quite a little hush of interest, for no one had ever heard that she could either play or sing.

With her forefinger she carefully picked out the first few bars of the National Anthem, at which there was a burst of applause, and the audience grew quite excited.

As Bellamy applauded almost vociferously Dawlish did so too.

"She's a great creature," said Bellamy. "It's very

rare that one gets such a delightful sense of humour combined with tragic grandeur. Do you know her?"

Dawlish did not, and was quite flattered when Bellamy offered to take him into the ante-room and introduce him.

Reggie watched them go out in amazement. Bellamy was a good chap—there was no doubt about it.

"May I introduce Mr. Dawlish?" said Bellamy.

Marion Gorme held out her hand, and managed to give a distinct impression that any one who knew anything about the great world at all must surely have heard of Mr. Dawlish, and though she left almost immediately, he had promised to come and call.

"She is one of the few women in London who can talk," said Bellamy, as they returned slowly to the concert-room, after having escorted Marion Gorme to her carriage, "and so you really must go and see her."

Dawlish promised himself that he would. It was evidently the thing to do.

Marion Gorme's recitation had closed the first part, and as the second part was to consist entirely of the wrestling, the room began rapidly to fill up from the adjacent galleries. Conversation grew quite slack as the audience watched with interest the laying down of the matting on which the wrestling was to take place.

There were a few preliminary chords on the piano, and two superb specimens of manhood stepped on to the stage—one, black-haired, sleek, with something of an American cut about him; the other, older, slightly

heavier, and coarser, with reddish hair and unkempt moustache.

"Scotchman," murmured Portchester as the latter appeared, "and I'll put my money on him."

"No betting, Portchester, if you please," said Bellamy, languidly; "it isn't allowed." He had made his own financial arrangements outside.

Lady Braham, who had a young daughter present, wondered whether she ought to go; but really she was quite unable to tear herself away from such a very magnificent sight, and she compounded with her conscience by inwardly affirming that next Sunday evening when they were in the country she really would go to church.

For the first time during the evening the eyes of the women became riveted on the stage, and the August Personage allowed his cigar to go out.

After a few words from their introducer—for it was quite necessary to explain how highly scientific and intellectual the whole performance was—the wrestling began.

From the very first Lady Braham, who was short and stout, ascended a sofa at the back of the room, her example being immediately followed by several others.

"I do hope the good-looking one will win," said the Duchess of Havant, with as much display of interest as she had ever been known to show.

"Oh, but the other is so delightfully ugly!" said Mrs. Burford White. "He's got him down—I knew he would." She quite thought the bout was over. The bigger of the two men was underneath, and the contest

for a moment became one of sheer strength. It really was a novel excitement, and most of the women present watched them with dilated eyes and quick-caught breaths. Mrs. Burford White had no idea to what an extent her feelings were being worked upon, till the delicate ivory fan which she clasped nervously snapped in two.

Suddenly there was a sharp, quick tussle, and the heavier of the two had his man down, both shoulder-blades touching the ground.

There was a murmur of disappointment from the majority, who had naturally favoured what appeared to be the weaker, and a burst of applause from the conqueror's partisans.

"I really don't know how he manages to take it so good-naturedly," said Mrs. Crutchley, gazing sympathetically at the defeated Adonis, who was standing, smiling, and apparently as fresh as ever, waiting for the signal to begin.

After what seemed an interminable pause—for the appetite of the audience was whetted—they began again. This proved to be a much longer and more interesting bout.

Whilst the two men were swaying and straining over the stage, Bellamy looked round at the faces of the on-lookers. The men were calm and quiet, their neglected cigars and cigarettes held loosely, whilst a tightening of the lips round clenched jaws betrayed the amount of the brute roused in them; the women, on the other hand, with dilated eyes, moved restlessly from side to side in order to obtain a better view, but in their faces there was

a distinctly ugly expression, except in a few cases in which he thought he detected nascent disgust.

"Not far from this to the Roman arena and 'Thumbs down,'" he reflected cynically, as he turned again to the stage.

The more slender fighter of the two appeared to be getting a little nettled. His opponent had tried half a dozen moves on him with such repeated success as to get a laugh at his expense from the audience. Suddenly, after breaking loose, they closed again. The younger man, by a supreme effort, cross-buttocked his opponent, flinging him clean over his shoulder. It was a splendid feat, and the thrown man came down heavily.

There was a burst of applause, stopped almost instantaneously. It was seen that the man was hurt. Half a dozen black-coated figures leapt on the stage at once, and between them he was carried into the ante-room.

"I say," said Reggie, looking round open-eyed, "it makes it quite real, doesn't it!"

Bellamy returned from the ante-room and explained, in reply to the inquiries of the August Personage, that the man had broken his leg. He was already on his way to the hospital, and at that moment the men who had carried him into the ante-room filed back. The fact of the injured man being out of the place made things quite comfortable again. The August Personage retired, and the company went to supper. The unfortunate part of the accident was that it would probably stand very much in the way of future treats of the same kind.

CHAPTER XII

MEANWHILE, poor Madame Henriette was left in a state of utter perplexity as to what steps Stevens was inclined to take as a consequence of his discovery. He came to the shop in Bond Street at the end of the week and audited the accounts in a purely formal way. After he had sat opposite to her for nearly an hour, adding up and checking the ledgers, she felt that if he remained another moment without alluding to what she was perfectly certain was uppermost in his mind she would have wild hysterics. Instead of having hysterics, however, she relapsed into a feeble fit of tears. He took not the least notice, but went on writing calmly. Finally he rose and put on his bowler, which, worn as it was, with a cutaway morning coat, had always got on her nerves. Even at that moment of stress she found herself wondering how a man who was servant to such an incomparable dandy as Bellamy could wear an attire so devoid of style.

He was leaving the room without even bidding her good night. Perhaps unconsciously his impassive strength was playing upon her woman's temperament. She began to conceive a new admiration for him. His very indifference nursed the belief within her that, after all, she had

been wrong as regards Bellamy, and that her real love was given to her husband.

"Richard !" she murmured faintly.

He paused with his hand on the door.

"Yes ?"

"I love you."

He betrayed not the least impatience or surprise, but simply went out as if she had not spoken. He was proud of himself, and he had every cause to be. He felt that he was really having an opportunity of testing that control on which he had always prided himself. Sooner or later he was sure Lord Bellamy would be delivered into his hands. He had to admit that the incomparable one was magnificent as ever in trusting himself so unreservedly to a man who had every reason to hate him. Stevens wondered whether it was courage or simply disbelief in his power to hurt. He was perfectly confident of his ability to strike home once he had decided on the particular method by which he would work out his revenge. Unfortunately, Lord Bellamy had deprived him of the weapon which would have been most effective. In default of being able to wound his vanity he must be content with a less subtle and more brutal revenge. It would have been pleasant to disgrace him before the world, and to have watched him writhing. As an alternative, he would have liked to procure him a thrashing. Bellamy had been very near it once or twice as Stevens knew ; but although he could not be

called a coward, he had at heart a fastidious dislike to physical pain as being a thing which dealt with the ugly. Stevens knew that Crutchley was Bellamy's superior in physical strength, and wondered whether he would be man enough to attack a piece of such sublime impertinence as Bellamy, if he should find that the latter had made sport of his honour. He came to the conclusion, from all the information which he could gather as to Crutchley's temper, that he most probably would, and that in addition, easy-going as he was, he was just the sort of temperament to kill his man if roused. It would be decidedly worth while setting him at Bellamy's throat, although Stevens was compelled by admiration of his past deeds to admit that, in however tight a corner Bellamy might find himself, it was more than probable he would bow himself out of it with absolute grace, and without even the indignity of a single wriggle. It was a little humiliating to have to take such a very primitive revenge, but it lay to hand, and it would have been a pity to throw it away. Even if it failed, the game would not be over.

Mrs. Crutchley invariably sealed her notes under the impression that their inviolability was thereby ensured, a precaution which brought a smile to Stevens' lips when, having carefully loosened the seal of the letter in question, he digested the contents. The letter to Crutchley was a much more delicate affair. He had not the least intention of putting himself into

any position of danger, and the writing of anonymous letters must always have an element of risk. The paper had better be stolen casually, preferably from a hotel smoke-room, of which the writer is not an *habitué*. The pen must most decidedly be of the kind which is not preferred as a rule, and then each word had better be printed. Notwithstanding all these obvious precautions, which Stevens took, every word seemed to cry out that he was the author.

Crutchley received the anonymous letter in the morning. His first inclination was to throw it into the fire; his second, to show it to his wife; but both these being the line of conduct advocated by the general principles of honour, it could hardly be expected that the individual should adopt them. He told himself that it was the work of some busybody, some one who hated Bellamy, or a woman who had a grudge against his wife. He told himself the whole thing was ridiculous, but his blood had turned to fire at the mere idea. What was he to do? Go down to Goodwood and remain overnight as he had intended, or show it to his wife? If he took the latter course he would cut the ground from under his feet. He would not only have to remain at Goodwood, but his wife would be on her guard. And then he pulled himself up. What on earth was he talking about? He was suspecting his wife, the most pure, loving, and devoted of creatures, who seemed entirely wrapped up in everything he did. Suddenly he remembered

that she had absolutely declined to go with him. He went upstairs, and stole into her room. The windows were wide open, but although Mrs. Crutchley made a pretence of nerves at times, she was evidently perfectly able to sleep through the rumble of the traffic outside. The freshness of the morning was in the room and about the sleeping figure in the bed, whilst mingled with it was the faintest suggestion of well-bred perfume, such as naturally belongs to the sleeping apartment of a delicately nurtured woman. It was fortunate for Mrs. Crutchley that her husband had never read "Othello." It might have put dark thoughts into his brain. As it was, he stole out again without waking her, and went off to Goodwood, where he spent a supremely wretched day, the unforeseen occurring in every event, and the anonymous letter lying like a flame against his heart. He found that he had no power to remain where he was, but was drawn back to London by the sheer agony of uncertainty.

Stevens had shown great discrimination in choosing the man who was to revenge him on Bellamy. Crutchley was a noted amateur lightweight, and boxing was one of the very few things that Bellamy had not gone in for.

When Crutchley reached his house in town he almost expected, as he opened the front door, to hear his wife's voice from the little dining-room in silvery astonishment at his return. But she had gone out.

Then he remembered that Bellamy had left Goodwood early. He went into the dining-room, and helped himself to a stiff brandy-and-soda. None of the servants knew where she had gone, so murmuring something about telling his wife when she came in that he was at his club, he left the house, and entering a hansom, told the man to drive in the direction of Sloane Square.

CHAPTER XIII

"My dear Jack, you are looking absurdly beautiful."

"Gerald, I am terrified!"

"Of course; we both are, and we have a right to be."

"Please don't jest. I've had a foreboding all day long."

"I've never had a foreboding which meant anything."

"I hate this place." She looked around fretfully.

"Why didn't you say so? I am sorry; I thought the room looked rather nice. Shall we divide the evening into two parts?"

"I am not in the vein."

"First, you shall wish you had not come; and then you shall enjoy yourself."

The waiter brought in dinner.

Mrs. Crutchley had intended to say that she was much too nervous to stay, but Bellamy acted on her like wine, and she found her will-power nonexistent.

"I wonder how many men there are in London of my age who can drink champagne. It's a good

thing to be born dark, Jack. Fair people should never be allowed to drink ; it spoils their appearance."

The waiter was not in the room.

"You won't tire of me, Gerald, will you?" She stretched out her hand appealingly. She was nervous and frightened, and consequently sentimental.

He took her hand and pressed it gently, while he bent over and looked into her eyes, throwing into his own all that twenty-five years of practice had made them capable of. He had an uncomfortable feeling that she was thinking of Madame Henriette.

"We are very wicked—are we not, Gerald?"

"Yes, Jack dear, of course," he answered comfortingly. "What makes you doubt it?"

She sighed.

"Jack, in another minute I shall think you are in debt again."

He looked at her glass impatiently, but his exquisite fastidiousness forbade his suggesting that the world would be less real if she drank her champagne, though he knew it for a fact. Luckily, she had abstractedly eaten three salted almonds in succession, and as a consequence took to her wine. The effect was magical. The look of fright faded out of her face, and mischief and gaiety took its place. Between her and possibilities lay one glass of champagne, and it made all the difference. Bellamy's practised eye at once detected it. After all, the evening would not be a failure.

"We are very reckless, Gerald." They were waiting for fish. Her elbows were on the table, her chin leaning upon her clasped hands. "Tell me about Goodwood," she said. "Was Rollo very cut up at Tous les Mois going down?"

"I am afraid he was."

"I do hope it won't mean our economizing. When you come to think of it, it's really very selfish of Rollo to lose."

"But you must not economize, Jack. A sense of economy limits one's personality at once. That is why, with all due respect to the moralities, the rich develop so much more rapidly than the poor. It is only those who are not concentrated on personal wants who get a really wide outlook."

"But how can one help it? Rollo and I are so poor."

"I don't know," said Bellamy, reflectively. "You are able to live with taste, and really, Jack, to speak vulgarly, you do yourselves very well indeed. Both of you were born in a world of which the one half is always ready to supply the other half with luxury. They would not move a finger to pay your rent, but they will pay for all your amusements."

"While one is young," she answered.

"With effort we may keep young till we are fifty, and during the last few years of our life Nature is evidently merciful, and prevents our thinking."

"Gerald, do you think there is any hereafter?"

She really put the question as though she were anxious for his opinion.

He replied with impressive triviality—

“I am afraid not, Jack. I am afraid that when we die that is the end.”

She looked at him pathetically.

“How dreadful !”

“Don’t you think it’s rather a good thing ? If you come to think of it, Jack, we’ve got very little to gain by going on.”

“How dreadfully disappointed all the good folk will be !” And she laughed.

He noticed with approbation that there were perceptible vine leaves in her hair. He had developed artistic fastidiousness to the extent that the emotion of a scene like this resulted, not from its sentiment, but from its perfect performance. It was a tireless egotism which kept him trudging along the secret ways of Romance. It was like the craving for a drug which had to be satisfied, although the victim was conscious of an intolerable burden of slavery. He was in love with his own mask, but behind it he was conscious of a great desire for air.

Poor Jack Crutchley was perhaps inwardly aware that she was only a delicate morsel, the taste of which had not yet palled on this gourmet of sensation. She was a cup of wine which he was slowly draining down, and of which the dregs had not yet appeared. Woe to the cup when they did.

Generally she caught the spirit of artifice, and attempted on her side to deceive him by acting, unconscious that the more she grew like himself the more he would find her out. She was in reality coming down from her hill of vantage into his own territory, although she knew it not. Under the influence of the wine, she returned to something of her first simplicities, moving in her own proper atmosphere of sentimentality, which belongs to every woman unless she be poisoned with subtleties.

"A woman you and I know," said Bellamy—and he mentioned the name of a notorious Cyprian, who had at one time been within the pale of society—"was offered the chance of getting back before she had gone too far by several women whose sponsorship would have settled the matter. The Duchess of Bray spent a whole afternoon attempting to persuade her, but she absolutely declined. I think she was right," said Bellamy, meditatively. "She pointed out that she was at the outset of a great career, and that she had not two lives to live."

"And do you really think she is happier?"

"I think so. She is a success, and she reigns, and in the great world she could never have been anything but a dependent."

"It must be terrible to be out of society."

"I should say it would be one shade more depressing than being in it."

"What do people do who are outside society?"

"Wish they were in it, I suppose."

"Gerald, isn't it strange we should be in love with each other? I can remember quite well that as a girl at school I used to hear you talked of as 'that wicked Lord Bellamy,' and once my eldest sister went to a ball and you were there, and when she told my father he said that he should be very sorry to see any daughter of his dancing with Lord Bellamy."

"Who taught you to flatter, Jack?"

As he looked almost dreamily across the table at her, while the perfume of his cigarette censed the air between them, he was thinking what a very long affair a dinner was. She was eating an ice, a feat of daring of which women and children never seem to tire.

The waiter burst into the room.

"Milord, there is a gentleman who insist that he see——"

He did not finish his sentence, but looked with a flurried deprecation at Mrs. Crutchley.

Bellamy lost colour a little, and looked round the room hurriedly. He wondered at his own lack of forethought in having chosen one so absolutely destitute of any means of escape. The window opened on to a sort of dummy balcony. Mrs. Crutchley had turned as white as a sheet, but Bellamy could not help admitting that she showed courage.

"He will kill us!" she gasped convulsively. And then she sat silent.

He took her cloak and put it round her.

"You must stand here, Jack," he said, and led her to the foot or so of balcony.

"I shall fall over—I know I shall," she murmured faintly.

"If you do, Jack," said Bellamy, sternly, "you will only get hurt, and a policeman will take you away on a stretcher."

It was necessary to speak firmly, or he was convinced that she would faint.

At that moment there appeared in the doorway the red-haired attendant from the ladies' cloak-room, who had evidently been drawn to the spot by the prospect of a scene.

Bellamy seized her, and in a moment had placed her beside Mrs. Crutchley, and had drawn the curtains.

"I will give you twenty pounds if you are quite quiet, and keep the lady from falling."

Crutchley had been diplomatically put out of the lift at the wrong floor; indeed, had Bellamy known how far he was from the room, there would have been plenty of time for Mrs. Crutchley to have escaped altogether, and he felt furious with himself afterwards that the golden opportunity had not been seized.

Crutchley came into the room, livid with fury, and the more enraged because he thought it quite possible that his wife—if she had been there—had had time to slip away. Directly he had discovered—which it must be admitted he had accomplished very diplomatically—that Bellamy was in the hotel, he had accepted all the

other statements in the anonymous letter. He stood facing Bellamy, striving for speech. He was the more furious to think that he who should have known Bellamy's character backwards had been made a dupe so easily. He stood just within the doorway, striving for speech.

"They sent your name up to me," said Bellamy, coolly. "What's the matter?"

"My wife is here."

Bellamy knew the tone to take to a nicety. Experience will tell.

He rose and threw his cigarette into the fireplace, while his lip curled.

"Oh, I see. Whatever put such nonsense into your head, Crutchley?"

"I believe that she is here, or has been here," he answered doggedly.

"But, my dear Crutchley, you see she is not here."

There was a slight cry from behind the curtain.

"You liar!" said Crutchley, and he moved towards it.

"My dear Crutchley, be careful. There is a lady behind there."

"My wife!"

"No, not your wife. That is just the point, you see."

"I insist on seeing who is behind that curtain."

"Quite impossible. You see, Crutchley, if it were your wife it would be your secret, but as it happens to be a lady who, well, yes, you know her, but only

very slightly, it has nothing whatever to do with you, and you must admit that you would never forgive yourself if you were to see who it is."

Bellamy knew at once by Crutchley's expression that he had saved his wife. A brilliant idea struck him.

"My dear fellow, the whole thing is perfectly easy. Would you know your wife's hand if you saw it?"

"I might—I can't say."

Bellamy went to the curtain and said to the person behind it, "Would you mind putting out your hand?"

There was a long pause, and then, while the curtain was apparently tightly clutched with one hand, the other was thrust out.

Crutchley bent forward and examined it carefully. No, it certainly did not suggest his wife's hand, and he began to wonder whether after all he had not been made a fool of. Had he been more analytical still, he would have wondered what on earth Bellamy was doing with a woman the condition of whose nails was doubtful.

"Hands are deceptive things," he said; and then he added in all seriousness, "I wonder if she would mind putting a piece of her hair through the curtain?"

"My dear fellow," said Bellamy, "you are asking for a tragedy. How on earth is this poor lady—who, by the way, must think you quite mad—to do her hair again if it is once disturbed? Why, do you know, my dear Rollo, that there are women who sleep in a sort of wickerwork cage so as to preserve their coiffure!" He hastily lit a cigarette, becoming conscious that the

intangible perfume which Mrs. Crutchley used was beginning to dominate the atmosphere. "I will ask the lady if you like, Crutchley. Perhaps she will show you the top of her head."

He went again towards the curtain. "I feel like somebody at the Egyptian Hall explaining the Vanishing Lady!" And laughing lightly, and really entering into the spirit of the joke, he began again to address the concealed couple. "I really don't quite like to ask you, but this gentleman still has doubts as to who you are. Would you mind just showing us the colour of your hair?"

There was quite a long silence, and everything behind the curtain was perfectly still.

Again Bellamy made the request, but still there was no reply, and he wished that he had never thought of such a daring scheme.

Crutchley looked suspicious, and then he too had his inspiration.

"If the lady will let me cut off a piece of her dress I shall be satisfied."

Bellamy laughed with affected scorn.

"My dear Rollo, that dress may have cost thirty or forty guineas."

Crutchley had almost retorted rudely, "Well, you can put a little thing like that right," but checked himself and said instead, "What's forty pounds to a woman's reputation?"

"My dear fellow," answered Bellamy, wearily, "as

you are evidently not in your right senses, I suppose you must have your own way." He turned again to the curtains. "I am very sorry to keep you behind that curtain, but you hear what this gentleman says."

There was another pause, and the plush of the curtain rippled busily. Then a piece of green frock was pushed out beneath them.

To Bellamy's infinite relief, Mrs. Crutchley did not make the fatal mistake of allowing the other woman to show a piece of her dress, but with courage displayed her own green chiffon.

Crutchley took a knife from the table, and, bending down, ripped a substantial piece off the skirt. The action was almost brutal, and Bellamy felt that it was necessary to give some sign of indignation.

"My dear Crutchley, be careful! I don't suppose Lady" — he checked himself — "I should have said, this lady, will ever forgive you."

But Crutchley had caught sight of what he wanted: a green, satin shoe, hand-painted. As he rose to his feet, however, a strong feeling of shame came over him, and somehow it induced him to believe that the woman behind the curtain was not his wife.

"May I ask, Crutchley," said Bellamy, "what on earth put all this into your head?"

"I received a letter—an anonymous letter."

"My dear Rollo, surely we burn those things."

Bellamy laid the very faintest stress on the personal pronoun.

"I suppose we ought to," said Crutchley, clumsily. "But one or two people have said things to me lately."

"Hush!" said Bellamy; and then whispered, "There is such a thing as jealousy in the world." And he pointed to the curtain.

Crutchley began to feel more ashamed of himself every moment.

"I trust the lady behind the curtain will not mention this for Mrs. Crutchley's sake."

"I hardly think either of us is likely to mention it, Rollo."

"Good night," said Crutchley, beginning to feel thoroughly foolish.

"Good night," said Bellamy, shortly. He had thrust the anonymous letter which Crutchley had handed him into his pocket.

Crutchley went out, and Bellamy crossed swiftly to the door and locked it.

"You can come out."

"I can't move her, sir. She's fainted; and if you ain't quick we shall be in the street."

Bellamy went rapidly to her assistance, and between them they placed Mrs. Crutchley on the one sofa which the room contained.

"Lor', sir, I believe she's dead!"

Mrs. Crutchley opened her eyes, and Bellamy seized some brandy from the table and held it to her lips.

By degrees she came to, and then said with a sudden gasp—

"What is to be done now?"

"You must have another dress."

"At this time of night? Where am I to get it from?"

Bellamy thought deeply. It was indeed a question. He looked at the attendant's dress dubiously. That certainly would not do.

"It must be an evening dress," he said at last.

"Yes, and I must have shoes. I am perfectly certain he saw my shoes."

"Have you got an evening dress?" asked Bellamy of the attendant.

"Do you mean a party dress, sir?"

"Yes, I think that's what I mean."

Poor Mrs. Crutchley's face was a study. The idea of wearing a frock belonging to this woman, even although it was her "party frock" was not at all inviting. There was no choice, however. It was absolutely necessary that she should get home as quickly as possible. The woman went off to fetch her dress.

"My dear Jack, I am so sorry!"

For one moment she lost her nerve. She murmured one or two trivialities about his taking her away—living in Sicily, and being all in all to each other. The ordeal of returning to Grosvenor Street to play out the comedy with her husband seemed the worst thing possible.

He took her in his arms, but for all his apparent intensity and solicitude she felt his determination not to do anything irretrievable.

He shook his head playfully, a sort of deprecating nod, in which there were two for himself and one for her. He had once taken some one to Sicily, and was not likely to repeat the experiment.

"My dear girl, you are not one of those who could survive the desert."

At that moment Bellamy noticed that the curtains were still undrawn. He went to the window and pulled them together. As he did so he glanced down into the street.

On the pavement below, with upturned face, unmistakably illuminated by the street lamps and the lights from the hotel, was Stevens.

As Bellamy looked he lowered his face and walked away.

Bellamy bent forward to gaze after him.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Crutchley. "Surely he is not waiting outside?"

"No," said Bellamy, slowly, "but I thought he might be. It was somebody else."

"Any one we know?" said Mrs. Crutchley.

"Oh dear, no."

The attendant returned and proudly laid her party dress at Mrs. Crutchley's feet.

Both she and Bellamy gave a sigh of relief. It was, after all, not so bad: a white Japanese silk, trimmed with cheap lace.

The dress was accompanied by a pair of patent leather shoes, which set Mrs. Crutchley's teeth on

edge. She wore threes; these must have been at least fives. He waited outside in the corridor while she changed, and sent the waiter down to cash a cheque. The manager hurried back with the money himself, showing by his excessive civility that he sympathized most deeply with Lord Bellamy in the little contretemps. He even forbore to smile when Mrs. Crutchley shuffled out in the black patent shoes.

She was beginning to feel furious that Bellamy should see her in such a costume, and was grateful to him for saying good-bye to her as she got into the lift.

A word to the manager had secured an absolutely secret exit, down a lift used by the servants, one or two dark passages suggesting strongly the vicinity of the kitchen, a door opening on to the yard into which the tradesmen's carts drove, and where a hansom had been requisitioned.

When Crutchley reached home he was so completely persuaded that he had made a fool of himself that he was astonished to find that his wife had not returned. He took out the piece of green frock and pondered over it. What, after all, if he had been the victim of a game of bluff? But although he knew Bellamy to be very clever, he could hardly believe that he was possessed of such supernatural resource as to be so perfectly cool and collected had his friend's wife really been behind the curtain. He paced the dining-room, his feelings gradually returning to the condition in which they had been earlier in the evening.

A hansom drew up at the door, and the next moment the electric bell vibrated through the house.

He hurried out almost joyously. He had not been a victim after all.

His wife threw herself into his arms.

"Whatever brought you back? I have had the most dreadful headache all day, and I intended to stop in bed, but Mathilde"—Mathilde was the Comtesse de Perrefonds—"sent round to know if I would dine with her quite quietly."

Crutchley hardly heard. Her dress was white, and her shoes were black, and that was all he cared about. He did not even suspect anything when one of the shoes fell off as he raised her in his arms.

The only thing that worried Mrs. Crutchley was whether Bellamy had managed to find Madame de Perrefonds and to coach her in her part.

That night when Bellamy went to bed he left the anonymous letter open on his dressing-table, and on awaking the next morning murmured sleepily to Stevens—

"There's a letter on my dressing-table. Just take a match and burn it, will you, please?"

And as Stevens stood obsequiously before him, holding the flaming paper in his hand, he was compelled to admit that his lordship was truly magnificent.

CHAPTER XIV

LANHAM TOWERS rose out of a forest of woodland like a fairy palace. It was a curious thing, considering how much timber had been cut down by alternate Earls Bellamy, that there should be such masses remaining; and the attacks made on it by the present owner seemed to have thinned it hardly at all. So embowered was the house, when seen from afar, that it seemed impossible it could be surrounded with the superb gardens which were famous all over the country. If Bellamy robbed the woods, he had certainly made up for it by making the gardens far more wonderful than they had ever been before. They were a veritable fairyland. His staff of gardeners was under the direction of a well-known landscape painter; for, as Bellamy truly said, a head gardener will always tyrannize, and it is more dignified to be dictated to by an artist. It had been a great occasion at Lanham when, after years of study and hard work, the artist had finished his original design. A magnificent *fête* had been given, in which every one had appeared in costumes after Watteau. It had been a wonderful success, the guests being divided into groups officered by artists of more

or less renown. Not a single figure out of keeping had been permitted to come in sight. Even the old ladies at the lodge gates were delightfully artificial and unreal, and the gardeners' boys wore knee breeches and loose shirts. The guests came upon groups of children who danced untiringly in flowered dells. Oberon and Titania, with a cloud of retainers, fled by at intervals, the speed of their arrival and departure imparting a delicious wonder to their appearance. The woods were full of fauns, and dryads merged into the shadows as the guests drew near.

So perfect was every detail that from the pasture land far away came the melting tones of a shepherd's pipe; barges, trailing silks of gorgeous colours, put off from the shores of the lake; while a boy's clear treble sang all day in the rose garden. A Royal Personage appeared as Louis the Well-Beloved, while a group of noble dames impersonated those who had some claim to having earned him the title. True, some of the older men made the enraptured creator of the scene and his patron wish that they could have kept them, Diogenes-like, in tubs in the stable yard. The Nonconformist press declared that there was not much to choose between the Watteau landscapes and Nero's garden, and declared that they detected beneath the hooped petticoats the shameless limbs of old Rome.

Everybody who came vowed that such a festivity would break any purse. But Bellamy had counted his

timber beforehand, for real magnificence is impossible without an unobtrusive attention to detail.

He had paid for the entertainment more heavily than in gold. Lady Bellamy had been there, dressed as a shepherdess. He had mistaken her simpering for a sense of congruity, and her giggling for dawning wit. The memory of her as she was that day remained with him till they were married, but he certainly never connected Selina, Lady Bellamy, with the Dresden China creation for whom he had designed such a wonderful entertainment.

Mrs. Crutchley did not remember the historic *fête*, the memory of which was even now green in the county; but as she walked in the rose garden with Lord Bellamy one exquisite September morning he was telling her all about it, giving to it that same glamour and sense of holiday delight with which the eighteenth-century French masters filled their pictures.

For some few weeks after her adventure in the hotel near Sloane Square poor Mrs. Crutchley had struggled with her intoxication for Bellamy. She even told him to keep away. Therein she showed that she was hardly out of her novitiate, for he, knowing perfectly well what the situation required, did so—for her sake, as he put it; in reality, because he had several engagements that he wished to fulfil, and knew that his recall was a certainty. He spent ten days at Marion Gorme's villa at Dinard, where he found Dawlish ensconced as a visitor, and a most sufficient partner at *écarté*.

Dawlish felt that he was paying his footing with a vengeance, for Reggie had never left him till he had his cheque for five hundred pounds safe and sound, and at the end of ten days—for Bellamy graciously extended his stay—the amount he had lost made Marion Gorme gently remind Bellamy that if he won much more of his money there would be very little left for her next theatrical season.

“My dear Marion, in my case he at least stands a chance of winning.”

“That’s not very kind of you, Bellamy. I have had my successes.”

“Yes, but you have not been foolish enough to let your syndicates have theirs.”

She shrugged her shoulders.

“The English actress is the stockbroker’s Nemesis.” And she laughed.

Dawlish was compelled to admit that if Reggie was a little beast, he was a well-bred little beast, for he did not call for the cheque for some days after Dawlish had received his invitation to Lanham. As he put it into his pocket, however, he certainly grew a little white, but said, with every other appearance of imperturbability—

“It’s awfully good of you, Dawlish, to help a fellow out of a hole. I don’t know what I’ve done that you should take such a fancy to me.” He suppressed by an effort the cackle of amusement that this last speech caused him.

Before his visit to Dinard was over, Bellamy had received a letter begging him to return without delay to his loving and devoted Jack. She was at Dieppe, where he had several friends, and his arrival, therefore, would be quite natural. He had thought of Homburg, but there were some pathetic little odd touches in her letter which brought him to her side. She had at times attempted to be epigrammatical in her correspondence because she imagined that it would please him, whereas the crippled paradoxes with which her letters were studded got on his nerves with their obvious straining after effect. He would put them down wondering why the young invariably mask their own delightful selves behind imitations. But this letter was the result of true feeling, and when people appealed to him Bellamy was very susceptible to the primitives.

Reggie also transferred himself to Dieppe, because at the last moment Pamela Gray had gone thither instead of to Dinard.

Mrs. Crutchley had struck up rather a friendship with her, and they bathed and lunched and dined together constantly ; in fact, when Bellamy saw them with their arms round each other's waists, he told Mrs. Crutchley that they were within measurable distance of a quarrel. He disbelieved in the permanence of feminine friendships. He did not tell her that he also began to find Pamela Gray attractive.

"She is dangerously fresh," he reflected, and started in pursuit.

It would involve fighting two battles. He estimated subconsciously—for he was not gross enough to meet the argument unclothed—that matters with the one would have reached the tropics just as the personality of the other was disappearing into the snows and mists of the unremembered: but he would never have permitted himself to be conscious of anything so cold-blooded. Self-deception was at times a sacred duty due to good taste, and he could never forget Jack Crutchley's delightful impersonation in their sentimental drama, even when the entertainment was over.

Reggie, extraordinarily astute where his own interests were concerned, quickly detected the direction of Lord Bellamy's romantics. His feeble temperament was shaken with alarms, the more that he had too high an admiration for Bellamy to credit him with a failure. He comforted himself with the reflection that after all Bellamy was a married man, and that if he stood in the way when Pamela Gray was on the rebound, and held out his arms very wide, she might rush into them. It would certainly mean making his five hundred pounds go much further than he had thought would be necessary, but with all his inactivities Reggie possessed a fine business instinct which enabled him to cut his coat according to his cloth. He was not surprised that Crutchley should fail to suspect his wife and Bellamy. The latter had a splendid daring which was eminently calculated to throw dust in the eyes of a man so little subtle as Crutchley. But that Mrs. Crutchley should

not realize that Bellamy was stricken with a fever for Pamela Gray puzzled him.

Perhaps Mrs. Crutchley was vaguely conscious of it, and had made up her mind not to face the possibility till she could help it. After all, if a woman elected to be taken up by Bellamy, she must expect to have her jealousies given constant exercise, and possibly she hoped that it was merely a seaside illusion. If she really thought so, Reggie reflected that she was not so clever a woman as he had given her credit for being; for after all, if it were not Pamela Gray, it was bound to be some one else. Men like Bellamy become more and more elusive with every fresh romance, until they arrive at the period when beneath personal pursuit lies impersonal sentiment.

So Reggie stood by and hid his mortification under smirks while he watched Bellamy using, as he called it, "his whole bally bag of tricks." That Pamela Gray played at audacity, and did not appear to be giving Bellamy the least encouragement was no comfort, for it never occurred to him that she might be in earnest in her indifference. A nature like Reggie's, with its incapacity for idealization, has its advantages—it is always on the defensive. It was not even as if Pamela Gray were anybody in particular. Somebody had said that she had been trailed into society on the skirts of the Duchess of Havant, and certain it was that her claims were not very apparent. She had, as far as was known, no connection with anybody in particular, but if a thousand

a year did not constitute her an absolutely gilded attraction, it justified her in moving in a good market, and the Duchess of Havant made it very evident that her *protégée* was not to be patronized.

Bellamy left Dieppe in what he could not but feel was a very pleasurable state of uncertainty as to whether the fight for victory would be a hard one or not. Pamela Gray had created a distinct situation, and he was grateful to her.

The Duchess of Havant, who was a stupid woman, thought that Bellamy regarded Pamela Gray as fair game because she had no definite relations to keep her in countenance. In this she did him injustice, for on the fields of romance he was far too fine a warrior for it to count. She had sounded her to find out whether Bellamy had roused her imagination, but without result. Pamela Gray was one of those girls who are an altogether difficult language to read. She was undoubtedly kind to Reggie, and did not like hearing him abused, which usually happened when his name cropped up in the conversation of other men. But, then, Reggie had a wonderful knack of performing little attentions which appeal specially to women and are not in the *répertoire* of most men.

Reggie went on to Berck-sur-Mer to see his mother and to receive her advice. He said nothing to her about his windfall, and was quite morbidly nervous of giving the least indication that he was not in a condition of financial stress.

She was glad to see him, especially when she heard that he could not stay more than a week. She really gave him some excellent advice, for like so many smart, frivolous women, she had an unexpected reserve of common sense.

"I don't think it's very likely she will accept you, Reggie, for, after all, you've got very little to offer her, and although I have only seen her once, I am sure she is very ambitious."

"I'm afraid she'd want me to do something," said Reggie, ruefully.

"I am afraid she'd make you do something, Reggie."

"That won't be so bad, then, because she'd soon find out how hopeless it was."

"Oh, she's not the sort of woman, Reggie, to nag at a man."

"I must have an income," he said, in a helpless way. "I really must."

"I am so sorry for you, dear boy," said his mother, sympathetically, as if she had not neglected to take every precaution for assuring his future, and apparently forgetting that she had a very comfortable income of which Reggie saw the merest fraction. "I am sure it would be the very best thing in the world, Reggie—and then I could have my poor little annuity to myself."

"No, mamma," said Reggie, firmly, "it's quite impossible. You hardly give me anything as it is. But if I do marry, you must go on with the allowance just the same. I must have pin-money."

"Really, Reggie, I cannot understand such selfishness. Do you forget that I sold my tiara to send you to Eton?"

"That was because you thought it was a smart thing to do; and I don't forget, mamma, that you kept me short of pocket-money, and that my underclothing was a disgrace."

"Reggie, I sometimes wish that you were a little boy again."

Reggie sniggered.

"I know you do, mamma; and ain't I glad that I'm not!"

"My annuity——" began Mrs. Vandeleur.

A look of horror came into Reggie's face.

"What do you mean by annuity, mamma?" he said. "You don't mean to say that you've sunk your capital?"

"Of course not," said Mrs. Vandeleur, hurriedly—"of course not." But she wondered how on earth she could have been so indiscreet.

"And," continued Reggie, regardless of his mother's feelings, "I shall have twelve hundred a year one of these days."

But this was too much for Mrs. Vandeleur. She broke in excitedly—

"What a heartless little wretch you are, Reggie! You're exactly like your father, and he led me the most awful life, as everybody knows. You never seem to remember any of the sacrifices I have made for you."

"No, I don't," said Reggie ; "and you've often told me I've got a pretty good memory."

His mother proceeded to display a temper which hardly partook of that repose which might have been expected of the descendant of such very distinguished ancestors ; indeed, her voice on these occasions developed a fibre which suggested a class of life considerably removed from her own.

Reggie went out. He was genuinely afraid of his mother when she was in a temper, and he knew that if she should forget that he was no longer a child, her strength of arm would not tend to refresh her memory.

Poor Mrs. Vandeleur was compelled to spend quite a long time before her looking-glass in order to wipe away the unpleasant impression left by Reggie's suggestion that her dissolution would precede his own.

Fortunately for her peace of mind, the mirror reflected a face and figure which were a miracle of preservation. She did not press Reggie to stay longer than his week, but suggested in her sweetest accents that it would be helping her out of a real difficulty if he would settle his hotel bill, which, to save trouble, he promised to do, but conveniently forgot.

Although, to do her justice, she liked having him with her, Mrs. Vandeleur was somewhat relieved to see the last of him. Her latest matrimonial project was due, and she rightly felt that the presence of a grown-up son would hardly improve the atmosphere suitable to the furtherance of her plans.

He left her in splendid good humour with him.

"Good-bye, mamma ; you don't look anything like thirty."

"Good-bye, Reggie, my boy ; take care of yourself. It's a long journey, sweetheart, so have a whisky and soda and a sandwich at the station."

And Mrs. Vandeleur grew quite sentimental. Reggie did not fail to notice, however, that she had not taken the trouble to order lunch a trifle earlier so as to suit his convenience.

CHAPTER XV

MR. and Mrs. Crutchley had by no means agreed as to the intended visit to Lanham. Crutchley felt that he had some right to insist that they should stay away, as, after all, his was the greater sacrifice, inasmuch as Lanham had some of the finest shooting in England.

"My dear Rollo, what nonsense! You will make me look a perfect fool. You know that you have always wanted to be asked to Lanham for the shooting."

Poor Crutchley hardly knew what to say. He marvelled that women should have such a wonderful knack of driving their male opponents into a corner. He had not had the courage to mention the anonymous letter, partly because he felt it was rather a mean sort of thing to have taken the least notice of it. Then again, it would be rather awkward not to be able to produce the letter itself, and he felt very sore at having so tamely allowed Bellamy to appropriate it.

Under these circumstances Mrs. Crutchley had not found it excessively difficult to carry her point, Crutchley being unable to put forward a convincing reason for their staying away.

Her fit of conscience had entirely disappeared in Bellamy's absence, although she arrived at Lanham with a whole host of good intentions as a result of her husband's obvious uneasiness.

She was telling Bellamy as they walked in the rose garden of what Crutchley had said, intimating—although she hardly cared to put it into so many words—that she hoped he would be careful.

For answer he plucked a rose and gave it to her, and she, having no will while she was with him, put it in her frock.

Unknown to them they had quite an audience. Reggie, high up in the bachelors' quarters, had just dragged his decadent form out of bed, and was watching them through an opera-glass—not that he was immediately inquisitive about them, but because his mind dealt in such things.

Mr. Spottitt, having surveyed himself in the glass and found his well-cut Harris tweed shooting-suit quite satisfactory, was taking in the scene from professional habit; while Stevens looked on from Bellamy's bedroom window with as impassive a countenance as if some one had been present whom it was necessary to deceive as to his real feelings.

Bellamy and Mrs. Crutchley arrived at the breakfast table to find Lady Charlotte Blount rigid with disapproval of the array of empty chairs. She was sitting on the morning papers—she always did—and not for worlds would she dole them out until she had skimmed

their contents and made perfectly sure that she was first in the field with the cream of the information. No matter who was in the house, she always insisted on her right to look at the papers first. It was only so great a lady who could triumphantly have carried such a policy from one country house to the other, but the daughter and daughter-in-law of a duke, and the widow of a particularly brilliant Cabinet Minister, who had only just missed being Prime Minister, is able to do a good many things if she be so minded.

She began on the subject of early rising as soon as she caught sight of them.

"Bellamy, why don't you make people get up?"

"My dear aunt, I'm always up; and as for other people, I can't very well go round with a wet towel."

"It's bad enough for the women," continued Lady Charlotte, "but it's doubly worse when the nation begins to stay in bed to a man; and I met more than one breakfast on its way to the bedrooms."

"Dear Lady Charlotte," said Mrs. Crutchley, "I am afraid we have not all got your stamina."

"Precisely," continued Lady Charlotte, tenacious of her point. "Because your lives are on a par with their getting up late."

Such of the house party as had nerves capable of breakfasting in public dribbled in. Lanham was a delightful house to stay in for many reasons, and one of them was that breakfasting in privacy was not considered anything unusual.

Dawlish, who was by no means at his ease, and who felt himself incapable of entering the breakfast-room alone, waited for Crutchley on the stairs, and came in with him.

Lady Charlotte had conceived the most violent antipathy to Dawlish. She more than suspected his motives for coming amongst his betters, and though she was the last woman in the world to have made anybody uncomfortable who had been placed in her society by natural circumstances, she resented what she felt to be an intrusion. To her keen social instinct Dawlish rang false. She believed, what was more, that Bellamy had simply asked him because he was a good partner at cards, although she thought she detected that he did not lose his money so pleasantly as he ought to have done. Lady Charlotte herself gambled like a marquise of the old *régime*.

Very late, the Duchess of Havant and Pamela Gray came in together, the duchess's arm wreathed round the girl's waist. The Comtesse de Perrefonds, who was of the party, never appeared till midday. Her capacity for sleep in the morning was only excelled by her inability to go to bed at night, and it still wanted an hour to the time when she would weakly ask for her rolls and coffee. The breakfasts that Lady Charlotte had met on the stairs were destined for Reggie Vandeleur and Mrs. Gresham, who were both cut out on the same pattern—aristocrats with no country house responsibilities to keep their habits in order. They were town birds, and as their

food was provided for them, saw no particular virtue in being early. As a matter of fact, Reggie had had his bath, and was breakfasting by the open window, preparatory to the enjoyment of cigarettes *ad lib.*, and a prurient—nay, it had not even the grace to be prurient—French novel. He had once distinguished himself by remarking to an author who was dull, but of European reputation: "Why don't you write something which every one would call disgraceful, but which every one would read?" For Reggie could not but believe that the public mind was largely on a par with his own, a conclusion deduced probably from the public's exalted taste in theatrical amusement.

It might have been supposed that the presence of Pamela Gray would have taken him to the breakfast-table, but he wisely reflected that it would not do to let her have a surfeit of him, and as he did not shoot he would have plenty of opportunities while the other men were out with the guns.

"I hope she won't think the less of me for not shooting," he reflected. "I'll say I think it cruel." And then, feeling somewhat worn out with the effort of dressing and breakfasting, he sank back in a peaceful slumber.

Mr. Spottitt had never sat down with such an orgy of rank before, good as was the town set into which he had managed to insinuate himself; but he was quite at his ease, and at once grasped the key to the situation, which was to say the right thing to Lady Charlotte.

He managed gently to insinuate, without even appearing to touch on politics, that there had been no successful petticoat in public life since she had given up her salon, and it was proof of the weakness of female logic that, although she suspected his credentials, she pronounced him to be a young man of manner and breeding.

Lady Charlotte was, as usual, dominating the conversation, having seized on a chance remark of the Duchess of Havant's as a text.

"Don't talk to me, my dear," she was saying to her grace; and when Lady Charlotte said "my dear," it was about the most unconciliatory mode of address that could be imagined. "I think that the way certain people advertise themselves is disgraceful. It quite sets my teeth on edge to see the illustrated papers crowded with portraits of Lady This with her baby, and Lady That with her children, just as though they were prize cats with kittens."

"It's the spirit of the age, aunt," said Bellamy, soothingly.

Lady Charlotte was evidently in the mood to call a spade a spade.

"Is it? Then the sooner a stand is made against it the better. There was my niece, Katherine Hillborough! Her picture appeared the other day in some dreadful rag with an armful of rabbits. 'Lady Katherine Hillborough and pets.' Pets indeed! I don't believe she knows a rabbit from a guinea-pig. When I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, she said it was all

good for advertisement—just as though she were a Gaiety chorus-girl, or a patent soap. What do you think of it, Mr. Dawlish ? ”

This was particularly unkind of Lady Charlotte, for she had not the remotest desire to have Dawlish’s opinion in any way ; but she had noticed that he had his mouth full.

Dawlish gazed at her helplessly, and Spottitt answered quietly, but with audacity—

“I suppose, Lady Charlotte, they are aping the manners of another class.” He spoke in a low voice so that the remark should not reach the ears of the only unmarried woman at the table.

Lady Bellamy wondered what class he could mean.

“You are quite right, Mr. Spottitt.” And Lady Charlotte turned to him with that delightful air of camaraderie which none can assume so well as women of her standing. “We copy their dresses, and we ape their peculiarities.”

Poor Lady Bellamy had been in a state of stupefaction ever since Mr. Spottitt’s arrival, and Lord Bellamy had watched her with increasing amusement. She did not doubt but that the young man’s visit was a master-stroke designed to do her service, and she was anything but grateful to him for it. When Bellamy had requested an invitation for Mr. Spottitt, a young man whom he had met at Dinard, and had thought entirely charming, she had nearly fainted, and her guilty conscience rendering her fearful lest Bellamy should suspect their

previous acquaintance, she had dazedly written that she did so hope that Mr. Spottitt would be able to come to them in September. And there he was, sitting at her breakfast-table, mingling with her guests, and displaying manners which she was compelled to admit left nothing to be desired.

"Where's Havant?" suddenly asked Lady Charlotte of the duchess, knowing perfectly well that she would probably be quite unable to say.

"I think he's going to India," said the duchess, hesitatingly, "but I don't quite know whether he's gone yet."

And everybody knew that she did not very much care.

Lady Charlotte's attention was diverted to the other end of the table, where Portchester was imparting some very absorbing piece of information.

"Of course you know his people haven't spoken to him for years," he was saying, "but she's got nearly a million."

"Dollars or pounds?" asked Bellamy.

"Oh, pounds—at least, I think it's pounds."

"I only ask," said Bellamy, "because Godalming was frightfully taken in. Lady Godalming's father promised his daughter a million, and poor Godalming, who's a very bad business man, thought he meant pounds, and married without making further inquiries. It turned out to be dollars, and I do believe he'd like to have had the marriage annulled."

"Well," continued Portchester, "they are going to make a state pilgrimage to Chicago."

"I hope they'll get killed in the crush," said Lady Charlotte.

"It brings a lot of money into the country, and it's all good for trade," ventured Portchester.

Lady Charlotte looked at him witheringly.

"It sets an example of extravagance and idleness. There can be nothing worse for a country than an aristocracy entirely given up to pleasure. Those huge fortunes set a very bad example." And Lady Charlotte rose from the table, shamelessly carrying the morning papers with her.

"My aunt is quite right," said Bellamy, "and what is more, she fully realizes the mission of the passing generation, which is to supply a chorus for the present, and to sing to us of fate. Although I am bound to say," he added, "that I fancy a good many of us will have passed before Lady Charlotte."

He derived all the pleasure from this remark that he would have done by throwing a death's head into the garden of Boccaccio. His guests were too trivially minded not to be terrified at the mere mention of the word death.

After breakfast Spottitt went out on to the South Terrace, which commanded a particularly beautiful outlook over the surrounding country, and, seating himself on a low wall, from which the park land sloped steeply some hundreds of yards to the river, commenced to discuss his correspondence and a cigarette.

Lady Bellamy informed herself of his every movement, and arrived just as he had laid down his last letter. She came up to him, taking him, as she thought, by surprise, although he had been perfectly conscious that for the last ten minutes she had been watching him from an adjacent conservatory, where she had been moving about amongst the flowers. She was frightened of Mr. Spottitt. From the very first moment she had seen him she had felt as if she were the employed and he the employer.

"Mr. Spottitt, I am so glad to have a few words in private with you."

"Your ladyship is quite right—there is nothing like the open air for privacy."

"Of course it is very zealous of you to have——" Here she stopped. It was exceedingly difficult to know how to put it, and Spottitt did not show the least intention of helping her out of her dilemma, so she was compelled to leave the first part of her sentence unfinished, and to conclude: "But do you think it is quite wise?"

"You forget," he murmured gently, "discretion is my profession."

She had intended to show him very quietly that his manœuvre was not in the best taste, and it had seemed to her the easiest thing to do, just as now it appeared to be the most difficult.

"But there cannot be anything to find out here." If she had been honest she would have added, "And I'll trouble you not to find it out if there is."

"You may have entire confidence in my discretion, Lady Bellamy."

She wished that he would not be so general.

"In fact," she said, "do you think there can be any use"—she was about to say "in your remaining at Lanham," but again found herself at a loss, for Spottitt had fixed her with a well-bred glance which said as plainly as words, "Don't be rude to me, please, or I shall have to take extreme measures."

Suddenly he put his finger to his lips.

"Hush," he said. "We are being watched. For heaven's sake be very discreet." He began quickly to talk of other things.

Lady Bellamy gazed up in the air, and down at the ground, and round her in every direction. As far as she could make out, there was no one near; but, startled by Spottitt's manner, she too began to talk rapidly on ordinary subjects. It was beginning to dawn upon her that getting rid of him would by no means be so easy as she had imagined. She began to suspect all sorts of horrible contingencies; blackmail, for instance. After all, she had not done anything so very dreadful. Every woman had a perfect right to have her husband watched, or what would become of the Divorce Court? It was a comfort to think that she had never written to Spottitt—at least, had she? She really could not remember; her memory was so bad. It was a disgrace that detectives should be allowed to mix in society in this way. She supposed that she would soon find herself being taken down to dinner by a policeman.

CHAPTER XVI

IF Mrs. Crutchley had reason to complain of Bellamy's defection to the side of Pamela Gray she could, had she been so minded, have consoled herself twice over.

Madame de Perrefonds was far too keen a judge of men to have over-estimated for one moment the depth of Dawlish's simulated admiration. She had detected his motives from the very first, and had willingly entered into the buying and selling which they involved. She had thrown in her little word in order to help him to get his invitation to Lanham. Any other woman would keenly have resented the fact that, as soon as Dawlish's eyes fell on Mrs. Crutchley, he seemed to forget her existence; but her philosophy was too cynical for sentiment, especially as her own emotions had never even been roused. She had all the generosity for her own sex of a woman who knows she is beautiful, and who has been altogether too much of a *bonne viveuse* to narrow herself with spite. Mrs. Crutchley was charming, quite charming, *vraiment spirituelle*, an aristocrat to her finger-tips, just the sort of delicate thing that a *gros bourgeois* like Mr. Dawlish would love to crush. So when, for decency's sake,

Dawlish attempted, somewhat clumsily, to divide his attentions, she tactfully intimated that it was quite unnecessary, and gave him his *congé* with an indifference which marked how little she had considered him socially. She retired to her cigarettes and beloved Guy de Maupassant without the least feeling of chagrin or annoyance.

Poor Dawlish was rapidly reduced to a condition of trance. Before his dazed vision Mrs. Crutchley fluttered perpetually like a gorgeous butterfly. When away from her he hardly even remembered what she was like, but could only recollect that he had been mesmerized. His shooting was wretched, and Crutchley and Portchester wondered more than ever what the fellow was doing there. Had he been a first-class shot—and, under ordinary circumstances, he was certainly not a bad one—they would have considered that his presence required no further explanation. In the evenings, when he was playing cards with Bellamy, the sound of Mrs. Crutchley's voice from the roulette table drove such play as was in him entirely out of his head. He lay awake at nights, striving to devise some means whereby he might establish himself in her eyes. He deemed it impossible that any one could be so burnt up with passion and not rouse some response. It excited within him a dull rage that he could not, as far as he could detect, make her even aware of his existence. She answered him when he spoke to her with what, in his burning desire for some expression of a warmer interest, seemed to him just the least touch of hauteur. Although

he was glad that Bellamy was obviously bowing himself out of her affections, yet at the same time he was furious that she should suffer, and he watched her sufficiently closely to be sure of it.

Whenever he obtained one of those chances of private conversation with her for which he thirsted, he at once became tongue-tied. She exercised an absolutely paralyzing effect on him. He felt that he had never appeared before her except at his worst. He was sulky by nature, and the knowledge of his ineffectiveness made him sulkier. He did his best to be civil to Crutchley, but he found him an altogether unapproachably good sort. He was certainly surprised to find that Crutchley was very much in love with his wife, and very much believed in her, which made him think that Bellamy's cleverness must be almost diabolical.

If Dawlish, however, was diffident and shy in Mrs. Crutchley's presence, not so Spottitt. The latter had, it is true, the immeasurable advantage of not feeling socially unequal to anybody. So far, Dawlish did not even suspect him as a rival, his manœuvring being altogether of too delicate a nature to be detected by his crude observation.

Nevertheless, he rose imperceptibly, but surely, on Mrs. Crutchley's horizon. He had the rare gift of conveying the suggestion that his attentions were in themselves a flattery, and it is only given to the very few to be able to do this without rousing resentment in the feminine. He was amusing, which went a great way

with her. It was not long before he had been asked to call upon her in town, an invitation for which poor Dawlish would have bartered his soul. It was also a curious fact that, although Spottitt had hardly any taste in common with Crutchley, the latter very soon told his wife that, "That chap Spottitt is deuced good company, and it's quite wonderful that a fellow who plays and sings like a professional should be such a decent sort," and further added that it was quite a pleasure to see a fellow sit down to the piano who was able to do so without at once making him feel sick.

Dawlish's spirits sank, despite the aristocratic surroundings in which he found himself. He had lost money heavily. It seemed as if the powers of evil were dealing the cards for the benefit of their chosen darling. More than once Bellamy had suggested that they should join the others at the roulette table, but Dawlish did not take kindly to the idea. Bellamy's luck was so singular that he would really have preferred to give Dawlish his revenge anywhere but in his own house.

Lady Charlotte, despite the fact that she played regularly, and usually got up a winner, inveighed against gambling generally.

"Gambling as a habit is growing upon the nation," she would say, as she took her seat at the roulette table. "I am told that in the East End pitch and toss and shove-halfpenny—whatever that may mean—are terribly on the increase."

"My dear aunt," said Bellamy, "I am quite prepared to play pitch and toss or shove-halfpenny. What do you say, Dawlish?"

Dawlish forced a short, mirthless laugh; but Reggie clapped his hands, a little habit which gave him the air of a French schoolboy.

"Oh, do let us play pitch and toss!"

The idea savoured of novelty and commended itself to the company. There was a positive babel of request.

"We may just as well know what the lower classes are up to," said Lady Charlotte.

"Well, who knows how to play it?" asked Bellamy. Everybody looked blank.

"I am always feeling the want of a Board School education," said Spottitt.

Dawlish knew, but felt shy at confessing to such knowledge in such company.

The idea was about to be given up, when Bellamy was seized with an inspiration, and rang the bell.

"Will you tell Stevens that I want him?" he said to the servant.

"Do you think he'll know?" asked Reggie.

"Stevens knows everything." And Bellamy laughed. And, after a pause, Mrs. Crutchley laughed too.

"I thought," said Mr. Beauclerk, who had arrived that day, "that pitch and toss had to be played at a street corner, and in the presence of a policeman."

"I suppose any manners are allowed?" said Mrs. Crutchley.

"And afterwards we ought all to go to supper at a cocoa stall," concluded Spottitt.

Stevens entered the room, remaining just inside the door.

"Stevens," said Bellamy, managing with an incomparable subtlety of manner to rob the proceeding of any vulgarity, "could you tell us how to play pitch and toss?"

They all hung breathless on his answer.

"I have played it, my lord."

There was a chorus of glad relief.

"Well, would you mind telling us the rules?"

Without the faintest sign of surprise at being asked so extraordinary a question, Stevens advanced further into the room, and, giving the slightest preparatory cough, began in a quiet, level voice—

"The game, my lord, would be played by two or more players. Each player, holding a coin in his hand, will stand a certain distance from a given mark. Each player will throw his coin as near the mark as possible."

He paused, and there was a general murmur of "Yes?" given rather like a response in church.

"The player who has thrown his halfpenny—I should say his coin—nearest to the mark would have the privilege of tossing up all the coins in his hand, and keeping all those that come down heads. The next nearest player would toss up the remaining coins in his turn."

"I don't wonder at the law interfering," said Lady Charlotte.

"It sounds delicious," said the Duchess of Havant.

"Half-crown stakes?" suggested Bellamy, looking round.

Mr. Beauclerk looked uncomfortable. He had hastily calculated that it was a game at which a great deal of money could be lost.

"Perhaps, Stevens," said Bellamy, "you wouldn't mind keeping your eye on us for the first round."

A coin was put down as a mark, and, each armed with a half-crown, everybody gathered round it.

"It would be necessary to have another mark from which the players would throw."

This mark having also been settled upon, everybody began to throw, breathless with excitement.

Reggie gave a shrill cry of victory. Undoubtedly his coin was nearest the mark, and, chuckling with glee, he seized the other coins, and, tossing them up in his hands, sent them flying all over the room.

There was obviously something wrong about this, and, the coins having been collected, Stevens explained how it should be done, after which he discreetly withdrew.

They played the game for about an hour, till Portchester pretended to be a policeman and took them all up, while Mrs. Crutchley abused him like a street boy in so delightful a way that for the moment Bellamy forgot all about Pamela Gray.

CHAPTER XVII

It seemed possible that some mysterious unknown had grasped the psychological position in which Dawlish stood, for one morning he received a quite amazing letter from an unknown correspondent which astonished him not a little. The anonymous writer warned him against Lord Bellamy, trying to dissuade him from playing any more with him, telling him that there was not the least doubt that Lord Bellamy cheated, as the writer had good cause to know.

At first Dawlish threw the letter aside. It struck him as being so ridiculous on the face of it that he had very nearly torn it up, but on second thoughts he locked it away in his writing-case.

But somehow that evening, having lost another pretty large sum, he took it out and read it again very carefully. There was no getting away from it that Bellamy's luck had been extraordinary, and gradually he found himself in a mood to receive the unknown writer's statement as having some foundation in fact. Then he began to wonder who could possibly be the author of the letter. Was it somebody in the house—somebody whose suspicions had been aroused who did

not care to come forward and say so frankly? He ran over the list of guests, but his suspicions failed to select a likely person. Mr. Beauclerk was the biggest chatterbox in the house, but, excepting for the immense fussiness he displayed over his infinitesimal losses and gains at the roulette table, Dawlish did not believe he cared one atom who cheated and who did not, and he shrewdly suspected that even if Beauclerk had believed such a thing he was, in spite of his aristocratic connections, much too big a snob to think of giving away a Bellamy for a Dawlish. There was Reggie. No; it was obviously to Reggie's advantage that Dawlish's visit should go off as well as possible. Portchester—Crutchley—Spottitt. He came to a pause and considered. It might possibly be the young man to whom he had taken an instinctive dislike—partly because he was the only other nobody in the house. He had more than once tried to find out who Spottitt was, but could only learn that he was the son of a clergyman in the north of England, which might mean anything or nothing. But then, why should Spottitt wish to injure Bellamy? They appeared to be the best of friends; they were certainly kindred spirits; they had quaint turns of humour in common, and were given to laughing in full agreement when every one else was solemn. Dawlish would not have been at all averse to proving that Spottitt was the culprit.

Suddenly he heard the sound of voices. He opened his door gently, and went to the staircase and looked down.

Bellamy and Spottitt, whom he had left in the billiard-room, were standing on the landing below, saying good night. It was this easy intimacy which Spottitt had managed to establish with his betters that irritated Dawlish.

When Spottitt parted from Bellamy, he leapt up the stairs with such a spring that Dawlish had barely time to return to his room, and was very nearly caught eavesdropping. Spottitt, who was apparently one of those people who are quite prepared to stay up all night, noticed his half-opened door, and, seeing a light, knocked. Dawlish was rather glad of this.

"I hate going to bed," said Spottitt, flinging himself on a Chesterfield, after having found out that Dawlish was by no means anxious to go to sleep. "Your luck's out, isn't it?"

"Yes, I am afraid it is ;" and he produced with effort a fairly good apology for a laugh.

"Bellamy's just one of those people who seem born to win at cards."

"And love," interjected Dawlish.

He was wondering how he could convey to Spottitt—assuming him to be the author of the letter—that it would be perfectly safe to confide in him. He set forth to play the *rôle* of a detective, quite unconscious that he had a professional to contend with.

"What do you think of anonymous letters?" he asked suddenly, and on the alert for any change of countenance which might give Spottitt away.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It all depends on the anonymous letter. Why do you ask?"

Poor Dawlish was at a loss how to answer. If he proceeded to refer to the question of cheating at cards, it would simply look as if he were out of temper at having lost, and he certainly did not know Spottitt well enough to trust him to the extent of showing him the letter. Besides, with Spottitt sitting there, the probability of his having written it seemed to grow more remote, although Dawlish could not say why, excepting that Spottitt was making himself very agreeable. Keen as Spottitt was, he had not been conscious that hitherto he had got on Dawlish's nerves. He by no means undervalued the latter's possibilities of being useful. He had an instinct for summing up a person's advantages and disadvantages, and he concluded that a rich stockbroker with social aspirations should yield a good return.

"An anonymous letter," he said, "is a deadly thing. I can quite imagine a very honourable man's whole character being poisoned by one. Say it is something about his wife. When he first receives it he pooh-poohs the whole idea. There is only one thing for him to do, and that is to burn it. That is what he has always made up his mind to do if ever he should receive one. Somehow he doesn't burn it. He reads and re-reads it, and by-and-by the poison of it steals into his brain."

Dawlish looked at him suspiciously. Spottitt had completely pictured the progress of his own feelings in the matter.

"I suppose," he said, anxious to show that he had the right instinct, "a gentleman ought to destroy it."

"Well, that depends on the anonymous letter, as I said before. Have you had one?"

"Oh dear, no; but a friend of mine was asking my advice the other day."

The next person he consulted was Reggie.

Reggie had gone upstairs some half an hour before it was necessary to dress for dinner, to have a comfortable nap in his bedroom, and to be out of sight of Bellamy teaching Pamela Gray billiards. He was always a good sleeper in the daytime. It was only in the small hours of the morning that he became preternaturally awake. On his way upstairs he had caught sight of Mrs. Crutchley, ensconced in a deep window-seat, pretending to read a novel, but he knew that her thoughts, like his own, were in the billiard-room.

Dawlish, who had tracked him to his lair, knocked two or three times, but could get no answer. He gently opened the door and looked in. To his certain knowledge Reggie had not been in the room more than five minutes, but he was already fast asleep, with his head invisible in a mass of cushions.

Dawlish went in. He had paid Reggie five hundred pounds, and had certainly no scruples about making use of him.

"Vandeleur!"

Reggie slept on peacefully, and Dawlish was compelled to shake him before he woke up.

Apparently sleep had an intoxicating effect on Reggie, for he looked at Dawlish with glassy eyes devoid of intelligence, and after having so looked for such a length of time as to make Dawlish wonder if he had suddenly become an idiot, he peacefully sank back, and, closing his eyes, was in the act of dozing off again; but Dawlish, always remembering that Reggie had done very well out of him, shook him unceremoniously.

Reggie sat up indignantly.

"Whatever's the matter? I'm so beastly tired. I wish you'd go away."

"Wake up, Vandeleur. I want to speak to you."

"Won't this evening do?"

"No. It's something very important."

By this time Reggie's senses had gone into residence again. He wondered if Dawlish had another commission for him.

"Don't want to lend me any more money, do you? Because if so, prepare me slowly. I don't like shocks."

"I want you to help me."

"Help you? Why, you're worth a million."

"I know that."

"You don't mean to say that Bellamy's got the lot!"

"No, but money isn't everything."

"That's what all you people say who have got enough of it. I know all the troubles I've ever had have been through not having enough. Of course, there are some people who would never have enough—

like mamma. I'm always telling her she doesn't know the value of money."

But Dawlish cut Reggie short. He was in no mood to hear about Mrs. Vandeleur.

"Look here, Vandeleur, I received a letter this morning."

"So did I; two—one from mamma asking for money, one from my tailor asking for money. I said 'No' to both of them, firmly but kindly 'No'—especially to mamma."

Dawlish went over and closed the door. It was not at all strange that he should have chosen Reggie as a confidant. He had a great opinion of his shrewdness, and knew perfectly well that as his invitation to Lanham had come through him, he would do his very best to see that nothing went wrong.

"I've had an anonymous letter," said Dawlish.

"Burn it, Dawlish," said Reggie, emphatically—"burn it. Believe me, it's the only thing a gentleman can do with an anonymous letter." It was quite the last thing that Reggie would ever have thought of doing himself; but as an abstract article of a gentleman's profession of faith, it was a pleasant thing to preach. At the same time, having laid down the law, he placed no restraint upon his curiosity. "Well, who is it from?"

"I said it was anonymous," said Dawlish, impatiently.

"Oh, then I suppose there's no name!" answered Reggie, as if he were shedding a new light on the matter.

"Of course not. It's about Bellamy."

"About Bellamy? I shouldn't think an anonymous letter could do him much harm."

"It accuses him of cheating at cards."

Reggie sat up and gazed at Dawlish in amazement. He puckered his face till he looked a hundred. Finally, he said tersely—

"Rot!"

The intonation in his voice roused Dawlish's resentment at once. There was an angry contempt in it, a disinclination to entertain the matter at all, which Dawlish felt would not have been there if the news had come from Portchester or Crutchley.

"Read it." He took the letter from his pocket and held it out to Reggie.

At first Reggie shrank back.

"I don't know that I care about——"

"Very well, only——"

"Give it here," said Reggie, hastily. He would not for worlds have missed the contents, and he perused them with a running fire of comment.

"What rubbish! Card up his sleeve? I don't believe it. Sounds like Maskelyne and Cook. Look here, Dawlish," he said, as he handed back the letter, after having turned it over, held it up to the light, and examined it in every possible way, as though the author had intended it to be a puzzle and had concealed his name somewhere, "I don't believe it. Of course Bellamy is an awful devil. The women adore him, and

they look upon an affair with him as if it were royalty ; but, hang it all, he isn't a sharper, and he doesn't look it."

But Reggie's absolute refusal to consider it seriously roused Dawlish to a conviction that there was something in it.

"I don't know. Everybody knows that he is heavily in debt ; and he's been cutting down no end of timber lately."

"That's true. Portchester says the park's getting quite draughty."

"Well, doesn't it strike you——?"

"No, it doesn't."

Dawlish rose with an expression of impatience.

"I might have known that you wouldn't give me any advice," he said bitterly.

This sounded a little ridiculous, coming from a man of Dawlish's years and weight to a self-absorbed butterfly like Reggie.

"You all stand together," he concluded, with unpleasant emphasis.

This was too much for Reggie. He sat up and looked at Dawlish quite haughtily.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Of course I don't mean that you're helping him to cheat."

"I should hope you don't," said Reggie, sinking back, exhausted by the unaccustomed effort of showing resentment.

"I mean that you stand by your own order."

"I don't understand what you are talking about."

"I mean that I expect you think it's cheek of me even to suspect Lord Bellamy of cheating."

This was very vulgar, and Reggie wondered whether if he told Dawlish so he would throw the five hundred in his face. He reflected that evidently vulgarity, when it is roused, has no limits.

"I say, look here, Dawlish," he said soothingly, "you don't mean to say that on the strength of that letter you suspect Bellamy of cheating at cards?"

"I don't know."

Reggie wished that he, too, were vulgar in order that he might remind Dawlish that he was responsible for his appearance at Lanham, and, further, to express a hope that he would behave himself.

"Well, it's all rot if you do. By Jove," he said suddenly, "I wish mamma were here! It's just the sort of thing she would revel in. Now, mamma would tell us at once what——"

"Damn ma——" began Dawlish.

"Dawlish!" screamed Reggie, in a high falsetto.

"I beg your pardon," said Dawlish, quickly, feeling that it was bad manners to damn even Mrs. Vandeleur in her maternal capacity.

"I should rather think you did," said Reggie, gasping. "For one awful moment I thought I should have to knock you down."

Dawlish laughed, and said quite amiably—

"I am sorry."

"Look here, old chap," said Reggie, "you're annoyed at losing so much money."

"I beg your pardon, it's nothing of the kind."

"Of course it doesn't matter to you, but, as Lady Charlotte says, it's just that mean spirit—no, I should say, close—— I beg your pardon," said Reggie, crimsoning, and aghast at his indiscretion. "What I meant to say was, that that business-like way of looking at things is what makes a million."

Poor Dawlish had turned a curious green colour. He gnawed his moustache, while his nostrils twitched nervously. He had more than suspected that Lady Charlotte did not look on him with any favour, but it was mortifying to be assured that the greatest lady of the party—for, after all, the Duchess of Havant, though higher in rank, was of nothing like the same importance—should have taken a dislike to him. It was typical of the man, however, and his dogged determination to overcome all opposition, that he was already wondering what he could put in her way which might, at any rate, wring an invitation from her. He believed in the power of money, and deemed that those aristocrats who were exclusive were only so for lack of opportunity to dispose of their privileges to advantage. He had a bad temper, but resentment was not business-like. People who insulted him must be conciliated.

"Lady Charlotte is very polite," he said, in a voice that frightened Reggie out of his life.

"Well, no, not as a rule, but she's awfully good form, so it doesn't matter."

"Then you can't suggest anything?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'suggest anything.'"

"All right. I'm sorry I mentioned the matter to you."

"So am I. It's made me most dreadfully uncomfortable, and you've done me out of a good sleep. I shall look frightfully tired all the evening, and when I'm tired I look an object."

Dawlish turned away in contempt. He was unable to see that it mattered whether Reggie looked an object or not.

A man came in with the hot water, and Reggie permitted himself to be helped out of his dressing-gown, for if there was anybody to wait on him he became as helpless as an infant, and no one would have imagined who saw him at the moment that he was the same young man who had such busy times boning his own boots, pressing his clothes, and calling loudly for an iron to iron his ties in his bedroom at Jermyn Street.

CHAPTER XVIII

MEANWHILE poor Mrs. Crutchley was having anything but a good time of it. Despite the careless cynicism with which, whenever they were alone, Bellamy continued to perform a sort of mockery of their past romance, she was forced to realize that his imagination was entirely fired by Pamela Gray, and in proportion as she became more and more wretched and lost her spirits, so did she feel that whatever chance she might have had of retaining Bellamy was disappearing. She knew enough of him to be quite sure that she need not expect him to accompany her along the path of sentiment. Her only hope of reviving his waning interest was to do something wonderful, and she could think of nothing which would meet the case. Sooner or later she felt that she would relapse into reproaches, and that by so doing she would simply be opening the door for his exit. She had not even the satisfaction of knowing whether Pamela Gray encouraged his advances or not. Outwardly she appeared to be perfectly unconscious of them. She had that gift of impenetrability which, curiously enough, is so often seen in young girls.

Mrs. Crutchley ventured, if not exactly to reproach Bellamy, to give him a faint indication that her feelings were wounded.

"I believe you are getting a little tired of me," she said playfully.

"My dear Jack, one does not tire of a woman as amusing as you are."

"That scarcely sounds convincing," she laughed. "You used to say that it would be impossible to tire of any one as beautiful as I am. I like that better."

"Shall I say it again?"

"No; I prefer spontaneity. I suppose it's very old-fashioned of me, but, do you know, at times I am quite unhappy when I think of the day on which I shall have to confess that you have passed out of my life."

"Why should you think of it?"

"You once told me that each romance is like a new melody, that first it produces ecstasy, that then it haunts till it affects the nerves, and that finally it reaches the barrel-organ stage and is anathema."

"Did I say so? I don't seem to have said anything as good as that lately."

"Perhaps you want the incentive of a new melody."

"I wonder." And a curious something crept into the smile on his lips which she had never noticed before he met Pamela Gray.

She surmised that it might be caused by the dying struggles of a butterfly.

"You think it possible, then?"

"I did not say so."

She laid her hands on his.

"I believe you are capable of any cruelty."

"What a beautiful hand you have, Jack!" And he pressed it gently, but there was implied dismissal in the very action. It was almost good-bye.

She gave a little sigh, which he knew had some grief in it; but he affected to misunderstand, and said softly—

"How sweet, Jack—a little sigh of happiness."

But even at the moment he had an execrable hunger for Pamela Gray. His appetite was crying out for its essential food. He was anxious for the new play to commence, and for the bran-new leading lady to appear at Capulet's ball. He remembered Mrs. Crutchley as a good actress, and if she had made the mistake of falling in love with her Romeo, so much the worse for her. For himself he was too much of an artist to deal in realities, and he believed that too many performances of the same piece were bad for art.

She moved for the first time into the recriminatory stage.

"What is it like to be the most cynical man in England?"

"The cynic, Jack, is the most misunderstood of men. He is merely the sentimentalist as artist."

"But we associate sentimentalism with virtue, and you don't pretend to that."

He laughed.

"I hope not. I am afraid of proportion, and virtue is but the balancing of parts, in which the moralities and immoralities checkmate each other every time. Real art holds real virtue, because it teaches real proportion. That is why one loves Aubrey Beardsley—because he represents a mood essentially out of drawing."

"I always feel that your wickedness is worse than other people's. You are like Charles the Second, who attempted to balance his evil deeds with good words."

"Man is a perverse child ; he knows so well what to do, and does it so seldom. Your rake is your only moralist. My dear Jack, I believe you have an exposition of virtue come upon you."

"Why not ?" she said defiantly.

"Why not, indeed ? I don't believe virtue is nearly as black as she is painted."

"I thought it was only vice that painted."

"I have met perfectly respectable women who made up disgracefully."

"You know in reality you think virtue as dull as the suburbs."

"It is quite a mistake to suppose that the suburbs are dull. I once lived in a suburb for six weeks as Mr. Smith, and the cynical wickedness of the *bourgeoisie* horrified me. Secret sins that would quite puff us up with pride they think nothing of. I fled for safety to Park Lane. Piccadilly and its environs are at least honest."

"You are right, Gerald," said Mrs. Crutchley, pathetically. "I have a great craving to be good."

"Then you are on the eve of enjoying yourself. It is the consciousness of one's innate capacity for virtue that makes sin so delightful."

"I won't be shamed out of my better self like that. Look at Miss Gray. She is happy, and yet everybody knows that she is quite good."

"You really think so?"

Mrs. Crutchley hesitated, and then said boldly, "Of course she is."

"We know nothing at all about it," he replied audaciously. "We know nothing at all about each other. Morally men and women are sphinxes to their neighbours, although perhaps sphinx is hardly the word. The sphinx has never told us anything, but men and women tell us just enough to mislead us."

"You are exaggerating."

"Am I? The case for saints is purely circumstantial. Now, I am supposed to know you, but do I? Perhaps all the time you have been laughing at me for a vain simpleton." He quite enjoyed the absurdity of the idea. "Perhaps, after all, you are a Messalina."

"Gerald, I won't allow you to talk to me like that."

"Really," he went on, unheeding, "the idea quite excites me. It gives you a new interest."

"I am glad of that," she said a little bitterly; and then she added what had better have been left unsaid: "Perhaps Pamela Gray is a Messalina."

"I wonder? That would be more exciting still."

Her mention of Pamela Gray's name told Bellamy that she had guessed the truth.

They joined the others, who were having tea on the south terrace. It was an exquisite afternoon, the sort of weather that had been waited for during July and August in vain. The famous avenue with its superb sweep of green, across which the trees on either side threw long shadows, stretched its length before them in delicious perspective. Somewhere down on the terraces of the old English garden a peacock screamed.

The generous expanse of pleasure-lands, the company in which he found himself, and the mellow Tudor splendour of Lanham in the background, made Dawlish feel that he had indeed left the middle classes behind him, and if it had not been for the letter in his pocket, of which he became acutely conscious whenever his eye fell on Bellamy, he would have been quite happy, from the fact that for the moment he had got as far as he could have expected, and that he felt that he was having his money's worth.

As Bellamy and Mrs. Crutchley joined the tea-party, Lady Charlotte was holding forth on her favourite topic—the degeneracy of Society, its lack of serious objective, its devotion to pleasure, etc. She was, at the same time, discussing her third cup of tea.

"Society gets more and more vulgar every day, and more and more irresponsible; and it's people like you, Bellamy, who are to blame."

"My dear aunt," he murmured, "there is nobody like me. I am unique. If I thought otherwise, I should be inconsolable."

"You are very vain."

"I always was, even as a boy."

"You never were a boy, Bellamy. You were at Eton, but I never heard of your being a boy. We are going the way of old Rome," she continued.

"Why not! There was nothing the matter with old Rome."

"Nothing the matter with old Rome, Gerald?" And Lady Charlotte was not the only one who looked surprised.

"My dear Bellamy," said Mr. Beauclerk, "how you do upset one!"

"People make a most absurd bugbear of old Rome," said Bellamy. "Just because she came to grief through getting somebody else to fight her battles, Society is always told, directly it enjoys itself, that it will end like her. My dear aunt, sickly Christian sentiment did more to kill Rome than anything."

"Bellamy, don't be profane! I won't sit and listen to it."

"It's the same sort of thing," continued her nephew, "that compels us to misgovern our Colonies. Just because America got the better of us in a quarrel in which she was hopelessly in the wrong, we are always to give in, no matter what Greater Britain may say."

Lady Charlotte stuck to her guns.

"Society is degenerate—hopelessly degenerate."

"I suppose we are decadent," said Portchester, who stood six feet one in his stockings, and had the physique of an ox.

"Decadence," said Bellamy, "is an instinct. Some countries are born decadent. America, for instance. The citizens of America are all of extreme age and very decadent. Good heavens! Contrast the two people. England typifies youth; America, old age. Just as some people never get old, England will die young."

"But surely, my dear Gerald, you don't mean to say that we are as good a nation as when we won Waterloo?"

"We didn't win Waterloo," said Mrs. Crutchley; "we have that on the best authority."

"Quite so," added Bellamy. "History is now made in Germany. Perhaps that's why it isn't to be depended upon."

The Duchess of Havant and Pamela Gray appeared in the distance, as usual, with their arms round each other's waists.

"How very fond those two are of each other!" said Mr. Beauclerk.

"The friendship of an older woman for a younger one is good for them both," said Lady Charlotte.

"I'm sure it's a very healthy sign," murmured Bellamy.

"But the Duchess of Havant is not very much older than Miss Gray."

"She's married, and that's the same thing."

"Oh, really, Lady Charlotte!" protested Mrs. Crutchley.

"My dear, in my young days married women were—well, married women."

Bellamy rose and put a chair for Pamela Gray by his side.

"We are talking of decadence," he said, speaking very slowly, as was his wont when under the spell of a new fascination. He gave her a glance from beneath his half-closed eyelids which was like a stab through Mrs. Crutchley's heart. "Do you think we are decadent?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Everybody says we are, so I suppose we must be."

"We are," said Lady Charlotte, with unction; "I know we are."

"Just look at Georgian society," said Bellamy. "Think of the Macaronis and their like—the men with their rouge-pots and patches, their powdered hair, and silks and satins; not to speak of the women with their stay-at-home languors. No; I am inclined to think that, after all, the victory is with the Nonconformists, and that they have slain excess."

"Don't you think," said Pamela Gray, "that we all talk a great deal too much about what we are and what we are not?"

"Do you think the nation is exchanging action for thought? That is so fatal to national development."

"Perhaps it is only part of the egotism of the age."

Bellamy looked at her in admiration. He was so accustomed to tell fools that they talked well that he forbore to compliment her.

"Personally," he said, "I believe in egotism. The one thing we can be sure of is ourselves, and therefore I think we may be permitted to develop our personality in our own way."

"I believe in a moral law," she answered severely.

"I have no faith in abstractions," he said.

He was piqued by her answer. There was a sturdy note of independence in it. It sounded like a challenge to battle. She was not the sort of girl whom it would be advisable to inform of his intentions, in however intangible a manner.

Lady Bellamy, who had been feeding Dodo, and was now wiping his mouth with a napkin kept specially for that purpose, and which had his name embroidered on it, overheard something about belief, and chimed in.

"Nobody believes anything in our days. I don't suppose our ancestors sat round and disbelieved in the way we do. Do you think they did?"

Mr. Spottitt, who had been surveying Mrs. Crutchley from beneath the low-tilted brim of his panama, answered Lady Bellamy's vaguely addressed question.

"I should think they had more faith, Lady Bellamy,

and therefore more pleasure. One must possess faith to enjoy one's self. The success of the Church of Rome is due to the excellent bargain she drives with her flock. In return for their submission to Mother Church they are given a free hand."

"I really beg your pardon, Mr. Spottitt," said the duchess, a recent convert, whose going over had not attracted as much attention as she had expected; "our Church is very severe."

"Ah, duchess, you converts take it all so very seriously," said Spottitt, easily. "With the born Roman Catholics, theoretically I may be wrong, but in practice it works out."

The Duchess of Havant, who, excepting the Pope, was not intellectually capable of grasping the difference between Anglican and Roman theology, was silent, and Mr. Spottitt turned to hold Lady Charlotte's wool for her. He was wondering how many shawls she managed to get through in a year, and where they went, and he made bold to ask her.

"I really couldn't say," she answered. "I know that one year I finished thirty; but that was after my husband died, and I had to have something to occupy my mind. Really," continued Lady Charlotte, busily winding her wool, "Mr. Dawlish makes me quite uncomfortable. He hardly ever says a word. He really looks as if he had got something on his mind."

"Perhaps he has," said Spottitt. "I suppose the way he made his money is troubling him."

"Or perhaps the way he is losing it," said Lady Charlotte, in her deep baritone.

Bellamy and Pamela Gray rose and moved away.

Spottitt noticed a shadow cross Mrs. Crutchley's face, while the duchess looked bored.

Bellamy did not believe in the friendship between the duchess and her *protégée*; in fact, he always mistrusted the depth of women's friendships. "They use friendship," he used to say, "but they don't feel it."

He had his own ideas as to the younger woman's aims and ambitions, and although Reggie had confided his hopes to him, he thought that that young gentleman's aspirations wronged his astuteness. He believed in his own diagnosis of social cases, and was fully convinced that Pamela Gray had so far only occupied herself with the disposition of her forces before opening the campaign with, as her objective, a matrimonial prize worth having. From the vantage ground of the Duchess of Havant's drawing-room, it was possible to do a great deal. He was sure that as yet she had not seen anything likely. She was much too clever to make a serious advance unless she could do so on a definite basis of attraction. Bellamy conceived the subtle idea of driving, if possible, an unspoken bargain with her. He had a cousin, young Lord Southwick. Southwick was only a barony, but very old, and with a rent roll that was enormous. He was coming on to Lanham in a few days. Southwick looked upon Bellamy as the beau ideal of everything that he

wished to be. If Bellamy should suggest that Pamela Gray was the only possible Lady Southwick, he would probably answer to the cue at once. The idea pleased Bellamy enormously, and he thought it out. They would make a charming couple; in fact, he found himself getting quite sentimental at the idea, and it gave him a shock for a moment to think that he was perhaps developing the paternal spirit, a spirit so exceedingly hostile to the preservation of youth. As to the price, well, nonentities must always expect to pay for advantages, and an ambitious woman has always her market value. He was not sure, but he did not think that her demureness meant conscience. He knew, further, that Lady Charlotte had quite decided that Southwick was to marry a niece of hers, and although Bellamy was quite good friends with his aunt, he would be perfectly able to enjoy her discomfiture. He debated the matter at length in his own mind while walking with Pamela Gray beneath the trees in the avenue.

“What a possession a place like this is!” She paused in their walk, and looked back at the house.

The windows caught the declining sun, and blazed at them as if the interior of the house were one vast furnace. The day had been too hot, but there was already a breath of evening in the air. From either side came the singing of innumerable birds. Above, moving against the clear blue sky with a Japanese effect, a solitary rook winged its way, giving forth its mournful cry.

"It is beautiful," said Bellamy. "One of these days I must turn it into a Watteau landscape again."

"How will you do that?"

"Oh, by simply painting in the proper figures." And he told her about the historic entertainment.

"Personally," she said, "I never feel at home in fancy dress. I went to a fancy-dress ball this year at Paignton House. There were twenty-five Mary Queen of Scots, and thirteen Charles Surfaces."

"I don't believe in mixed fancy dress," said Bellamy. "The effect is always excruciating. A single period should be insisted on."

"All the same, I would sooner have watched your Watteau *fête* from an upper window."

"You would have been clothed as a shepherdess and set to tend sheep."

"Oh, not a Watteau shepherdess! They are so artificial."

"Not to the initiated," said Bellamy.

She looked at him quickly.

"One is always afraid," he said, "of repeating anything which has been a perfect success, but Southwick, who can just remember it, and was one of Oberon's train, is always trying to persuade me to do so."

"Why not?"

"Would it please you?"

She ignored the personal element in his remark, and answered—

"Society would be delighted."

"Do you know Lord Southwick?" he asked.

"No."

"He is very elect, and is not afraid of himself."

"I don't think he need be," she answered, laughing.

"He doesn't look formidable."

"Oh, it is the weakest men who dread themselves most. Lady Charlotte wants to marry him to my cousin, Katherine Hillborough; most unsuitable."

"I know Miss Hillborough slightly. She seems a very nice girl."

"Southwick doesn't want a nice girl. He wants some one to edit his life for him—a strong-minded woman. In every establishment there must be a man somewhere."

"I thought you inferred that he was charming?"

"So he is in his own particular way. There is no need to be strong-minded to be charming. I am afraid I shall have to disappoint Lady Charlotte, and find him a wife myself. He always does as I tell him." He looked at her with his meaning written about his mouth in a cryptic smile.

She deciphered it at once. Bellamy's instinct had not played him false. This creature, with the white purity of the *jeune fille* about her, was quite ready for barter and exchange of the most complicated kind, only she was determined not to be cheated. He quite saw that once she had got what she wanted she was much too clever not to range herself on the side of the domestic virtues. Her ambition taught her instinctively to seek the direction in which lay the secret of woman's power.

"Yes," went on Bellamy, "Southwick is not brilliant, but he thinks he is. Now, the woman who marries him must permit him to continue to think so, but will require to sway his actions."

"I quite understand," she said.

And then they both laughed. The answer sounded so exactly as though she had received a commission which she was promising to execute faithfully. They forbore, however, to analyze the cause of their mirth.

He offered to take her back by a more beautiful way, and they went down a winding path till they came to a ruined chapel.

"Old Lanham Castle used to be at the top," he said, pointing upwards. "It was a convent in the earlier days of Henry the Eighth, but when that ridiculous-looking monarch abolished the æsthetic in religion, Lanham was the first Lord Bellamy's commission on the transaction."

"Henry the Eighth was the bully of English history," she answered; "but, putting cant aside, I do not believe that a religion worth having wants much that is exoteric, do you?"

"Of course not," he said. "Rome throws the sensuous as a bait to sinners, forgetting that she is merely indulging them."

She laughed. They stood now within the decaying walls of the chapel.

"It would be a great idea," said Bellamy, looking round, "to have a wedding here. It would be deliciously

incongruous ! Three or four hundred smart people, and just a few candles and a cross on the ruined altar. Paquin and Félix, plus crumbling walls and ivy ! I'll give you the first refusal," he said, turning to her. "Lady Bellamy would, I am sure, be delighted."

"Shall I rehearse ?" she said. "What are you going to do for an organ ?"

"We will have a 'cello and a flute concealed in the ruined vaults."

"Rather sad," she said, "don't you think ? Two sobs ! Couldn't you add a laugh ?"

"I'll throw in a grand piano, if you like."

She made a pretence of advancing up the aisle.

"You must have some one to give you away."

"My father is dead." She looked at him pathetically.

"I will consent to act for once on condition that you never remind me that I played the paternal—even when playing the fool. There," he said, as she laid her hand on his arm, "we are quite ready. Our two sobs and a laugh are singing 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden.'"

She gave him a swift glance.

"Eden ?" she said.

"Eden," he answered. Then he seized her in his arms and kissed her.

She sprang back with a magnificent display of indignation, a virgin outraged and fearless.

"Lord Bellamy, I am your guest !"

"I was trying to please my guest," he answered, with an inimitable smile.

She was compelled either to constitute the incident an irredeemable offence or to laugh. She chose the latter, and he said simply—

“Shall we go?”

They went towards the house, and met Mr. Spottitt and Mrs. Crutchley on the terrace.

“I have been showing Miss Gray the ruined chapel.”

“Built by Edward the Confessor, wasn’t it?” said Spottitt.

“Or Edward the Caresser;” and Bellamy laughed.

“Which one was that?” asked Mrs. Crutchley, innocently.

“Oh, the fourth of that name, I suppose,” answered Spottitt.

“I suppose so,” said Bellamy, dryly.

The three others went indoors, and Mr. Spottitt was left alone, but not for long, for as he leant over the parapet and smoked his cigarette, Lady Bellamy glided up to him.

“Have you anything to tell me?”

Spottitt looked up at the house and round about, and then suddenly began to laugh.

“Pretend to be talking lightly and gaily,” he said hurriedly; “there’s somebody looking.”

Lady Bellamy immediately commenced to chatter and laugh in the most vacuous manner.

Spottitt’s extraordinary intelligence had stood him in good stead. Lady Bellamy had threatened to interfere seriously with his pleasure. Although she had at

first earnestly declared that good taste would prevent her allowing anything in the shape of espionage in her own house, her natural curiosity had worn through the thin veneer of convention, and she had by degrees worked herself up into a high state of fevered inquisitiveness. She was constantly at his elbow, plying him with swift and mysterious questions. He was, however, always ready for her, and invariably gave her the impression that she had arrived at a moment particularly inopportune for her own interests.

He left her almost immediately. He had discovered a summer-house situated on a knoll, which was on a level with some of the bedroom windows. Lest his professional aptitude should rust, he would, quite unperceived, sweep the upper and lower windows with a small but strong pair of glasses.

There was nothing vulgar about Spottitt's curiosity. He perfectly understood that his success depended on his retaining his exquisite palate for the well-bred. He would not have intruded, even with a field-glass, on a lady in her *peignoir* had she been alone.

The field-glasses had been the cause of an amusing incident.

He had unpardonably permitted himself to be discovered directing them towards the house by Bellamy and several of his guests coming in from shooting.

"What on earth are you up to?" asked Portchester, suspiciously.

Spottitt looked at him coolly.

"Ornithology is the most fascinating study in the world, and I must say I prefer watching the habits of birds to shooting them. The only real way to study them, however, is through a glass."

The answer was effective, but Bellamy laughed.

"Your methods are always scientific, Spottitt."

Unfortunately, it turned out that Portchester was himself no mean ornithologist. He button-holed Spottitt constantly, with the result that the latter was compelled to abstract several volumes on the science from the library and study them o' nights. He made a point of favouring the breakfast-table with what he had read in the small hours, which, though it had the effect of silencing Portchester, caused Lady Charlotte to warn him that an over-study of birds in this life resulted in the human soul becoming a vampire in the next.

"I wonder what sort of vampire I should make?" he asked.

"You would have to live in a grave," said the duchess, "with a corpse."

"I should live in a family vault with several corpses," said Spottitt. "There must be social degrees in the nether world, and even a vampire can be correct."

"I don't know whether I am permitted to give invitations yet," said Bellamy, "but I suppose my ancestors will have no objection to my receiving my own friends."

Spottitt bowed.

"I shall be delighted to give you a turn."

"I should think," said Lady Charlotte, "a vampire is enough to give anybody a turn."

"I wish you wouldn't all talk like that," said Reggie, nervously, although it was broad daylight. "I once had a nurse who said there was a ghost for every day in the week except Sundays, and I've never got over it. I don't know why, but I was always particularly afraid of Monday's ghost."

"I suppose Sunday had spoilt its temper," said Bellamy.

Seated in his summer-house, Spottitt swept the façade of the building, but there was really very little to see.

At an upper window a figure caught his attention. It was Stevens. Stevens had a great fascination for Spottitt. He admired him enormously. He had never seen anything like his conduct on the day on which he had been forced to remain in Lord Bellamy's service. The perfect manner in which he had bowed to the inevitable had been a triumph. No knight of old surrendering his sword could have invested a humiliating episode with a greater retention of personal dignity.

So he watched Stevens at his upper window with interest. At first he had some difficulty in making out what he was doing, for though he was near enough to the window to catch the light, he would have been invisible to the naked eye.

"What on earth is he doing?" thought Spottitt.

Then he realized that he was sewing—sewing at the sleeve of a coat.

"Just the sort of man who could do anything." And he shut up his glasses and went to dress for dinner. His room was next to Reggie's, and there was a communicating door between them which was locked. As he began to undress he heard Reggie's voice in high-pitched protest, and although in an ordinary way he hardly considered him worth attention, there was something in the excitement of his voice which drew Spottitt to the communicating door.

"I tell you, Dawlish, it's somebody who has got a grudge against Bellamy. In any case, it's much wiser to say nothing about it."

"My dear fellow, the writer says he plays with a card up his sleeve."

Spottitt's curiosity was roused to the highest pitch. What on earth could Reggie and Dawlish be talking about? It took him some time to realize that it was Bellamy who was being discussed. Reggie evidently wished to have nothing to do with it, and the only suggestion that he had to make on the subject was that he should write to his mother confidentially for advice how to proceed.

Finally, it was evident that Dawlish was closing the interview, and Spottitt gathered that he was crossing the room.

"Well, I'm not going to put up with it any longer. I'm going to see into the matter, Vandeleur. No man could go on winning like that. It's against Nature."

If Spottitt could have seen Reggie's face he must have been amused at the look of horror that came into it.

"Look here, Dawlish, Nature's got nothing whatever to do with cards, and for goodness' sake don't make a scene. You'll damn yourself if you do."

"Do you mean, Vandeleur, that people will stand by a card-sharper?"

"There's no knowing what people won't stand by. Besides, you're talking of Bellamy, and the thing is absurd."

"Why more absurd of Bellamy than of anybody else?"

Spottitt smiled. There was a curious colouring about this speech. Its tones were inspired by Mrs. Crutchley's admirer.

"That's just where you'll give yourself away, Dawlish, if you are not careful. It's one of those things that one can't explain; but society won't ever believe what it doesn't want to believe—and you won't make it."

"And supposing the card were found up his sleeve?"

"Oh, I say, now you're getting light-headed!" And Reggie gave a snigger. "Even if Bellamy did cheat

he'd never get found out. He's a jolly sight too clever for that. If he did the thing at all he'd do it properly. He'd probably let you put your foot in it, and make you look a fool before everybody."

"Would he?" laughed Dawlish, sardonically.

"And he'd have all the women on his side; and if you don't mind, I'm going to tie my tie, and I've only got ten minutes to do it in."

"Well, tie away."

"Tie a bow with anybody in the room?" shrieked Reggie. "I couldn't. Where do you think my nerves are? Besides, you'll be late."

The prospect of being so late as to have to enter the room alone startled Dawlish, and he fled to his bedroom.

Spottitt was about to withdraw his ear from the door when, to his amazement, Reggie continued to address somebody in a high-pitched voice. At first he thought he must be swearing at a servant, but gradually he realized that he was giving an imaginary Dawlish a piece of his mind.

"You beastly bounder! You get into decent houses by working on one's poverty, and then you want to accuse your host of cheating at cards. I should like to know"—at this point he apparently banged the brushes down on the dressing-table—"what you think you were asked for. For your looks?" Here followed a cackle of great enjoyment. "For your clever tongue?" Another cackle of even greater enjoyment.

"No; you were asked because Bellamy thought it damned funny, and because I wanted five hundred pounds."

If Reggie would only go on like this, Spottitt was quite content to be late for dinner.

"And I've spoilt two dress ties through you, you beast! You ought to have a half-hour with mamma—that would do you good."

Even Spottitt was excited. He dressed himself with extraordinary rapidity, for although he did most things with apparent languor it was a carefully studied pose. He felt that it was necessary to be very careful, or his profession might have a deteriorating effect on his manners. The habit of hurry was to be avoided, or he might become brisk. He was perfectly well aware that Dawlish had grown to dislike Bellamy as much because of the woman as because of the money. He had more than once wondered how Dawlish had managed to find his way to Lanham at all, and Reggie's unconscious revelation had amused him tremendously. Of course, Spottitt at once guessed the authorship of the letter they were discussing, and he could not help thinking that it was a little clumsy of Stevens. He would not have expected it of him. And yet when he came to think it over he had to admit that Stevens had chosen his man well. Dawlish was probably the one person in the house who would not either have taken the letter straight to Bellamy or have destroyed it. What his purpose could be it was exceedingly

difficult to say, for surely Stevens could not believe that Bellamy was capable of cheating. He was evidently much too astute a judge of character for that ; and while Spottitt stood musing the dinner gong rang, and as it did so, for apparently no explicable reason, the picture of Stevens's figure sewing at the upper window came into his brain. He had certainly credited him with cleverness, but he had never dreamt that he was capable of such daring.

He was at the top of the stairs, and he ran back to his room and opened a bag. He had a pack of cards somewhere. He was anxious to see if it were possible for the delicate piece of pasteboard to be concealed in a coat-sleeve without the owner noticing it.

He made the experiment. Yes, it was perfectly possible.

He went downstairs brimming over with excitement, and almost forgetting to be languid.

In the hall he met the Duchess of Havant. However late anybody else was, she was sure to be later.

All through dinner Spottitt watched Bellamy, fascinated. Every time he raised his arm he expected to see a card flutter from it.

Reggie was evidently nervous, and kept on looking at Dawlish as if he were afraid he was about to rise and denounce his host.

Of course everybody in the house knew that Bellamy had won large sums from his guest, and presumed that Dawlish was gloomy in consequence. There was no

sympathy with him. If rich nobodies came amongst their betters they should learn to take their reverses with equanimity.

It was the last evening that the same party would sit down to dinner. Several of the guests were leaving the next day. Spottitt, amongst others, was going early.

"I don't think I should care about being a drone," he was saying to Lady Charlotte.

"You don't suggest work," she answered. "What do you do?"

"I am a journalist," was the unblushing reply.

"Are you indeed? Not a Society journalist, I hope?" She looked across at Mrs. Gresham, who tried to appear unconscious.

Spottitt posed as a journalist because it was a profession difficult of proof.

"Has anybody read this week's *Blue Blood*?" suddenly asked Lady Charlotte, turning to the rest of the company, and keeping a particularly keen eye on Mrs. Gresham.

Blue Blood was a Society paper with a delicious atmosphere of the backstairs about its gossip. It was voted a vulgar rag, but everybody read it.

No one had seen it, and they all said so.

"You couldn't very well have done so," said Lady Charlotte, "as I've had it in my room all day."

The company looked a little uncomfortable. Everybody more than suspected that Mrs. Gresham wrote for

Blue Blood, and wondered what on earth Lady Charlotte meant by springing the subject on them so suddenly.

"There's a very unpleasant paragraph about me this week," she continued. "It begins by describing me as one of Society's most influential *grandes dames*; and then it goes on in a penny-a-line sort of way to tell its readers who I am, and ends up by saying that whenever I stay at a country house I seize all the papers the first thing in the morning and sit upon them till I have read them."

"My dear aunt, how disgraceful!" said Bellamy, laughing.

"Oh, it's quite true! I don't deny the facts. But what I want to know is, who is the traitor?"

Luckily for Mrs. Gresham, the conversation on the subject became general.

"Dear Lady Charlotte, why do you read those papers?" asked the Duchess of Havant.

"Because they amuse me, my dear. I always had a partiality for penny novelettes, and they are very like them."

"I suppose the people who write for Society papers get their information from gossiping with the servants," said Lady Bellamy.

"Mamma always gossips with the servants, and so do I," said Reggie. "We can't help it—it runs in the family."

"I am quite sure it must be delightful," said the Comtesse. "So instructive. They must know a great

deal, for they are the only people we never trouble to conceal anything from."

"I always think," said Mrs. Gresham, who felt bound to join in the conversation lest she might appear confused, "that there ought to be a law against servants giving evidence in court. It has always struck me as being eminently unfair."

"It's a point worth considering," said Bellamy.

"I think," said Lady Bellamy, looking round on the domestic picture before her, "that there ought to be a law against Society papers. One's home life should be sacred."

"But you have so little home life in England. That is a very pretty song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' but it should not have been written by an Englishman."

"I thought," said Mrs. Crutchley, "that the home virtues were only found to perfection in this country."

And Lady Bellamy said patronizingly—

"You do not know us, comtesse, or you would not say that."

"Madame de Perrefonds is quite right," said Bellamy. "The English family is the most divided in the whole world."

"Oh, surely not, surely not!" protested Mr. Beauclerk.

"It is obvious if you look around," answered Bellamy, who was never so happy as when he was picking some favourite prejudice to pieces which till then no one had ever thought of questioning. "Just

think of the French. Why, the family never breaks up. Mamma and papa go on telling their children what to do till their dying day. Fancy an English parent who ventured to dictate to his son after he had left school ! The only people who do so are the rich, and it is a privilege they pay for."

"We are a very mercenary race," said Lady Charlotte, "but I don't think we have quite arrived at making filial obedience a marketable commodity."

"The Englishman will sell anything," persisted Bellamy. "The other day the Duke of Crowborough was mistaken in his own house for a guide, and given half a crown. He pretended that it was a joke, but he took the money and kept it."

CHAPTER XIX

THE windows of the room which was generally used at Lanham after dinner gave on to a terrace overlooking the steeper side of the grounds, from which there was a noble view of the surrounding landscape. The picture gallery ran out of it at one side, and on the other side there was a winter garden which led on to the South Terrace.

While every one was at dinner, this room was made ready for the card-playing. The roulette table was drawn out into the centre, and one or two smaller tables placed for those who preferred something more sophisticated.

The room was empty when Stevens looked in cautiously from the picture gallery, and, seeing no one about, crossed to the table where Bellamy and Dawlish were in the habit of playing for stakes so high, that it was a tacit understanding between them that they should pencil the amounts and not mention them aloud.

Curiously enough, there was no one at Lanham who cared about "Bridge." Bellamy rather discouraged it. It was very vulgar and very overdone. The suburbs

played it constantly, and he had been told that there was even a variation called "Putney Bridge."

Stevens took up the sealed packets of cards that were lying on the table and replaced them with others from his own pocket.

He was about to withdraw quietly, and with an entire absence of flurry, when he thought he heard his own name murmured from the terrace.

He started as if he had been shot, and without daring to turn round listened intently.

Again the faint voice said—

"Richard !"

He turned, and saw a woman's figure outlined mistily on the moonlit terrace. He realized at once that it was Henriette, and, seeing that she was recognized, she ventured to step into the room.

"Richard, it is I—Henriette."

He looked at her stolidly without betraying the least surprise.

"I quite see who it is, and I want to know what you are doing here."

"I have come to see you, Richard."

"What for ?"

"I love you."

"Humph ! This is very sudden." He spoke as if he were quite indifferent to the fact.

"Forgive me, Richard. I had to come. I wrote to you, and you never answered me."

"Pardon me, I did answer."

"Only in the coldest manner. I wrote to you of reconciliation, of happiness, of forgiveness. You replied asking whether we could get a shop with a cheaper rent. I felt that I must see you." She laid her hand appealingly on his arm.

He took her wrist between finger and thumb and dropped it as though it had been something unclean.

"Why couldn't you have come earlier in the day?"

"I did, but I lost my way coming from the station, and then when I got here I didn't dare to come near the house till it was dark; and oh, I've been so frightened, and so hungry. Say you forgive me! Believe me, Richard, I am innocent."

Overcome either by her feelings or by hunger, Henriette sank at his feet.

He looked anxiously around, touched in his one vulnerable point, his love of etiquette and decorum.

"Here, none of that. We don't want any of those Frenchified tricks in a fine old English mansion like this."

He attempted to raise her, but realizing that her display of feeling gave her a certain advantage, she remained where she was.

"I can't help it, Richard; my mother was a French-woman. I will not rise until you forgive me."

"Yes, yes. Now run away."

"Run away! Where am I to run to? I couldn't run about in the park any more, and I can't walk another step."

"You can't stay here."

He almost began to lose his nerve. Perhaps Henriette might make a scene and ruin all his plans. The ladies might come in from the dining-room at any moment. He tried to coax her.

"Now, couldn't you make up a bed of leaves in the park? They are beginning to fall. It's quite warm."

But overpowering hunger had taken possession of her.

"Oh, Richard, you are very hard! I want something to eat."

"Well, I'll bring you something to eat, and a rug."

"Don't the servants here know that you are married?"

"They may have heard rumours, but I have not gratified their curiosity."

"Oh, I'm so hungry!"

There was the sound of voices and laughter in the picture gallery.

He pushed her firmly towards the terrace window, but hunger gave her the courage of despair.

"Richard, I will not go without something to eat."

He was obliged to yield.

"Well, come along then," he said, with suppressed fury, and hurried her off through the conservatory.

There was nothing to be done but to make up the best story he could to the housekeeper, and get her to palm off Henriette as a friend of hers.

CHAPTER XX

As Lady Charlotte entered the room she turned to Lady Bellamy.

"My dear Selina, the art of conversation is dead. I never heard so much rubbish talked at a dinner-table in my life. People think that they are fireworks when they are only going off like damp squibs. It might have been a nursery, except for the absence of roast mutton and rice pudding."

"I am very sorry, aunt."

"Your husband is the only man in the house who can talk, and he talks a great deal too much."

"Gerald is very clever. I sometimes think it would be better if he were not quite so clever."

"I am sure you would feel more at home with him, my dear," was the uncompromising reply; and, truth to tell, Lady Charlotte could be even rude at times.

"Men are terribly wicked in our days," said the duchess.

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Lady Charlotte. "Men are no worse than they have always been. People would have us believe that crinolines and

Dundreary whiskers meant virtue, which makes me think of my first season in town."

"Did you really wear a crinoline?" asked Mrs. Crutchley, interested.

"Yes, my dear, I did. The first Ascot I ever went to I wore a pink Garibaldi, a pork-pie bonnet, side-spring boots, and a crinoline."

"And a green-fringed parasol?"

"As you say, a green-fringed parasol."

"Oh, and a chignon?"

"I had forgotten the chignon. Good heavens! what a fright I must have looked! But to come back to the wickedness of men, my dear; the woman who wants to be happy should never see further than her own front door."

"It must be a wonderful thing to be born a man," said Pamela Gray.

"They get all the fun," sighed Mrs. Crutchley. "I read in a book the other day that all the men will one day be reincarnated as women."

"There will be a great many, *ma foi*, that will not require reincarnating!" And the comtesse laughed her shrill, metallic laugh, while Lady Charlotte looked at her disapprovingly.

"Do you mean," said Lady Bellamy, "that Gerald will ever be reincarnated as a woman? That would be very interesting."

"I wonder what sort of woman he would be?" speculated Mrs. Gresham.

"A professional beauty with brains, I should say," said Lady Charlotte.

"Oh, but that would be very *triste*," said the comtesse. "We should not be able to know him."

"Oh, but I suppose we should all be reincarnated as men," said Lady Charlotte.

"Ah," said the comtesse, gravely, "then we shall all know him."

There was a general laugh, but Lady Bellamy looked a little mystified. The joke had gone right over her head.

Perhaps that was why Madame de Perrefonds thought it safe to make it.

"And Mr. Beauclerk?" suggested the duchess.

"Oh, he will be a dressmaker," said Pamela Gray.

"And Rollo, I'm sure, will be a good woman," laughed Mrs. Crutchley.

"And Mr. Vandeleur?" crescendoed the comtesse.

But Lady Charlotte interrupted.

"I think we have speculated quite enough."

And everybody admitted that the game had its dangers.

"I am sure I don't know," meandered Lady Bellamy, "how people can believe in such nonsense as reincarnation. It's a very uncomfortable idea."

"I think I should prefer it to the conventional cottonwool heaven," asserted Mrs. Crutchley, "which always sounds so very democratic and mixed."

"My dear, don't be profane."

Lady Charlotte belonged to the old school, and thought jokes on religious subjects bad form.

"I am sure," said Pamela Gray, "that men must be wiser than women."

"They ought to be wiser," said Lady Charlotte, crocheting vigorously. "But it's always a wonder to me that they remain such fools. If women had half their advantages, men would appear but poor things."

"I don't believe people are nearly so bad as they are painted, do you?" And Mrs. Gresham rose from the piano, where she had been murmuring Chopin with the soft pedal down.

"If women behaved as badly as they paint, Society would be at an end." And Lady Charlotte dropped two stitches.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Gresham, "one does hear the most dreadful things about every one nowadays, but I make a point of never believing them. I think the great thing is to be charitable. I detest scandal. I—I——"

She stopped short, for Lady Charlotte's eyes were upon her with a curious expression in them that made her feel quite uncomfortable.

Lady Bellamy was never backward when there was a display of virtue, and she said sweetly—

"I quite agree with you, Maude. Let us be charitable, by all means."

Mrs. Gresham recovered her courage, and, avoiding Lady Charlotte's eye, went on—

"For instance, I think it was quite dreadful the way they tore poor Lady Pendarvis's character to pieces at dinner. I dare say, if I choose to speak, I could tell a great deal more than most people, but——"

"Oh, do tell us!" And the Duchess of Havant drew up quite excitedly.

"I shouldn't think of it. Everything that I know has been told me in the strictest confidence, and if I were to tell I might do the poor dear any amount of harm. No; I think we should be loyal to one another."

"But her husband did run away from her?"

"Well, so did mine," said Lady Charlotte. "Three times during the first three years—a ballet dancer, the daughter of a bathing-machine attendant, and my dearest friend. That was before he found refuge in politics, and in after years he used to thank me with tears in his eyes for having fetched him back by his coat-collar."

Lady Bellamy looked aghast.

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I might suffer, suffer terribly, but I couldn't do that."

Lady Charlotte looked at her contemptuously.

"Oh, I don't suppose you could, my dear; but, then, you are not Charlotte Blount."

"How *drôle* you English are," said the comtesse. "If a woman has an erring husband, it's her business to look after him as I looked after mine. He was one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the most

brilliant. Besides, he used to make me laugh, and I couldn't see why any woman should deprive me of my amusement."

"Oh, but it would be so undignified!" persisted Lady Bellamy. "No, I should go on suffering quite quietly."

Everybody tried to look impressed, except Lady Charlotte, who snorted.

"Selfish sentimentality, my dear. The world is ruined by it."

Lady Bellamy retreated to the terrace with Mrs. Crutchley to look at the moon, and Pamela Gray turned over some music, looking for a piece for Mrs. Gresham to play.

"Lord Bellamy is very wicked—is he not?" asked the duchess, seating herself beside Lady Charlotte.

Considering that the subject of the conversation was Lady Charlotte's nephew, the remark would have been a little rude had it not so evidently been meant as a sincere compliment.

"Bellamy is a man"—and Lady Charlotte lowered her voice—"whom Society would cut if it had a grain of self-respect. I have told him so a dozen times," she concluded, to cover the fact that she was abusing her host.

"It is so difficult to cut a man who never bores one."

"I don't believe in abusing people in their own houses," said Lady Charlotte, oblivious of the fact that she had fully taken her share.

"Country houses would be very dull if one did not."

"Selina is his excuse," answered Lady Charlotte, perfectly ready to resume the analysis of the Lanham domestic situation now that she had made her curtsy to good taste.

"She has been very patient."

"Selina is a fool. In this world the fools do nine-tenths of the devil's work. Did you hear her talk about suffering?" And Lady Charlotte threw up her head contemptuously.

"And yet he is very fascinating, and very clever."

"Bellamy is a man who would sacrifice his lack of reputation or his best friend for a good epigram."

They were interrupted by Reggie, who came in alone.

"I say, I'm very sorry, but I can't stand it any longer. Crutchley's craving like a maniac because he says there isn't corn enough in the country to feed it for six weeks."

"You should have stayed, Reggie, and picked up some useful information."

"Information? Why, Crutchley's scribbling information all over the tablecloth with a lead pencil. As I said, who wants to eat corn? That got him. It cornered them all. And Bellamy said I was quite right."

"Reggie," said Lady Charlotte, "who is Mr. Spottitt?"

"I don't know; but he's ripping company. Says his father's a clergyman."

"Yes ; but what clergyman ?"

Reggie looked at her vacuously.

"What do you mean—what clergyman ?"

"I don't ever remember to have met him before," said Mrs. Gresham from the piano ; "but he sings and plays divinely."

"Mamma would simply love him," said Reggie. "He's always just there, you know."

"Where is your mother now ?"

"Mamma is at Trouville."

"She was not in town this season ?" questioned Lady Charlotte.

"Only for a week or two. She couldn't stay any longer ; she owes so much money. Poor mamma ! And she does enjoy the season so."

"She is too extravagant."

"Oh yes, mamma is extravagant ! Félix won't supply her with any more dresses, so she talks of going into a convent. She says that it would be much smarter than appearing at Cowes in last year's frocks. Cela serait vraiment trop triste."

"What ?"

"It won't exactly translate—it's French."

"I never understand French unless it's spoken with an English accent."

"I'm awfully sorry for mamma," said Reggie, taking a seat by Lady Charlotte, who appeared to be in one of those moods when she did not frighten him.

"Oh, I dare say she bears up."

"Oh yes, mamma's got no end of pluck. As I always tell everybody, she only fainted once, when she sold her tiara to send me to Eton. Some women would have died. I'm very proud of mamma."

"Why don't you make a fortune and help her?"

Reggie gave a prolonged cackle.

"I say, that's awfully funny! Make a fortune? Why, I can't even make jokes. When I want to be funny I talk about mamma, and then everybody laughs. That shows she's popular. Make a fortune? I shall write and tell her that you said that. She'll simply die with laughter. And she wants cheering up."

"Reggie, I believe you're half an idiot."

"Mamma says I'm quite an idiot, only very good form. I wish I could make money, though. Just look at that chap Dawlish. They say he's worth a million, and when he asked me to dinner he took me to that flash restaurant in Shaftesbury Avenue and gave me a cheap claret. Upon my soul, some people never seem to grow out of their commonness. Now, if I could only play cards like Bellamy, I could make a lot of money."

"Living by your wits is hardly the profession of a gentleman, Reggie."

"Mamma says you can do anything if only you're good form."

"Your mamma has some very extraordinary ideas."

"Mamma is a very extraordinary woman, and a very beautiful woman, too, at the beginning of the season."

The men appeared from the dining-room, Portchester, Crutchley, and Beauclerk still heated with their dispute. Bellamy was finishing a story about a burglary at his town house.

"I never heard anything about it," said Lady Charlotte, catching the last few words.

"Oh, Gerald behaved so foolishly!" said Lady Bellamy, plaintively, coming into the room. "He let them go instead of calling for the police."

"Oh, do tell us all about it," asked the comtesse.

"It was quite an experience," laughed Bellamy. "I had been sitting up rather late with my sins, and as I was going to bed I heard a door slam in the inner hall. I turned on the electric light, and, opening a door, found myself face to face with two burglars."

"Real burglars?" asked the duchess, breathlessly.

"I suppose so—I never asked them. They looked very convincing."

"What did you do?" questioned Reggie, nervously.

"I asked them what on earth they were making such a noise for."

"Well?" chorused everybody.

"The older burglar was looking very annoyed, and he pointed to his companion, and said, 'Well, it's this way, my lord. This lock's a bit stiff, and my young friend, he lost his temper and slammed the door.' A young hand, I suggested? 'Yes, my lord; he's got a lot to learn.'"

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Oh, I gave them a sovereign for their trouble and showed them the way to the front door."

"There," said Mrs. Gresham, "I told you we ought all to be charitable. There is not enough charity in the world. I don't think there is even enough charity in the Church."

"And there never will be, my dear Mrs. Gresham, till the English bishops are converted to Christianity."

Everybody laughed, and Bellamy continued—

"What a splendid idea ! A mission for the propagation of Christian knowledge amongst the clergy ! If anybody will start it, I will put my name down for a subscription."

"One might hand them tracts as they come out of Convocation," said Portchester.

"It's quite a precious idea ; don't you think so, Mrs. Gresham ?"

"Quite. There is so very little real Christianity. Now, Lady Southend is a true Christian. She never cuts anybody, no matter what they may do."

"What a strange idea," said Pamela Gray. "She must know a great many curious people."

"I suppose she does," answered Bellamy, taking the opportunity of drawing nearer to her. "But she refuses to believe in the social knife. She applies her antiseptic personality to the moral diseases of others, and, I am bound to say, with amazing effect."

"How very Tolstoy-ish ?" And Pamela Gray looked impressed.

"Quite a dangerous woman," murmured Bellamy. "But, after all, I have a great sympathy with her attitude."

"You are not pretending to secret virtues?"

"Oh dear, no. I never pretend to anything. I either do it or leave it alone. Nevertheless, I have sometimes thought of dazzling the world with such a display of virtues as only a great sinner could assume effectively."

"People would simply think that you had grown afraid."

"How brilliant of you to detect the one weak spot of the scheme!"

"Or that your invention had failed." And Pamela Gray rose and went over to the Duchess of Havant, who was looking cross.

Bellamy's eyes followed her with just the faintest blur of annoyance in them. He was at any rate accustomed to be listened to. He went to Mrs. Crutchley, who was standing alone by the window which led on to the terrace.

"Shall we go and look at the stars?"

"The stars have changed of late, and so have you."

"Have they? That shows they understand the art of pleasing. Let us go and note the difference."

"I mean that they have changed because you have changed."

Her courage was at an end. She felt that there was nothing to be gained by fighting.

They went out on to the moonlit terrace. Dawlish glowered at them from where he was sitting on the low stone balustrade. He was alone, and suffering from that awkwardness that came over him whenever he had no one to talk to. He was beginning to feel how impossible it was to be one of these people without enduring unlimited snubs. He would have given anything to possess some of the easy assurance with which Spottitt almost patronized them. Their jargon bewildered him, and the familiar repetition of names which, till a few months ago, had coruscated above his social sphere made him feel a very interloper, much as he denied the fact to himself.

Bellamy was a keen judge of character, but somehow he had never credited Dawlish with so much humility. He had always imagined him to be perfectly confident of himself, and attributed any little surliness of manner to a rather admirable bourgeois sense of independence. Had he thought otherwise he would most certainly have taken all the pains in his power to have set his guest at his ease. It was one thing to win his last half-crown. It would have been unpardonable to permit him to be socially unhappy.

He and Mrs. Crutchley walked to the other end of the terrace.

"Dawlish is getting sulky. Losing money is a novelty for him, and he doesn't like it."

She looked at him with war in her eyes. "I don't want to talk about Dawlish, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind. Dawlish is very dull as Dawlish.

In his one weak moment he is fascinating. To sit opposite a millionaire and win his money is the excitement of my old age."

"Gerald, I am miserable."

"My dear Jack, I trust you are not developing temperament. Temperament is the mother of moods, and moods are the origin of scenes, and scenes—well, I hate 'em."

"Oh, Gerald, have you no heart?"

"Really, Jack, you of all persons should not ask me that question. At twenty-one I loved chaotic women; at forty-five I avoid them. I still love them, but I avoid them."

If she had had any doubt up till now that he was trying to dilute their relations, his manner dispelled it.

"I don't want to make a scene, but I want a plain answer to a straightforward question."

"Oh, Jack, Jack, has it come to that?"

"Come to what?"

"Plain answers and straightforward questions."

"Why not?"

He resumed their walk as if to place her at a disadvantage, and murmured plaintively to the stars—

"Why will women worship the primitive?"

They walked into the conservatory, and the lights shone upon her face.

He paused, and said in a distressed voice—

"My dear Jack, I told you not to make up."

"The merest trifle."

"A little rouge."

"The merest *souppçon*."

"It always is the merest *souppçon*. Why is it that rouge is always so vulgar?" He scrutinized her face carefully, and then said in a horrified whisper, "My dear Jack, you've got some white stuff on your nose! You are going from bad to worse. Yours is not a face which will stand make-up. Very few can. I have only met one woman in all my life who could dye her hair and look a lady."

"Really," she answered satirically.

"A little lip salve is all you should ever venture on. I was wondering the whole of dinner-time whether your nose was really out of drawing."

"Gerald, are you ever serious?"

"My dear girl, if you can't take your looks seriously I give you up."

"I asked you if you were tired of me."

"We have known each other two years."

"Is that too long for love?"

"We have passed the stage of passionate protestation."

"You told me that you were sure I was your last romance."

"Ah, Jack, that is the one thing that reconciles me to life. One is always sure that the latest romance is the last."

"Then you are tired of me?"

"Till to-night you have never shown yourself as a sentimentalist. Take care, Jack; it's a dangerous thing to do to a man over thirty, believe me."

"I would much rather you did not talk to me any more in that trivial way. I am not ashamed to show that I am serious. I am wretched because I believe you are in love with some one else."

"In love with some one else?"

He repeated the words mechanically, as if to mark time. It offended his sense of fitness to be challenged so directly.

"What you call in love. I can see it in your face. You are engaged in what you would describe as another romance, and I know who it is."

"Tell me, do you think I shall succeed?"

She looked at him haughtily.

He was arousing her dignity, and he knew it. If he could once do so thoroughly, his path would be clear.

"Lord Bellamy, I will not wait to be thrown over like some have been. You are insulting."

"Dear Jack, I have no intention of being so. You are too violent. A romance should fade, insensibly diminish, and disappear. You are a little crude."

She turned on him with his own weapons.

"To tell you the truth, Gerald, your hollowness has got on my nerves."

"I dare say. Cynicism is not in women's line; they have not the courage."

"Good-bye."

She turned to leave him.

"Good-bye," he said.

The reply stung her. She lost her self-control, and said passionately—

“Oh, you shall answer to my husband for this !”

He looked at her with a laugh in his eyes, and when she realized what she had said she laughed too.

“Oh, Jack,” he murmured, as they returned to the others, “you have never said anything better than that !”

As they disappeared, Spottitt sauntered from behind some heavy foliage which had concealed him. He appeared languid and indifferent as usual, but he was plucking viciously at a rose which he held in his hand. His feelings towards Lord Bellamy were symbolized by the action.

At that moment Lady Bellamy stole up to him.

“Mr. Spottitt !”

“Hush ! Do for heaven’s sake be careful !” And he moved away from her with a look of the greatest mystery.

Lady Charlotte had sternly refused any invitation to venture out into the night air, and had finally found herself left alone. Mrs. Gresham passed through the room on her way to the terrace, having been upstairs to fetch a wrap. She had been somewhat perturbed by Lady Charlotte’s remarks at dinner, and, on finding herself alone with her, attempted to reach the terrace unperceived ; but Lady Charlotte was too quick.

“Mrs. Gresham !”

Mrs. Gresham, who was half on the terrace, was obliged to return, and said in her sweetest accents—

"Yes, dear Lady Charlotte!"

"You remember what I said just now about fetching my husband back three times by the coat-collar?"

"Oh yes, perfectly."

"Well, I'd much sooner you did not communicate that little fact to the press."

"Dear Lady Charlotte, I don't understand you."

"Don't you! Then what did you think of that paragraph in *Blue Blood* about my sitting on the papers?"

Poor Mrs. Gresham's inside gave a jump, but she answered bravely—

"I don't know how people can be so malicious."

"Then what did you do it for?"

"I don't understand."

"Well, I rather suspected it was you, but my maid picked up this letter addressed to the editor of *Blue Blood*. You see, it's your handwriting and your notepaper."

Mrs. Gresham collapsed.

"Dear Lady Charlotte, don't say a word to any one! They do pay so well, and it's been such a struggle since poor Edward died."

"As far as that goes, everybody knows it."

"Ah, but they haven't proof. That's the great thing. If once they get proof, I shall never be asked anywhere again. And as for living on my income, even in that little rabbit hutch in Curzon Street, why,

it's simply absurd to expect it, and Edward's people grudge me even the few pounds I have."

"But I understood that you presented quite a number of girls last season."

"Only three—at a hundred guineas each—and they looked such sights that it's very doubtful if I shall make anything out of next season's Drawing-rooms. Not only that, but it has leaked out in high quarters, and I'm getting quite nervous about myself."

"Well, I've not the least objection to the widows of younger sons turning an honest penny in any way they like, providing it is an honest penny ; but personally, I've no wish to read that I was seen driving in the Park in a pink bonnet, so leave me alone for the future."

"And you promise not to say a word ?"

"On condition that you leave me alone." And Lady Charlotte gathered up her work and swept from the room.

"Old cat !" murmured Mrs. Gresham, gazing after her.

She met Reggie as she was making her way to the terrace.

"Oh, Mrs. Gresham, I've been looking for you. I've had a letter from mamma, and she wants—by the way, mamma always does want something when she writes—well, she wants me to ask you if you would mind putting in those papers you write for that she has been staying at Trouville. She hasn't,

because she couldn't afford it, but it might buck her friends up, you know."

Mrs. Gresham was furious.

"I don't understand you, and I don't write for any papers."

"Oh, Mrs. Gresham, everybody says you do."

"Then everybody is quite wrong." And she made her exit with heaving bosom and eyes moist with chagrin.

CHAPTER XXI

WHEN Spottitt had plucked his rose quite to pieces he flung the petals, which he had collected in the palm of his hand, into the air, and they fluttered to earth like a cloud of crimson butterflies. As the last settled on the ground he murmured, "The death of a romanticist." Then he went out on the terrace and lit a cigarette. Everybody had drawn together, and was enthusing about the stars, a thing which the most sophisticated are apt to do. Even Bellamy was somewhat stirred by the beauty of the night, and murmured patronizingly—

"They are quite wonderful—quite wonderful. I sometimes think that there are more stars than there used to be when I was a boy."

"Perhaps they have appeared to mark your triumphant progress," said Mrs. Crutchley.

There was the faintest suggestion of bitterness in her tone, and she was annoyed with herself for having made such a mistake. She laughed, and as she did so she met Spottitt's glance. His eyes were half closed, and, together with the smile about his lips, seemed possessed in the moonlight by an almost sphinx-like

humour. His intuition must have been extraordinary for him to have caught the subtle suggestion that her relations with Lord Bellamy had undergone a modification. Then she thought how very handsome he was, almost the type of an ancient Egyptian, with his head thrown up, and his nostrils and lips a trifle thickened in effect by the pose. The moonlight, too, added to the mystery of his expression. Mrs. Crutchley was one of those women who admire beauty in men and are thankful for it, and, what was rarer still, she had a Catholic taste. Indeed, what had first attracted her in Bellamy had been the unique perfection of his appearance. For the same reason Spottitt had always interested her. The night she had seen him at the Opera he had impressed her as being a new feature in life. She had no desire to revenge herself on Bellamy; she was far too miserable, and she even felt a little resentful when she heard, as it were, the faintest twang plucked from the strings of her temperament by the young man as he sat looking at her sleepily from the balustrade. He was a little apart, and she was between him and the others. Under his breath he murmured the old French song—

“Plaisir d’amour ne dure qu’un moment,
Chagrin d’amour dure toute la vie.”

“Do you believe that?” she asked.

“In the case of women more than men,” he answered, “but it’s hideously true for both.”

“Why for women more than men?”

"Obviously the philosophical sex has the best of it."

She laughed. His conversation brought back some of her spirits.

"You speak as if you had a lifetime of experience behind you."

"I think I have a gift of vision ; in fact, I am sure I have. It is not so rare a quality, after all."

"How does a woman become philosophical ?"

"She mustn't try. Either she would be doomed to failure, or she would cease to be a woman. That is to say, a woman in the attractive sense. She should try an antitoxin."

"What do you mean ?"

"Let the microbes of the new romance fight a pitched battle with the microbes of the old romance. The former are bound to win, you know—they're fresh. Sentiment treated scientifically, eh ?"

"That's rather an unpleasant simile."

"There are occasions on which I cannot resist the forcible ; although, as a matter of fact, I detest coarseness above all things."

"Have you tried your own prescriptions ?"

"Never."

"Oh, I forgot—you belong to the philosophical sex."

"No, it's not that, but, you see, I'm not very old, and I've never had a romance before." He just breathed the last word to the moonlight.

"Are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure that all my other romances were nothing of the kind."

"Do you know, you talk exactly like Lord Bellamy without imitating him?"

He suddenly turned and opened his eyes wide on her. Their expression was misty and pathetic, and said as plainly as words, "You have hurt me. You mustn't do that. It's the one thing you mustn't do. Never remind me that you were horribly in love with Lord Bellamy."

Mrs. Crutchley had never been able to understand other women when they expressed a difficulty of choice between two men, but she now found herself stirred by Mr. Spottitt, while her heart was in deep mourning for the defection of Bellamy. Even at the moment the latter was gazing at Pamela Gray, wherever she went, with that deliberate and insolent assurance which was so peculiarly his own.

The bargain that they had struck that afternoon had not in the least abated his infatuation; on the contrary, it had augmented it. It gave her the fascination of a new sin, and he enjoyed it like an epicure. He was much too psychologically versed to pronounce her cold, heartless, or anything utterly bad, because of what she was prepared to do. That was not his business. He was an ethical expert, but not a moralist, and deemed the division of humanity into goats and sheep but an amateur performance. It was quite

possible that she had a rich reserve of even bourgeois virtues ; but she knew what was essential to her, and the quality of deliberate and admirable calculation which enabled her to get what she wanted undisturbed by her better self set her before him mentally crowned, a steely ruler of the world to her own uses. Through some subtle and unrecognizable electric channel the intellectual appreciation flashed a message to his nerves and fired his blood. Wherever the flame of a new beauty or a new attraction sprang up before him, he was—although he would have laughed the idea of any servitude to scorn—as much its slave as is the moth to the candle ; but here the simile ended, for the wretched insect, having passed through the flame, falls scorched and huddled, a corpse, but Bellamy invariably rose Phoenix-like from the ashes of his dead loves. So far his vanity had never been wounded. He had been unconquerably successful, chiefly because he would never entertain the possibility of defeat.

At last they all rose. Reggie came out to say that Lady Charlotte had put her crochet away and was ready for roulette.

“Shall we go in ?” said Lady Bellamy. “Aunt Charlotte gets so annoyed if she doesn’t have her roulette at the right moment.”

“It’s so perfectly splendid of her to play roulette at her age,” said Portchester, “because in her early days I suppose they only played whist and Beggar-my-Neighbour.”

"I do not like cards for cards' sake," said Madame de Perrefonds frankly. "It is gambling that I like. I was on a visit to a house the other day where we always ended the evening by each putting a sovereign in the pool and dealing round for the first Jack. That is what I like."

"You're quite right, comtesse," said Reggie. "I never could stand games that wanted thinking out. That's why I hate Bridge."

They all, excepting the Duchess of Havant and Pamela Gray, went indoors, where Bellamy had preceded them.

Bellamy, noticing Pamela Gray's absence, and forgetting the duchess for the moment, assumed that she had remained on the terrace alone. He would go and bring her in. Bellamy knew from experience how much might be said in twenty seconds. Indeed, the best half of a romance may well be no longer, even though the rest be spread over any number of years. He walked gently back into the moonlight. Yes, she was there, sitting on the seat alone. Strange, for she did not suggest a nature likely to be stirred by the moonlight to introspective rhapsodies.

Then, as he drew near her silently, he realized that the duchess was with her. His mistake was pardonable, for their arms were wreathed round each other, and Pamela's head was on the duchess's shoulder.

The spectacle almost irritated Bellamy to jealousy

of her grace. He was about to return, when Pamela Gray's voice said quite distinctly—for she spoke with a curiously pure enunciation, and always grammatically—a thing which perhaps suggested her middle-class origin—

“Gertrude, how terribly Lord Bellamy does ogle!”

Bellamy could not have told how he reached the room where the others were. He only knew one thing, and it was that the two on the terrace seat had been unaware of his presence. But the pitiless speech had stricken him into sudden age. The arrow that found the heel of Achilles made no surer aim than those words, “Gertrude, how dreadfully Lord Bellamy does ogle!” He had always declared it to be the supreme test, and again and again his favourite maxim repeated itself in his brain, “When a man is young, he makes eyes; when he is old, he ogles.”

As he entered the room the others were placing themselves at the roulette table, with the exception of Dawlish, who was sitting morosely at the small card table, waiting for him.

It was Portchester who looked up and said—

“My dear Bellamy, what on earth is the matter!”

His remark drew the attention of everybody, and there was a cry of astonishment.

“Are you ill, Gerald?” said Lady Bellamy, plaintively.

He tried to smile, but he felt that the smile was old, and as if his teeth were fangs.

He declared that he was perfectly well, and no one

took any more notice ; but he went out of the room and sent for a brandy and soda.

When he returned, the duchess and Pamela Gray were at the roulette table.

"Why don't you and Mr. Dawlish join us for this evening?" said the former ; and as he smiled a reply he remembered that he was ogling.

With a convulsive effort he pulled himself together and sat down with Dawlish.

"Who takes the bank?" asked the comtesse.

"Let's put it up for auction," suggested Portchester ; "it's safer."

"Why do ladies never take the bank?" asked Mrs. Gresham, who always assumed a languid manner as play began, preparatory to a display of concentration which was remarkable.

"The essence of a bank is that it should pay."

"Portchester," said Lady Charlotte, "that's extremely rude. I am sure that women are much more sensitive about their debts than men."

It was an unpleasant subject, and both Mrs. Crutchley and Madame de Perrefonds felt uncomfortable.

Reggie was babbling. He always did, the consequence being that he invariably lost more than he could afford, although, like most bad players, he carried through forlorn hopes that staggered the experts.

"Last year at Ostend, mamma and I got into an awful row. She made a frightful mistake, and took the winnings of the man next to her."

"Awkward," said Portchester.

"Wasn't it? And the worst of it was that he wouldn't believe mamma when she assured him on her honour that it was a mistake, and if she hadn't given him one of those looks of hers through her lorgnettes, Heaven only knows what wouldn't have happened."

There was a lull, and Bellamy's voice came from the other table, saying quietly—

"My luck again."

Spottitt spun the wheel.

"Black!" moaned Reggie. "Never mind, I shall go on till I lose my railway ticket."

"I'm sure Bellamy will always pay that," said Beauclerk, spitefully. He hated Reggie, being in some sense his antique complement.

"Rien ne va plus!" cried Spottitt, who had taken the bank.

"This is the fifth system I've tried since I arrived," complained Crutchley, "and I've come to the conclusion that systems are all rot."

"I prefer luck," murmured Bellamy, who never lost interest in what was going on at the other table.

"Rien ne va plus!"

Reggie's face was the picture of despair.

"I say, this is awful! I shall lose my shirt."

Lady Charlotte, who was sitting next to him, struck him sharply with her fan.

"Reggie!"

"I'm awfully sorry, but this is distracting."

"If you can't behave yourself you must go to bed."

"Will any one lend me a tenner?" he asked; but no one took the least notice.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Gresham to Mrs. Crutchley. "Any one who sits next to me is sure to win, even if I lose."

Mr. Beauclerk and Madame de Perrefonds were having a slight breeze. One of her beautiful white hands was covering a little pile of money, and over it Beauclerk's fingers were agitating distractedly.

"No, I assure you, comtesse, that is my money. Oh no, really."

"But, Mr. Beauclerk, you are mistaken."

"Comtesse, I assure you."

But with admirable firmness, Madame de Perrefonds swept the little pile of sovereigns into her store.

"I am quite certain I am right."

If good manners compelled Beauclerk to modify his anguish he placed absolutely no check on his expression, but Madame de Perrefonds blew a leisurely puff from her cigarette and turned to her other neighbour.

"I say, don't all pretend you've gone deaf! Can any of you lend me a tenner?"

But Reggie's appeal was still ignored, while Bellamy's voice told against the whirling wheel.

"Skill, my dear Dawlish; skill, believe me."

"There, I'm done," said Reggie; and then added with plaintive hopelessness, "Can any one lend me a tenner?"

Lady Charlotte unostentatiously pushed a note towards him.

"Oh, I say, I can't borrow——"

"From a woman? Nonsense! I'm old enough to be your grandmother."

"All right, give it here; there's nobody looking."

"Besides," said Lady Charlotte, "it's lucky to play with borrowed money."

"Rien ne va plus."

The bank was having things all its own way.

"There goes the new hunter I had promised myself," said Crutchley.

"Black again! Well, I'm——" Reggie pulled himself up just in time, and everybody laughed.

"You are right, Dawlish, my luck is extraordinary."

"I am told," said Madame de Perrefonds, "that Prince Grashkin has blown his brains out at Monte Carlo."

"Those Russian beggars always take such heavy risks," said Crutchley.

"Do you think Mr. Vandeleur would ever blow out his brains?" asked Madame de Perrefonds.

And only Reggie saw the joke.

"Rien ne va plus," said Spottitt.

He hardly noticed the growing pile before him, but his half-closed eyes continually sought the table at which Dawlish and Bellamy were sitting.

"Miss Gray, you are the only one amongst us who is winning."

Pamela Gray had hardly spoken during the whole game. Her stakes were invariably small, but the pile of money before her had grown consistently.

"At last!" said Reggie. "That puts me right, and gives me something to go on with. Thanks, Lady Charlotte."

"Keep it till the end of the game, Reggie, or you will change your luck."

"Rien ne va plus," said Spottitt, with his eyes on Dawlish; but before the words were well out of his mouth, Dawlish had risen, white and furious.

"There is something wrong!"

Everybody turned to the speaker, startled. There was no mistaking the remark and the tone in which it was delivered. A charge of dynamite exploded in their midst could not have created more consternation.

Bellamy alone preserved his perfect *sang froid*.

"You are losing, Dawlish. That is what is wrong from your point of view."

"I tell you, Bellamy, everything is not quite square."

A set of more bewildered expressions than those that gazed on Dawlish at the moment had probably never been.

"Dawlish, for God's sake!" said Reggie, in an undertone.

Bellamy rose leisurely to his feet, and interrogated Dawlish courteously.

"What do you mean, Mr. Dawlish?"

"There is no ace of clubs in that pack."

It was at this moment that Lady Bellamy unexpectedly rose to a supreme effort of tact. She turned to the other women, and said—

"Shall we go into the drawing-room?"

"I would much rather not, Selina," said Lady Charlotte, modulating her deep baritone to a tense *mezza voce*.

Bellamy looked at Dawlish almost in pity. He was sorry for him. He was out of his element, and he had made a horrible social blunder. The results for him would be quite gruesome.

"Perhaps Mr. Dawlish will explain," he said gently.

"I have received two anonymous letters, saying that Lord Bellamy has been cheating. I told Vandeleur about them."

But Reggie's voice protested in harmonics.

"I say, look here, don't drag me into it! You told me that you had received the letters, and I said I did not believe them, and I advised you to burn them."

"This is all very interesting," said Bellamy, "but rather transpontine, don't you think?" He had almost suggested that Dawlish was being influenced by his early theatre-going days, which would no doubt have taught him that all the members of the aristocracy cheated at cards, but his instinct was to spare his guest as far as possible. "It is very soon settled," he continued. "Crutchley, will you count those cards?"

Again Lady Bellamy tried what tact would do.

"Shall we go into the drawing-room?"

But nobody took the least notice of her. She might as well have tried to drag a street crowd away from a dog-fight.

"If you wish it," said Crutchley, "but surely——"

There was a dead silence. The women were white, almost terrified, with the exception of Pamela Gray. Her breath came and went not a whit faster, and her cheeks neither flushed nor paled, but the gaze with which she scrutinized Bellamy was grave and thoughtful.

The men were even whiter than the women. They saw more clearly the hideousness of the thing. The expression of Portchester's face was quite awful.

Spottitt had risen with the others, but remained immovable, watching the scene, sphinx-like.

Crutchley counted the cards through carefully, and when he had finished, muttered—

"I must have made a mistake."

When he had counted them again he looked up.

"There is no ace of clubs," he said.

The remark gave Dawlish courage. During the minutes that had elapsed since he had first spoken he had experienced positive torture. Should he be wrong, his humiliation before these careless, indifferent aristocrats would be inconceivable.

"That is what the letter said; and it said also that the ace will be found in Lord Bellamy's sleeve."

But this was too much. An exclamation of protest rose from everybody. This poor wretched intruder must have taken leave of his senses.

"Good heavens, we're not at the Egyptian Hall!" said Portchester.

"The man's mad!" said Lady Charlotte.

"It's all rot!" squeaked Reggie.

"Shall we go into the drawing-room?" again implored Lady Bellamy, all unheeded.

Bellamy held out his arm.

"Will you settle this matter, Crutchley?"

"If I am wrong——" began Dawlish.

"My good man," said Lady Charlotte sternly, "hold your tongue. "You've done quite enough mischief for one evening."

The Duchess of Havant was characteristically helping the situation by weeping feebly.

"My dear Bellamy, is this necessary?" said Crutchley.

"Oh, I think we should satisfy Mr. Dawlish."

Crutchley unwillingly felt Bellamy's left sleeve carefully.

"There is nothing there," he said.

And though every one had protested against the mere idea, a sigh of relief arose.

Bellamy held out his other arm, and Crutchley resumed his task more cheerfully.

Suddenly he started, and if he had had any intention of saving Bellamy the action made it impossible.

The company gazed at him, breathless. Surely it was not possible. Was Bellamy really guilty, and was his bravado based on the despairing assumption that Crutchley would save him?

Bellamy was the only person present who appeared unruffled.

"Go on, Crutchley," he said easily, "go on."

Crutchley looked at him in amazement, and thinking that, after all, he must be mistaken, he examined the sleeve again. This time he drew from it a card, which he dropped on the table as though it had stung him. It fell face upwards. It was the ace of clubs.

What was to be done?

They all stood gazing at the wretched piece of pasteboard as if they felt that to look away from it would cast upon them the responsibility of action.

And then Bellamy began to laugh.

They all looked at him in astonishment.

He had realized the whole thing, and his delightful sense of humour had saved him from looking ridiculous at the most unpleasant moment of his life. He walked to the door, and, turning to his guests, said courteously—

"Please don't disturb yourselves on my account. Lady Bellamy will be here." And he left the room.

"Will some one find my shawl?" said Lady Charlotte. "I think, perhaps, we had all better go to bed."

Reggie put her shawl round her shoulders, and she swept past Dawlish out of the room, with her head up

like a *vieille marquise* of the *ancien régime* going to execution.

Mrs. Crutchley slipped after her. She could not have remained to hear the discussion.

Spottitt noted her exit and her emotion.

Lady Bellamy looked helplessly around, and then, far from entertaining her guests as Bellamy had suggested, she disappeared, without even inviting the remaining ladies to accompany her to the drawing-room.

Dawlish had stood biting his moustache, looking about as wretched as it was possible for any man to look. Finally, he muttered good night, which nobody took the trouble to answer, and went out.

So far only Lady Charlotte had spoken ; but the chief actors being removed, the tongues of the others were loosened.

"I don't know," said Beauclerk, "when I've been in such an awkward situation."

"What are we to do?" asked the Duchess of Havant, who, as not even Pamela Gray had taken any notice, had ceased weeping.

"Shall I wire for mamma?" said Reggie. "If she were only here she'd probably know exactly what to do, and make Dawlish look a perfect ass."

"It's fearfully awkward," said Portchester, "sleeping in a man's house when you can't know him."

"Fearfully awkward? I should think it is," said Reggie. "Fancy having to cut a man on the way to his own bathroom!"

"You'll have to leave the house without a bath," said Portchester.

"Don't be disgusting," answered Reggie.

"I should not allow a bath to interfere with my journey," said Madame de Perrefonds.

"We can't sleep in the park."

"No, that's too beastly draughty."

Spottitt and Pamela Gray joined the others. They had been talking together quietly at the other end of the room.

"You might just as well sleep under a man's roof as under his trees," said Spottitt.

"Do you think," asked Pamela Gray, in her clear, cold voice, "that Lord Bellamy will shoot himself?"

No one's mind had travelled so far, but the suggestion was full of possibilities.

"I shan't sleep all night," said the duchess, which meant that if there was any possibility of such an event, she would certainly remain awake so as not to miss the excitement.

"What a terrible scandal there will be," said Mrs. Gresham, who was busy composing paragraphs in her brain for half a dozen Society journals, and reckoning up profits.

"Terrible!" said Mr. Beauclerk. "The clubs will ring with it." And he already saw himself on the hearthrug at White's, talking to a packed house.

"I shall go to bed," said the comtesse; "but I shall not sleep. I shall read 'La Maison Tellier.' That

always keeps me awake, so that if there is any excitement—my *peignoir*, and I am there.”

“A good idea,” said Reggie. “I shall keep myself awake with cigarettes. What’s that?” he concluded shrilly.

“What’s what?”

“Didn’t you hear it?”

“No.”

They all listened.

“What did it sound like?”

“Like a champagne cork,” said Reggie.

They listened again, and came to the conclusion that Reggie had been mistaken.

“The first thing to do,” he said, “is to have a settling up here.” He gazed at the table blankly. “I say, what has become of all the money?”

“By Jove!” said Portchester, “I believe that in the excitement of the moment I swept it into my pocket! I beg your pardon, Spottitt.”

Spottitt laughed. “I assure you it doesn’t matter.”

“What extraordinary presence of mind!” murmured Pamela Gray.

It was quite unlike her to make such a joke, but she was thinking of Bellamy.

Portchester looked at her angrily, and began the lengthy calculation as to how much he had had in his pocket, and how much he owed the rest of the company.

“What a bally swindle!” said Reggie. “I was winning like anything.”

Even equable Crutchley looked annoyed.

"My dear Portchester, what a silly thing to do!"

"I wasn't thinking," said Portchester, helplessly, beginning his calculation afresh for the third time.

"Then I wish to goodness you would think," snapped Beauclerk.

"C'est très ennuyant. I shall go to my room. Poor Lady Bellamy—what a disgrace? She will have to live in the country when every one else is in town, and live in town when everybody is in the country. A good night to every one."

The Duchess of Havant turned to Mrs. Gresham. "Are you coming, Maude?" Her arm was already twined round Pamela Gray's waist.

"Yes, I think so."

They went out together.

"Do you think there will be any more excitement?" asked Mrs. Gresham, when they had all collected in the duchess's room.

"But of course," answered Madame de Perrefonds, "Lord Bellamy must do the right thing. You see, it does not matter a man cheating at cards if he kills himself when he is found out."

"How very true," said the duchess, as though she were listening to one of the commandments.

"Are we all going to sit up?" asked Pamela Gray.

"Of course."

"Then," said the duchess, who always grew painfully

conscious of her corsets after twelve o'clock at night, "I shall get into something comfortable."

"We will all get into something comfortable," agreed Madame de Perrefonds.

"Poor Mrs. Crutchley!" said Mrs. Gresham; "I am very sorry for her. She will feel it most."

"That is very true. They have been such friends," said Madame de Perrefonds.

"Ah," said the duchess, "it all comes of having stockbrokers in the house."

Madame de Perrefonds opened a new box of cigarettes, and the duchess and Pamela Gray tucked themselves up on one sofa, while Madame de Perrefonds ensconced herself on another, babbling and smoking interminably.

Mrs. Gresham went away to get into something comfortable, but did not return, which made Madame de Perrefonds opine that she was hard at work writing accounts of the event for the journal to which she contributed.

CHAPTER XXII

THE men, left alone, continued to discuss the matter.

"I am awfully sorry for Bellamy," said Reggie. "I would have staked my reputation on his honour."

"Your what?" asked Portchester.

"My reputation."

"Oh, go to bed!"

"Reggie's stakes are never very high," said Crutchley, with as much of a laugh as the gloom of the circumstances permitted.

The smile on Reggie's face remained undimmed. He might have been the recipient of the most honeyed compliments for all the effect their remarks had on him.

"I'm going to bed, but I shall wear some pyjamas that I shan't mind appearing in at a moment's notice."

The men went off to their rooms in pairs. They had a morbid dread of meeting Bellamy in the passage, and, under the circumstances, they would much sooner have come face to face with a raging lion. Should they meet him the situation would be one of almost insurmountable difficulty. Perhaps, however, after all,

he would keep his room till they had left the house in the morning.

Spottitt went with Reggie. He was thinking deeply, but he managed to display a fair amount of interest in his companion's chatter.

Finally he made up his mind that even although he would prefer Mrs. Crutchley's late lover dead than alive, Bellamy had always been very charming to him, and he might just as well do what he could to bring Stevens to book. He would go and see Bellamy, and ask him if he cared to leave the matter to him. So, having passed an opinion on the pair of pyjamas which Reggie chose as suitable for a dramatic exit from his bedroom in the middle of the night, he went in search of his host.

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN Bellamy left his guests he went straight to his own private room.

He was intensely amused, despite the fact that he was fully alive to the probable consequences of the evening's scene. It had been admirably done. That he should have gone about since he had dressed for dinner with that incriminating card up his sleeve was very interesting. It was almost incredible.

When he found himself alone he examined the cuff of his dress coat. Yes, a piece about the width of narrow braid had been sewn across so as just to catch the edge of the card and prevent its slipping down.

The first thing to do was to ring for Stevens, and try, if possible, to come to terms. Money can do wonders.

He rang the bell.

"Send Stevens to me," he said to the man who answered it.

Then he lit a cigarette and waited. Stevens entered, respectful and attentive as ever.

"Your lordship sent for me?"

"Stevens, why aren't you an ambassador?"

Stevens inclined his head slightly in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I don't know, my lord. I have often felt that I could fill a more exalted station."

"You've done for me, Stevens—finished me."

"Indeed? I don't understand your lordship."

"Somehow I shouldn't have thought that revenge was in your line."

"Revenge, my lord?"

"Come, come, don't pretend to misunderstand me. I pitted myself against you, and I've lost. Was Mrs. Stevens in the plot?"

"No, my lord; Mrs. Stevens was in bed."

"It was very clever, Stevens—very clever."

"It is very good of you to say so, my lord. It was a trump card."

"Hardly. Hearts were trumps. Now, let us come to terms at once." Bellamy unlocked his cheque-book. "What about a confession?"

Stevens shook his head firmly.

"I am afraid not. A confession might bring me into contact with the law; in fact, it would be sure to."

"Oh dear, no. I should be prepared to give you an undertaking to that effect."

"I have no doubt, and I thank your lordship for your consideration; but I am on the right side of the fence, and I think I will stay there."

"Surely, my good man, there must be some money arrangement possible?"

"No, I thank your lordship."

"Quite sure?"

"Quite sure, my lord."

"Name your own terms."

"No, I thank your lordship."

There was something very irrevocable about Stevens's manner, and Bellamy had an uncomfortable sensation that he was as much his executioner as if he had worn a black mask and held a gleaming axe; in fact, the thought chilled him a little, and it became necessary to surmount the situation. He gave an amused and highly successful laugh.

"Shall we call in Spottitt, Stevens?"

For a moment Stevens's face looked dangerous, but he replied quietly—

"Mr. Spottitt is a great man—for one so young, a very great man; but I don't think that even he could be useful to your lordship."

"You see, Stevens, you put me in a very awkward position. If you persist in letting the world remain under the impression that I am a card-sharper, I shall have no alternative but to go and tell my ancestors all about it."

"So I surmised, my lord, when I made my arrangements."

"Unpleasant, you know, Stevens."

"Your lordship has had a very good time."

Bellamy laughed.

"Splendid, splendid! I must confess that I've had

extraordinary success. The secret of success is impertinence. That remark would be worth while leaving to Spottitt as a legacy if he had not so thoroughly grasped the fact already. I still think I could enjoy myself, you know."

"No doubt."

Bellamy almost thought that he detected a yawn.

"I am not boring you?"

"Certainly not, my lord."

"And you don't see your way to meeting me?"

"I am afraid not."

"You are very heartless, Stevens—very heartless."

"I am sorry your lordship should think so."

"If during the next half-hour you should change your mind, let me know."

"Certainly, my lord." Stevens went to the door, and, when he had reached it, turned. "I should be glad to have your lordship's assurance that in this matter your lordship feels that I have acted like a gentleman's gentleman."

"Absolutely, Stevens—absolutely," said Bellamy, pleasantly.

"Thank you, my lord."

Stevens went out, but reappeared in one second, and announced—

"Mr. Spottitt wishes to see your lordship."

"Come in, Spottitt. Have a brandy and soda?"

"Thank you," said Spottitt. "I see you have some cigars."

"Yes; try them—they're very good. Do you think, Spottitt, smoking will be forbidden in the next world?"

"Not in our next world. I should say it would be automatic."

Bellamy laughed appreciatively. "What an artist you are, Spottitt! You have a perfect deathbed manner. Breeding and impertinence are the most compelling combination in the world."

"Stevens scores?"

"Entirely."

"Can I be of any use?"

"I don't see how."

Bellamy came to the conclusion that it would be better in the eyes of a man like Spottitt to die whimsically than tragically.

"My dear Spottitt, Stevens has very little to do with the matter."

"Oh, I don't know." And Spottitt told Bellamy what he had seen through the glasses.

When he had finished, Bellamy said—

"I don't deny that Stevens has made things a little unpleasant, but that isn't the reason I think of making Lord Braby an earl. I've been accused of ogling, Spottitt, and when a man of my age is accused of ogling it means that his humiliation has begun."

"It's certainly the skeleton at the feast."

"It would be impossible," continued Bellamy, "to change my manner of life. I must have romance, and the excellent palace of artifice which I have built has

collapsed at the word 'ogle.' ” He gave a slight shudder. “The word reeks of decay. You follow me, Spottitt ? ”

“Perfectly. And I only hope that I may have as much courage when——” He was about to say, “when I am your age,” but changed it to the words, “later on.”

“I have cheated life so far,” said Bellamy. “To be cheated by life in its turn would spoil the fun ; don’t you think so ? ”

“I am sure of it. There is a psychological moment in every one’s life when he or she can die well. So few have the courage to seize it.”

“Quite so,” said Bellamy. “And it is only we cynics who have a genuine faith in the eternal balance of things who can face death pleasantly.”

“But death is pleasant,” said Spottitt.

“I am doing my best to think so,” said Bellamy.

And they both laughed.

“Can I do anything for you, Spottitt ? ”

Spottitt shrugged his shoulders.

“Oh, I see,” said Bellamy, laughing again. “With all the pleasure in the world.” He sat down and wrote a cheque. “If you are quick you might cash it before the news gets about.”

“Thank you,” said Spottitt.

“Good night,” said Bellamy. “You’ll forget me as soon as possible, won’t you ? ”

“Of course.” And Spottitt went upstairs and sought Reggie’s room, reflecting at the same time how absurd it was that he should feel sleep to be out of the question.

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN Mrs. Gresham left the Duchess of Havant's room she met Stevens.

A brilliant idea struck her. If she could only be in London early the next morning, she could go straight to the newspaper offices and make her own terms. It would be worth a certain amount of bribery, and it was a thing to be done boldly.

She stopped Stevens, whose manner certainly did not suggest that he had been having a life-and-death interview with his master.

"You are Lord Bellamy's servant, are you not?"

"Yes, m'm."

"Is it possible to catch a train to London to-night?"

"The mail stops at Rugby, m'm, but not till four o'clock."

"How far is Rugby?"

"Twelve miles, m'm."

"It is now eleven. I believe I could do it."

"It would be rather a long walk, m'm, at this time of night."

"Good heavens, I couldn't walk it! I want you to get me a carriage."

"I am afraid I couldn't, m'm."

"You must, really. It is most important."

"Perhaps if you were to ask his lordship——?"

"Impossible." Time was pressing, and she made up her mind to act boldly. "How much? You understand—I'm bribing you."

"Perfectly, m'm. Ten pounds."

"Preposterous! I'll give you five."

"Ten pounds," reiterated Stevens, firmly.

"Absurd! Very well."

"In advance."

"It must be a cheque."

"Very good, m'm; but if there is any mistake about the cheque, I shall take extreme measures. I will go and see about the carriage at once."

"What an extraordinary man," murmured Mrs. Gresham to herself, as she hurried on to her room. She ran against Mr. Beauclerk.

"Have you seen a servant?" he asked.

"No. Where are you going?"

"To London. I must be in the club to-morrow morning early. My dear Mrs. Gresham, I would not exchange the hearthrug of the club to-morrow morning for a throne."

"I was wondering whether it wouldn't be better to wait and see what happened," she said.

"I should certainly like to know whether he uses a revolver or prussic acid."

"One can't have everything. I shall guess prussic acid."

"Now that's because you're a woman," said Mr. Beauclerk. "I shall plump for a revolver."

"How are you going?" asked Mrs. Gresham.

"I am told the only way is to reach Rugby and catch the mail. Of course you can't do that."

"I can, and I mean to."

"There is no carriage."

It then struck Mrs. Gresham that if she could manage so that Mr. Beauclerk paid Stevens his ten pounds it would be a very excellent thing, so she answered—

"There is a carriage, and I have secured it."

Mr. Beauclerk looked at her imploringly.

"Oh, Mrs. Gresham, may I——?"

"I am afraid it is impossible." And then she added thoughtfully, "Of course, I am bribing the servants."

"Of course, of course."

"They want twenty pounds."

"Good heavens! Utterly preposterous."

"Twenty pounds. They won't do it for less. You pay half."

"Oh no; it's really too much money!"

"Your reputation is at stake. Think of your audience. The clubs will simply hang upon your words. By lunch time to-morrow, any one who is anybody will form part of it."

"There are not very many people in town," hesitated Mr. Beauclerk.

"There are always a certain number of people in town."

"Very well."

"I'll meet you here in a few minutes. Bring the money with you."

When they returned they found Stevens waiting.

"You will find the carriage about half a mile down the drive, m'm. It was not advisable to bring it up to the house."

"Have you got the money, Mr. Beauclerk?"

Mr. Beauclerk held out a ten-pound note dubiously between his finger and thumb. Mrs. Gresham took it from him and handed it to Stevens.

"And yours?" said Mr. Beauclerk, as she was moving off.

"It's quite right, sir," said Stevens. "The amount was ten pounds."

"Mrs. Gresham," protested Mr. Beauclerk, indignantly; but Mrs. Gresham hurried downstairs, and he was obliged to follow her lest she should go off without him.

Stevens let them out of a side door. It had begun to rain, and the wind had risen, and by the time they took their seats they were quite wet.

"The coachman looks very young," said Mr. Beauclerk, nervously.

"Oh, I've no doubt it will be all right, only I wish we were not so wet."

"I don't quite understand the question of the money, Mrs. Gresham."

"Oh, that's perfectly all right. I made a mistake,

so that, you see, I owe you five pounds." And Mrs. Gresham congratulated herself on a brilliant piece of finance.

Mr. Beauclerk was silent. It was very easy for Mrs. Gresham to say she owed him five pounds. When would she pay him?

They drove on in the pitch darkness, with the rain lashing at the windows. The carriage was swaying from side to side in the most extraordinary manner, and Mr. Beauclerk did nothing but peer out of the window, and say—

"I wonder where we are now?"

"Really, Mr. Beauclerk, you are making me quite nervous. Good gracious!" she said, as the carriage gave a sort of leap. "It feels as though he were jumping the gates. Is he, do you think?"

Then Mr. Beauclerk gave expression to a suspicion which had been growing on him ever since they started.

"I believe," he said, "that the coachman is drunk."

Mrs. Gresham gave a shrill scream.

"Open the window, and ask him at once."

"I'm afraid that might only irritate him."

"Well, we can't go on being driven about the country by a drunken coachman."

Mrs. Gresham's fears as to the continuance of the drive were at once set at rest, for there was a fearful jolt, the carriage rose on its side, and the next moment they were in two feet of water. The coachman had driven straight into a roadside pond.

Mr. Beauclerk got through the window with remarkable agility and swiftness, using Mrs. Gresham as a footstool ; but it is only fair to say that he loyally helped her through immediately afterwards. The horses were kicking and plunging furiously ; the coachman was nowhere to be seen ; in fact, nothing was to be seen at all. They might have remained seated on the top of the carriage had not the horses, who were rapidly reducing the vehicle to splinters, made the situation altogether too uncomfortable. They slipped off into the water, and after wading a few yards with their hearts in their mouths for fear that they might fall into some deep pool and be drowned, they reached dry land.

“What’s to be done ?” said Mr. Beauclerk.

“We must get back to Lanham,” said Mrs. Gresham.

“What ! and leave the horses and coachman there ? Perhaps the man’s drowning.”

“If he’s going to drown, he’s drowned.”

At this moment it became evident that the horses were coming out of the water, and Mrs. Gresham gave a wild scream, favoured with a complementary yell from Mr. Beauclerk, as the horses, their legs freed from the weight of water, tore past them with the remnants of what had once been a carriage at their heels.

“We might have been killed !” whimpered Mr. Beauclerk.

Suddenly a figure, shouting, "Stop them !" ran up. It was the coachman, obviously sobered by the accident.

They clung to him, one on each side.

"You wretch !" said Mrs. Gresham, fixing her long, aristocratic fingers into the fleshy part of his arm.

"You ruffian !" said Mr. Beauclerk.

"My Gawd, I shall get the sack !" moaned the man.

"And be prosecuted," screamed Mr. Beauclerk through the wind.

"We'll see to that !" screeched Mrs. Gresham.

Her hair was about her shoulders, and her skirt was dripping, and could it have been seen, it would have been indecent to look upon.

"You'll be my accomplices. It'll all come out that I was paid to do it."

For one moment Mrs. Gresham, being the stronger minded of the two, wondered whether it might not be better to knock him on the head there and then, and leave his corpse in the pond ; but Mr. Beauclerk, being physically weak, had developed the diplomatic side of his character.

"If you will take us back to Lanham," he shouted in the man's ear, "I'll get you another place when you are dismissed."

"You'll give me a reference ?" said the man.

"We'll both give you a reference," shouted Mrs. Gresham in the other ear.

They had all got their faces as close together as

possible, and the coachman, provoked by the tickling of his ear caused by Mrs. Gresham screaming into it, drew his head sharply back, and Mr. Beauclerk's nose came into contact with a cranium of the lower ape-like order, hard as a bullet. His anguish passed unnoticed, and only after they had both tendered their solemn assurance that they would give the man a reference, and that they would each vouch from personal experience as to his sobriety, did he consent to start for Lanham. Had they not done so, he announced his firm intention of going "Gawd knows where," and departing to the bad. Terms having been arranged, they commenced to tramp back, each of them holding on to the wretched groom—for he was no more—lest he should leave them to die of exposure.

Mr. Beauclerk knew his nose was bleeding, but as to how much or how little he could not say, owing to the streaming rain.

CHAPTER XXV

THE events of the evening provoked Reggie to quite a spirited display of indignation and courage. He sought Dawlish out in his room, and gave him a piece of his mind.

"I'm damned sorry I ever got you the invitation," he concluded.

"You can't be more sorry than I am."

"You've behaved like a cad."

If anybody else had said as much, Dawlish would probably have flown at his throat, but his contempt was so profound that it would have taken a good deal to provoke him to use physical violence towards Reggie.

"I'd give you back that five hundred pounds if I'd got it."

As a matter of fact, Reggie still had the greater part of it, but, whilst anxious to preserve himself from the possibility of having to return the money, he wished to have the satisfaction of throwing the transaction in Dawlish's face.

"Aren't you rather giving yourself away?" said Dawlish, quietly.

"Oh, I don't care about that," said Reggie, showing

by his easy callousness as to his own share in the matter that he was his mother's son. "You have behaved like a cad," he said, "and you are a cad !"

Dawlish, who was packing a small bag, sprang to his feet.

"Get out of my room, you effeminate little beast !"

"How dare you !" screamed Reggie. "I don't care if Bellamy did cheat. It serves you jolly well right for your presumption."

Dawlish came towards him threateningly, but Reggie was roused to courage by sheer fury.

"If you touch me," he snapped, "I'll bite !"

Dawlish laid a hand on his coat-collar, and Reggie, clutching the other wrist as though it were some choice morsel, made his well-tended teeth meet in the palm of Dawlish's hand. The next moment he had measured his length outside Dawlish's room, and the door was locked on him. Reggie did not care. He knew that he had had the best of the argument, physically and verbally. He had inflicted such a wound on Dawlish's hand as must give a considerable amount of pain, and he had made him feel that there was not a soul in the house who was grateful to him for what he had done, or would ever know him again in consequence. He himself was absolutely unhurt, and he was quite comforted when he discovered that his dress coat was not injured.

By the time he reached his room he was thoroughly elated with what he considered his success.

"Poor old Bellamy !" he reflected. "I wonder how

he'll do it? If it isn't a revolver, we shan't hear anything, and I don't want to stay up all night for nothing ; it's so aging."

It was curious how the idea that Bellamy would take leave of his human habitation had impressed everybody as being inevitable. It showed that they were no bad judges of character.

CHAPTER XXVI

THERE was a grim silence about the house as Mrs. Crutchley, her eyes heavy with weeping, stole down towards the room where she had ascertained Bellamy to be. As she passed the Duchess of Havant's room there came from it the odour of cigarettes and the babble of a high-pitched French voice talking English with unusual grammatical accuracy, though with a strong accent.

The servants had all gone to bed, but they were the only people asleep. The entire house party, she knew, were listening behind closed doors. On a small landing she ran into the arms of Mr. Spottitt. The moonlight fell upon her pale face and tired eyes. Her black hair was disordered, and she looked strangely wraith-like and beautiful.

"You have been with Lord Bellamy?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Poor Lady Charlotte has been crying—the first time, she declares, since her husband died. Isn't it all dreadful!"

"Life is always dreadful," he said; "but never so dreadful as when it is monotonous."

She compressed her lips and shook her head sadly.

"Do you think it is quite the time for jesting?"

"Why not? The truest egotism lies in the impersonal. We should consider ourselves merely contributories to a colour scheme. We must not be too sure that our fellow workers are matching the shades wrongly because their selections hurt us."

He drew her behind some curtains which divided the landing from an alcove, where there was a deep window seat and heavy-scented flowers. She trembled a little, but his fascination for her was developing.

"You are very clever," she said. "I think you are almost as clever as Lord Bellamy."

"Quite as clever," he asserted confidently; and then murmured treacherously—"and younger."

He drew her closer to him, firmly, though with appeal.

Something told her that the shiver that went through him was a compliment Bellamy could never have paid anybody. It was in the natural breeding of youth, and argued a sensitiveness and freshness which middle age must outgrow and even forget, however much it might attempt to simulate with masks the outward effectiveness of spring-time things.

Yes, he was decidedly younger, and, like all educated temperaments, she was beginning to appreciate the value of youth. It is only very young women and girls who are unable to do so.

She found the situation strangely comforting—the moonlight, the fragrance of flowers, and a new lover.

"Are you going to say good-bye to him?" said Spottitt.

She gave a shudder.

"You don't mean to say that——?"

"It's quite like going to visit some one in prison, isn't it? The only thing is that you can't help him to escape disguised, unless," he added laughing, "you happen to know an airship starting for the moon."

When Mrs. Crutchley knocked at the door, Bellamy's voice murmured, "Come in."

She opened it and entered. He rose and stretched out his hand.

"My dear Jack, how good of you!"

He was perfectly consistent. He made no attempt to help out the situation with any echo of their dead past. Their romance had ended earlier in the evening, and he presumed that she had come as a friend.

"Oh, Gerald, I am so sorry."

"So am I."

"Can nothing be done to hush it up?"

"My dear Jack, what is the use of these things happening if they are to be hushed up? How fortunate for you that we said good-bye earlier in the evening!"

"I don't want to say good-bye."

"Oh yes, you do. You think you don't, but you do. You have not perhaps considered that for the future all my acquaintances will have to consist of damaged goods. I have been thinking, Jack, that I shall found a colony in which no one is to be allowed

who is not wealthy or clever, and in both cases disreputable ; no one permitted to land who cannot show his ticket-of-leave."

"Oh, Gerald, don't joke at this awful moment !"

"There is nothing very awful, Jack. I have had a good time, and I have been bowled over."

"Why did you do it ?"

"Do what ?"

"Keep something up your sleeve ?"

Bellamy laughed to himself. He realized how perfectly futile it would be to mention such a word as innocence. She would politely and outwardly believe him, and inwardly think it very small. The sentimentalist would have left her his innocence as a sacred heritage ; but, then, sentimentalists are foolish people who always intrude their ill-informed emotions, to the eternal injury of proportion. He took it lightly.

"Oh, that was a joke ! Pity they did not see it from my point of view. I've too much sense of humour, Jack—too much sense of humour, and that is, or is not, the greatest tragedy that can happen to any one."

He was sitting on the edge of the table, and she was standing before him on the hearthrug, the apotheosis of the exquisitely dishevelled.

"Can't you say it was a joke ?"

"Yes, I can say so, and I might be believed, if Society's sense of humour were equal to my own."

"It'll all be so miserable," she said plaintively. "I

shall have to listen while people say the most dreadful things about you, and it's the sort of thing that Rollo will be so high-principled about."

Bellamy shook his head with mock seriousness.

"Oh, Rollo is a great moralist! But you'll soon get accustomed to it, Jack, and perhaps you will even acquire the knack."

"Don't!"

"If it hurts you, I won't. Stay at home for a month, see nobody, and when you emerge you will find that everybody is talking about somebody else."

"A month is such a dreadfully long time," she answered.

"Bravo, Jack!" he laughed. "You are catching the knack already. I really believe you will do me credit after all, even when—when——" He checked himself. He really could not risk a scene, and he said instead, "I shouldn't wonder if you found a fortnight sufficient. I am a little sorry for you, Jack. I am afraid you will never find another friend like me."

"I shall never try, Gerald," she said. And at the moment she had forgotten all about her scene with Spottitt.

"Now go to bed like a good little girl."

"I can't go to bed like a good little girl."

"It is difficult when you are not a good little girl, isn't it?" he said, laughing. "But I mustn't sit up late, so run along. In the critical moments of one's life the great thing is to be alone. Good night."

"Good night. We have enjoyed ourselves, haven't we?"

"Yes, we have."

She put up her lips to be kissed, and he touched them with a delightful suggestion of *camaraderie*.

Then she left him, wondering.

When he thought she had reached her room, he went out, and ran lightly upstairs. He knew his son's bedroom, and went in. He turned on the light, and locked the door communicating with the room in which the nurse slept.

The nurse was out of bed in a moment, asking who was there.

"It is all right. It is I, Lord Bellamy."

She returned to her bed, bewildered.

He went over and looked down at his son. Then he took a chair, and seated himself beside the sleeping child. He passed his hand over the boy's forehead, who stirred uneasily in his sleep, murmuring.

Lord Bellamy repeated the action, and Braby opened his eyes.

"How are you, Braby?"

The child looked at him vaguely for a moment, and was about to settle down again when Lord Bellamy took his hand.

"Braby, I want to speak to you. How are you?"

"I am quite well, thank you." He allowed Lord Bellamy to lift him out of bed, a sleepy little figure in pyjamas.

"Braby, I am afraid I have been cutting down too much timber—not that it will matter very much, for by the time you are twenty-one you will be quite well off. Don't yawn."

"Please, I'm very sorry."

"I don't want you to yawn, as I'm going to preach you a sermon. Ah, Braby, if you only had my experience, what a time you might have."

The child looked at him as if he were trying to understand. He was much fonder of his father than he was of his mother, and liked being with him. After a few seconds, feeling that he was expected to say something, he said, "Yes, papa."

The nurse, who was now listening at the keyhole, wondered what on earth Lord Bellamy's mysterious proceedings meant.

"Braby, the generations must alternate. A saint must be succeeded by a sinner, and *vice versa*. Only in this way can the great families persist. Now, it is your turn to be good."

"Yes, papa."

"Say it after me, Braby. 'It is my turn to be good.'"

"It is my turn to be good," repeated the child.

"It was my turn to be bad, and I always had a strict sense of duty. If you were not born to be a saint, Braby, I could give you a lot of good advice; but even as a saint you can have good manners. Very few have, but it can be done. A sense of manners is an instinct of

life. Now, as you are going to be a saint—Braby, wake up !”

Braby's head had drooped gradually towards his father's shirt-front. At the latter's admonition he lifted his head.

“That's right. I was saying that as you are going to be a saint, you won't have much need of money. A saint wants morals, a sinner money ; so leave a lot for the man who comes after you. Remember one bit of advice about women. The worst are the best, and the best are decidedly the worst. Hold fast to this maxim, my boy, and they will never dominate you. It will act as a charm, and I leave it to you as an inheritance more valuable than your earldom or Lanham. One thing more, Braby. Remember that, whether you are a saint or a sinner, you will equally regret it and wish you had been the other, and——” But a tiny little snore, which was like a grown-up sigh, told him that Braby's endurance had given out. He put him back into bed, murmuring, “The first sermon I have ever preached, and my congregation is asleep. I am sorry,” he said to himself, as he looked down at the sleeping babe ; “I should have liked to tell him that the saints have always gone in for a great many wives, and the sinners for a great many of the other thing, and that the sinners have always treated their women a great deal better than the saints have treated their wives.”

The door opened, and Lady Bellamy, of all people, entered the room.

"Gerald, what are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here, Selina?"

"Where should a mother be but by her child?"

"I have often felt inclined to ask you the question, Selina."

"Oh, Gerald, I cannot sleep—I cannot rest! This blow is terrible, terrible!"

He seemed hardly conscious of what she was saying, and continued to look at his sleeping heir. Lady Bellamy placed herself on the other side of the bed.

"Gerald," she asked plaintively, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"My dear Selina, all I ever had to say to you I said ten years ago at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. You remember, we brought the church into fashion."

"Gerald!"

"My dear girl, why will you persist in treating marriage as a question of sentiment? As I have often told you, whenever a situation arises pre-eminently requiring tact, you destroy it with sentiment. I apologize to you, Selina, for this evening, but I have no intention of allowing it to injure you more than I can help."

"You have wounded me in my most womanly feelings."

"Selina!"

"Yes, Gerald?"

"Believe me, I mean it in all courtesy when I say, Damn your womanly feelings!"

"I don't understand you." Suddenly Lady Bellamy gave a start of horror, and exclaimed, "Gerald !"

"What is it ?"

"I believe Braby is going to be plain !"

Bellamy looked at his heir earnestly.

"I wonder." And then he added thoughtfully, "If he is, it will save him a lot of trouble."

He left the room and went downstairs.

CHAPTER XXVII

It was fully an hour afterwards, but everybody heard it. Reggie leapt off his sofa with a squeak and rushed out of the room, and then rushed back again for fear he might be the first to see something gruesome which would frighten him out of his wits.

Spottitt went down the stairs like lightning.

Madame de Perrefonds displayed courage and curiosity in equal quantities, and was in the hall almost before him.

The Duchess of Havant and Pamela Gray arrived with Reggie, and at the same moment one or two servants appeared through a side door.

Madame de Perrefonds, still reeking of cigarettes, proceeded to make the scene she had been waiting for.

"*Mon Dieu !* What has happened ? Ah, it is terrible ! Poor Lady Bellamy ! Where did it happen ?"

Mrs. Crutchley appeared, gliding down the stairs, a ghost in a white *peignoir*. She looked as if she were going to faint, and Spottitt caught her just in time, and was able to lay her in her husband's arms.

"What is the matter?" asked Lady Charlotte.

She was a sight terrible to behold. Nobody could have believed that she had so little hair of her own, and she came down the grand staircase looking like a Red Indian chief, her scarlet quilted dressing-gown wrapped round her in barbarous majesty.

"Has no one anything to say to me?"

It was Lady Bellamy, addressing her assembled guests over the banisters of the first landing.

Before she could be answered, two apparitions, dripping from head to foot, almost unrecognizable beneath mud, appeared amidst the company.

It was Mrs. Gresham and Mr. Beauclerk.

"Wherever have you two come from?" asked Lady Charlotte.

"From the bottom of a pond," replied Mr. Beauclerk, furiously, "into which we were driven by the very worst coachman I ever sat behind."

"Serves you both right," said Lady Charlotte, "for attempting to elope."

"Elope?" cried Mr. Beauclerk.

"Elope?" wailed Mrs. Gresham.

While this was going on, Stevens passed through the assembly, which was now quite a crowd, including as it did all the guests and most of the servants. He went up a short flight of stairs and into the room where Spottitt had left Bellamy.

The men crowded after him, but he had hardly entered the room before he turned and faced them.

They all looked at him breathlessly.

He anticipated their question, and answered in his respectable, manservant voice, which reached everybody in the hall—

“His lordship has not forgotten that he was a gentleman.”

THE END

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

IN

GENERAL LITERATURE AND FICTION

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS

111 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS

Telegrams
Bookstore, London

LONDON, W.C.

Telephone No.
3524 Central

ADAMS (W. DAVENPORT), Books by.

A Dictionary of the Drama: A Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest Times to the Present. Vol. I. (A to G). Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.—Vol. II., completing the Work, is in preparation.

Quips and Quiddities. Selected by W. D. ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

AGONY COLUMN (The) of 'The Times,' from 1800 to 1870. Edited by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

ALDEN (W. L.). — Drewitt's Dream. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

ALLEN (GRANT), Books by.
Moorland Idylls. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Post-Prandial Philosophy. Crown 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Babylon. With 12 Illustrations.

Strange Stories.

The Beckoning Hand.

For Maimie's Sake.

Philistia. | In all Shades.

The Devil's Die.

This Mortal Coil.

The Tents of Shem.

The Great Taboo.

Dumaresq's Daughter.

Under Sealed Orders.

The Duchess of Powysland.

Blood Royal.

Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.

The Scallywag. With 24 Illustrations.

At Market Value.

The Tents of Shem. POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

Babylon. CHEAP EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

ANDERSON (MARY). — Othello's Occupation. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

ANTROBUS (C. L.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Quality Corner. | **Wildersmoor.**
The Wine of Finvarra.

ALEXANDER (Mrs.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each.

Valerie's Fate. | **Mona's Choice.**
A Life Interest. | **Woman's Wit.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Cost of her Pride.

A Golden Autumn.

Barbara, Lady's Maid & Peeress.

Mrs. Crichton's Creditor.

A Missing Hero.

A Fight with Fate.

The Step-mother.

Blind Fate. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

ALMAZ (E. F.). — Copper under the Gold. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

APPLETON (G. W.), Novels by.

Rash Conclusions: Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

The Lady in Sables: Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s.

ARNOLD (E. L.), Stories by.

The Wonderful Adventures of

Phra the Phœnician. Crown 8vo,

cloth, with 12 Illustrations by H. M.

PAGET, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated

boards, 2s.

The Constable of St. Nicholas.

With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth,

3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

ARTEMUS WARD'S Works.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Portrait, 3s. 6d.;

post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

ASHTON (JOHN), Books by.

English Caricature and Satire on

Napoleon the First. With 115

Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Social Life in the Reign of Queen

Anne. With 85 Illustrations. Crown

8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Social England under the Re-

gency. With 90 Illustrations.

Florizel's Folly: The Story of GEORGE

IV. and Mrs. FITZHERBERT. With 13

Illustrations.

ART.—For details of three important Series of Facsimiles in Colour of selected Works of The Early Painters of the Netherlands, of The Early German Painters, and of Italian Painters of the XVth and XVIth Centuries, see special Prospectus, to be had upon application.

AUSTEN (JANE), The Works of:

The ST. MARTIN'S EDITION, in Ten Volumes, each illustrated with Ten Reproductions after Water-colours by A. WALLIS MILLS. With Bibliographical and Biographical Notes by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Post 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net per vol. The Novels will be arranged in the following order, and the first volumes will be published in the Spring of 1908. Vols. I. and II., PRIDE AND PREJUDICE; Vols. III. and IV., SENSE AND SENSIBILITY; Vol. V., NORTHANGER ABBEY; Vol. VI., PERSUASION; Vols. VII. and VIII., EMMA; Vols. IX. and X., MANSFIELD PARK.

AUTHORS for the POCKET.

16mo, cloth, 2s. net ea.; leather, 3s. net ea.
The Pocket R. L. S.
The Pocket Thackeray.
The Pocket Charles Dickens.
The Pocket Richard Jefferies.
The Pocket George MacDonald.
The Pocket Emerson.
The Pocket Thomas Hardy.
The Pocket George Eliot.
The Pocket Charles Kingsley.
The Flower of the Mind.
The Pocket Ruskin.
The Pocket Lord Beaconsfield.

BACTERIA, Yeast Fungi, and

Affled Species, A Synopsis of. By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BARDSLEY (Rev. C. W.).—

English Surnames: Their Sources and Significations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

BARING-GOULD (S.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.

Red Spider. | **Eve.**

BARR (AMELIA E.).—Love will Venture in. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BARR (ROBERT), Stories by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
In a Steamer Chair. With 2 Illusts.
From Whose Bourne, &c. With 47 Illustrations by HAL HURST and others.
Revenge! With 12 Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED and others.

A Woman Intervenes.

A Prince of Good Fellows. With 15 Illustrations by E. J. SULLIVAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Speculations of John Steele.
The Unchanging East.

BARRETT (FRANK), Novels by.

Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. ea., cl., 2s. 6d. ea.

The Sin of Olga Zassoulloh.

Folly Morrison.

Little Lady Linton.

Honest Davie. | **Found Gulty.**

John Ford; and His Helpmate.

A Recoiling Vengeance.

Lieut. Barnabas.

For Love and Honour.

Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Between Life and Death.

Fettered for Life.

A Missing Witness. With 8 Illustrations by W. H. MARGETSON.

The Woman of the Iron Bracelets.

The Harding Scandal.

A Prodigal's Progress.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Under a Strange Mask. With 19 Illustrations by E. F. BREWTON.

Was She Justified?

The Obliging Husband. With Coloured Frontispiece.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Lady Judas.

The Error of Her Ways.

Fettered for Life. POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

BASKERVILLE (JOHN): A

Memoir. By RALPH STRAUS and R. K. DENT. With 13 Plates. Large quarto, buckram, 21s. net.

BATH (The) in Diseases of the

Skin. By J. L. MILTON. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

BEACONSFIELD, LORD. By T.

P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

BECHSTEIN (LUDWIG), and the

Brothers GRIMM.—As Pretty as Seven, and other Stories. With 98 Illustrations by RICHTER. Square 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

BEDE (CUTHBERT).—Mr. Ver-

dant Green. With 65 Illustrations. Post 8vo, 1s. net.

BENNETT (ARNOLD), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Leonora. | **A Great Man.**

Teresa of Watling Street. With 8 Illustrations by FRANK GILLET.

Tales of the Five Towns.

Sacred and Profane Love.

Hugo. | **The City of Pleasure.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Anna of the Five Towns.

The Gates of Wrath.

The Ghost.

The Grand Babylon Hotel. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

BENNETT (W. C.).—Songs for

Sailors. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s.

BESANT and RICE, Novels by.

Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. each; cl. limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.

The Golden Butterfly.

My Little Girl.

With Harp and Crown.

This Son of Vulcan.

The Monks of Thelema.

By Celia's Arbour.

The Chaplain of the Fleet.

The Seamy Side.

The Case of Mr. Lucraft.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.

The Ten Years' Tenant.

BESANT (Sir Walter),

Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

With 12 Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.

The Captain's Room, &c.

All in a Garden Fair. With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.

Dorothy Forster. With Frontispiece.

Uncle Jack, and other Stories.

Children of Gibeon.

The World Went Very Well Then.

With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

Herr Paulus.

The Bell of St. Paul's.

For Faith and Freedom. With Illusts. by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.

To Call Her Mine, &c. With 9 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

The Holy Rose, &c. With Frontispiece.

Armored of Lyonesse. With 12 Illustrations by F. BARNARD.

St. Katherine's by the Tower.

With 12 Illustrations by C. GREEN.

Verbena Camellia Stephanotis.

The Ivory Gate.

The Rebel Queen.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

With 12 Illustrations by W. H. HYDE.

In Deacon's Orders, &c. With Frontis.

The Revolt of Man.

The Master Craftsman.

The City of Refuge.

Crown 8vo, cloth 3s. 6d. each.

A Fountain Sealed.

The Changeling.

The Fourth Generation.

The Orange Girl. With 8 Illustrations by F. PEGRAM.

The Alabaster Box.

The Lady of Lynn. With 12 Illustrations by G. DEMAIN-HAMMOND.

No Other Way. With 12 Illustrations by C. D. WARD.

Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s. each.

St. Katherine's by the Tower.

The Rebel Queen.

LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITIONS, post 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net each; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net each.

London.

Westminster.

Sir Richard Whittington.

Gaspard de Colligny.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

BESANT (Sir Walter)—continued.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

The Golden Butterfly.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.

The Chaplain of the Fleet.

The Monks of Thelema.

The Orange Girl.

For Faith and Freedom.

Children of Gibeon.

Dorothy Forster.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. each.

London. With 125 Illustrations.

Westminster. With Etching by F. S.

WALKER, and 130 Illustrations.

South London. With Etching by F. S.

WALKER, and 118 Illustrations.

East London. With Etching by F. S.

WALKER, and 56 Illustrations by PHIL

MAY, L. RAVEN HILL, and J. PENNELL.

Jerusalem. By WALTER BESANT and

E. H. PALMER. With Map and 12 Illusts.

Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s. each.

As We Are and As We May Be.

Essays and Historiettes.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Fifty Years Ago. With 144 Illusts.

Gaspard de Colligny. With a Portrait.

Sir Richard Whittington.

The Charm, and other Drawing-room

Plays. With 50 Illustrations by CHRIS

HAMMOND, &c.

Art of Fiction. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

BEWICK (THOMAS) and His

Pupils. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95

Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BIBLIOTHECA ROMANICA: A

series of the Classics of the Romance (French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese) Languages: the Original Text, with Notes and Introductions in the original language. Small 8vo, 8d. net per vol.; cloth, 10d. net per vol.

1. **Molière: Le Misanthrope.**

2. **Molière: Les Femmes savantes.**

3. **Corneille: Le Cid.**

4. **Descartes: Discours de la méthode.**

5-6. **Dante: Divina Commedia I.: Inferno.**

7. **Boccaccio: Decameron: Prima giornata.**

8. **Calderon: La vida es sueño.**

9. **Restif de la Bretonne: L'an 2000.**

10. **Camões: Os Lusíadas: Canto I., II.**

11. **Racine: Athalie.**

12-15. **Petrarca: Rerum vulgarium fragmenta.**

16-17. **Dante: Divina Commedia II.: Purgatorio.**

18-20. **Tillier: Mon oncle Benjamin.**

21-22. **Boccaccio: Decameron: Seconda giornata.**

23-24. **Beaumarchais: Le Barbier de Séville.**

25. **Camões: Os Lusíadas: Canto III., IV.**

BIBLIOTHECA ROMANICA—*(continued).*

- 26-28. **Alfred de Musset**: Comédies et Proverbes: *La Nuit vénitienne*; *André del Sarto*; *Les Caprices de Marianne*; *Fantasio*; *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*.
29. **Cornelle**: *Horace*.
- 30-31. **Dante**: *Divina Commedia* III.: *Paradiso*.
- 32-34. **Prevost**: *Manon Lescaut*.
- 35-36. **Œuvres de Maître François Villon**.
- 37-39. **Guillem de Castro**: *Las Mocedades del Cid*, I., II.
40. **Dante**: *La Vita Nuova*.
- 41-44. **Cervantes**: *Cinco Novelas ejemplares*.
45. **Camões**: *Os Lusíadas*: Canto V., VI., VII.
46. **Molière**: *L'Avare*.
47. **Petrarca**: *I Trionfi*.
- 48-49. **Boccaccio**: *Decameron*: *Terza giornata*.
50. **Cornelle**: *Cinna*.

BIERCE (AMBROSE).—*In the Midst of Life*. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

BILL NYE'S *Comic History of the United States*. With 146 Illusts. by F. OPPER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BINDLOSS (HAROLD), *Novels by*. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Concession-Hunters.
The Mistress of Bonaventure.
Daventry's Daughter.

A Sower of Wheat. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Ainslie's Ju-Ju. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

BLAKE (WILLIAM), *The Poetical Works of*. Edited by E. J. ELLIS. In 2 Vols., each with Photogravure Frontispiece, small demy 8vo, buckram, 12s. net; half-leather, 15s. net

The Real Blake: A Portrait Biography by E. J. ELLIS. With 13 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, buckram, 12s. net.

William Blake: A Critical Study by A. C. SWINBURNE. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s. net.

William Blake: Etchings from his Works (8 Steel Plates and 2 Lithographs) by W. B. SCOTT. Colombier folio, half-cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

BLUNDELL'S Worthies, 1604-1904. By M. L. BANKS, M.A. With 10 Illustrats. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

BOCCACCIO.—*The Decameron*. With a Portrait. Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

BODKIN (Mc. D., K.C.), Books by.
Dora Myrl, the Lady Detective. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.; picture cl., flat back, 2s.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
Shillelagh and Shamrock.
Patsey the Omadaun.

BOURGET (PAUL).—*A Living Lie*. Translated by JOHN DE VILLIERS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BOYD.—*A Versailles Christmas-tide*. By MARY STUART BOYD. With 53 Illusts. by A. S. BOYD. Fcap. 4to, cl., 6s.

BOYLE (F.), Works by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Chronicles of No-Man's Land.
Camp Notes. | **Savage Life.**

BRAND (JOHN).—*Observations on Popular Antiquities*. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BRAYSHAW (J. DODSWORTH).—*Slum Silhouettes*: *Stories of London Life*. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BREWER'S (Rev. Dr.) Dictionaries. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
The Reader's Handbook of Famous Names in Fiction, Allusions, References, Proverbs, Plots, Stories, and Poems.
A Dictionary of Miracles: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic.

BREWSTER (Sir DAVID), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. each.
More Worlds than One: Creed of Philosopher, Hope of Christian. Plates.
The Martyrs of Science: GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER.
Letters on Natural Magic. With numerous Illustrations.

BRIGHT (FLORENCE).—*A Girl Capitalist*. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.—*Gastronomy as a Fine Art*. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON. Post 8vo, half-cl., 2s.

BRYDEN (H. A.).—*An Exiled Scot*. With Frontispiece by J. S. CROMPTON, R.I. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BRYDGES (HAROLD).—*Uncle Sam at Home*. With 91 Illusts. Post 8vo, illust. boards 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

BURGESS (GELETT) and WILL IRWIN.—*The Pizarros: A San Francisco Night's Entertainment*. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BURNS (ROBERT).—*The Cotter's Saturday Night*. With Illustrations by A. S. BOYD. Fcap. 4to, cl., 6s. net.

BURTON (ROBERT).—*The Anatomy of Melancholy*. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

BUCHANAN (ROBERT), Poems and Novels by.

The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan. 2 Vols., crown 8vo, buckram, with Portrait Frontispiece to each volume, 12s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Shadow of the Sword.

A Child of Nature.

God and the Man. With 11 Illustrations by F. BARNARD.

Lady Kilpatrick.

The Martyrdom of Madeline.

Love Me for Ever.

Annan Water. Foxglove Manor.

The New Abelard. Rachel Dene.

Matt: A Story of a Caravan.

The Master of the Mine.

The Heir of Linne.

Woman and the Man.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Red and White Heather.

Andromeda.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.

The Shadow of the Sword.

God and the Man.

Foxglove Manor.

The Charlatan. By ROBERT BUCHANAN

and HENRY MURRAY. Crown 8vo, cloth,

with Frontispiece by T. H. ROBINSON, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

CAINE (HALL), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

The Shadow of a Crime.

A Son of Hagar. The Deemster.

Also LIBRARY EDITIONS of the three novels, crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each; CHEAP POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, portrait cover, 6d. each; and the FINE PAPER EDITION of **The Deemster**, pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

CAMERON (V. LOVETT).—The

Cruise of the 'Black Prince' Privateer. Cr. 8vo, cloth, with 2 Illustrations by P. MACNAB, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

CAMPBELL (A. GODRIC).—

Fleur-de-Camp: a Daughter of France. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

CAPTAIN COIGNET, Soldier

of the Empire. Edited by LOREDAN

LARCHEY, and Translated by Mrs. CAREY.

With 100 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

CARLYLE (THOMAS).—On the

Choice of Books. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

CARROLL (LEWIS).—Alice in

Wonderland. With 12 Coloured and many Line Illustrations by MILLICENT SOWERBY. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net. (Published on Oct. 1, by special arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

CARRUTH (HAYDEN).—The Ad-

ventures of Jones. With 17 Illustrat'ns. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

CHAMBERS (ROBERT W.),

Stories of Paris Life by.

The King in Yellow. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

In the Quarter. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

CHAPMAN'S (GEORGE) Works.

Vol. I., Plays Complete, including the Doubtful Ones.—Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE.—Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

CHAUCER for Children: A Gol-

den Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Crown 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Chaucer for Schools. With the Story of his Times and his Work. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. Demy 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

CHESNEY (WEATHERBY).—

The Cable-man. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

CHESS, The Laws and Practice

of. With an Analysis of the Openings.

By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by

R. B. WORMALD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

The Minor Tactics of Chess: A

Treatise on the Deployment of the

Forces in obedience to Strategic Principle.

By F. K. YOUNG and E. C. HOWELL.

Fcap 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Hastings Chess Tournament.

The Authorised Account of the 230 Games

played Aug.-Sept., 1895. With Annotations

by PILLSBURY, LASKER, TARRASCH,

STEINITZ, SCHIFFERS, TEICHMANN, BAR-

DELEBEN, BLACKBURN, GUNSBURG,

TINSLEY, MASON, and ALBIN; Biographi-

cal Sketches, and 22 Portraits. Edited by

H. F. CHESHIRE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

CHILD-LOVER'S CALENDAR

(THE). With Col'd Illusts. by AMELIA

BAUERLE. 16mo, coloured boards, 1s. net.

CLARE (AUSTIN), Stories by.

For the Love of a Lass. Post 8vo,

illustrated boards, 2s.

By the Rise of the River. Crown

8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Tideway.

Randal of Randalholme.

CLIVE (Mrs. ARCHER), Novels

by. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; illus-

trated boards, 2s. each.

Paul Ferroll.

Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

CLODD (EDWARD).—Myths

and Dreams. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

COLLINS (J. CHURTON, M.A.),

Books by. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Illustrations of Tennyson.

Jonathan Swift.

COBBAN (J. MACLAREN),

Novels by.

The Cure of Souls. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.**The Red Sultan.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.**The Burden of Isabel.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**COLLINS (MORTIMER and****FRANCES),** Novels by Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrd. bds., 2s. each.**From Midnight to Midnight.****You Play me False.****Blacksmith and Scholar.****The Village Comedy.****Frances.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Transmigration.**A Flight with Fortune.****Sweet Anne Page.****Sweet and Twenty.****COLMAN'S (GEORGE) Humorous****Works:** 'Broad Grins,' 'My Nightgown and Slippers,' &c. With Life and Frontis. Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.**COLOUR-BOOKS.**

Large foolscap 4to, cloth, 20s. net each.

***Switzerland: The Country and its People.** By CLARENCE ROOK.

With 56 Illustrations in Three Colours by Mrs. JAMES JARDINE, and 24 in Two Tints.

The Colour of London.** By Rev. W. J. LOFTIE, F.S.A. With Introduction by M. H. SPIELMANN, F.S.A., and Illustrations in Three Colours and Sepia by YOSHIO MARKINO.The Colour of Paris.** By several FRENCH AUTHORS. Illustrated in Three Colours and Sepia by the Japanese artist, YOSHIO MARKINO. [Preparing]***Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus.** By D. S. MARGOLIOUTH, Litt.D. With Illustrations in Three Colours by W. S. S. TYRWHITT, R.B.A., and REGINALD BARRATT, A.R.W.S.**The Rhine.** By H. J. MACKINDER. With Illustrations in Three Colours by Mrs. JAMES JARDINE, and Two Maps.***Assisi of St. Francis.** By Mrs. ROBERT GOFF. With Introduction by J. KERR LAWSON. Illustrations in Three Colours by Colonel R. GOFF, and Reproductions of the chief Franciscan Paintings. [Preparing]***Devonshire: its Moorlands, Streams, and Coasts.** By Lady ROSALIND NORTHCOTE. With Illustrations in Three Colours by F. J. WIDGERY.

? [Preparing]

Large foolscap 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d. net each.

Venice.** By BERYL DE SELINCOURT and MAY STURGE-HENDERSON. With 30 Illustrations in Three Colours by REGINALD BARRATT, A.R.W.S.**Lisbon and Cintra:** with some Account of other Cities and Sites in Portugal. By A. C. INCHBOLD. With 30 Illustrations in Three Colours by STANLEY INCHBOLD. [Nov.]**COLOUR-BOOKS—continued.**From the Foreland to Penzance: Ports and Harbours of the South Coast.** By CLIVE HOLLAND. With numerous Illustrations in Three Colours by MAURICE RANDALL.**** Prospectuses of these Books, with details also in regard to SPECIAL COPIES on pure rag paper of those marked*, may be had.****COLLINS (WILKIE),** Novels by.

Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each; cl. limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Antonina. | **Basil.** | **Hide and Seek****The Woman in White.****The Moonstone.** | **Man and Wife.****The Dead Secret.** | **After Dark.****The Queen of Hearts.****No Name** | **My Miscellanies.****Armadale.** | **Poor Miss Finch.****Miss or Mrs.?** | **The Black Robe.****The New Magdalen.****Frozen Deep.** | **A Rogue's Life.****The Law and the Lady.****The Two Destinies.****The Haunted Hotel.****The Fallen Leaves.****Jezebel's Daughter.****Heart and Science.** | **'I Say No.'****The Evil Genius.** | **Little Novels.****The Legacy of Cain.** | **Blind Love.**

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.

The Woman in White.**Moonstone.** | **The New Magdalen.****The Dead Secret.** | **No Name.****Man and Wife** | **Armadale.****The Woman in White.** LARGE TYPE,

FINE PAPER EDITION. Pott 8vo, cloth,

gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

The Frozen Deep. LARGE TYPE EDIT.

Fcap. 8vo, cl., 1s. net; leather, 1s. 6d. net.

COLQUHOUN (M. J.).—Every

Inch a Soldier. Crown 8vo, cloth,

3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

COLT-BREAKING, Hints on. By

W. M. HUTCHISON. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

COLTON (ARTHUR). — The**Belted Seas.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**COMPENSATION ACT (THE),**

1906: Who pays, to whom, to

what, and when it is applicable.

By A. CLEMENT EDWARDS, M.P. Crown

8vo, 1s net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

COMPTON (HERBERT), Novels by.**The Inimitable Mrs. Massing-****ham.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Wilful Way.**The Queen can do no Wrong.****To Defeat the Ends of Justice.****COOPER (E. H.),** Novels by.**Geoffrey Hamilton.** Crown 8vo,

cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Marquis. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**CORNISH (J. F.).—Sour Grapes.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

CORNWALL.—Popular

Romances of the West of England: The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. With two Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Cr. 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d.

COURT (The) of the Tuilleries, 1852 to 1870. By LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, The Annals of, from 1732 to 1897. By HENRY SANE WYNDHAM. With 45 Illustrations. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cl., 21s. net.

CRADDOCK (C. EGBERT), by. The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
His Vanished Star. Cr 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.
The Windfall. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

CRESSWELL (HENRY).—A Lady of Misrule. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

CRIM (MATT).—Adventures of a Fair Rebel. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

CROCKETT (S. R.) and others.—Tales of our Coast. By S. R. CROCKETT, GILBERT PARKER, HAROLD FREDERIC, 'Q.' and W. CLARK RUSSELL. With 13 Illustrations by FRANK BRANGWYN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

CROKER (Mrs. B. M.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Pretty Miss Neville.

A Bird of Passage. | Mr. Jervils.
Diana Barrington.
Two Masters. | Interference.
A Family Likeness.
A Third Person. | Proper Pride.
Village Tales & Jungle Tragedies.
The Real Lady Hilda.
Married or Single?

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

In the Kingdom of Kerry:
Miss Balmaine's Past.
Jason. | Beyond the Pale.
Terence. With 6 Illusts. by S. PAGET.
The Cat's-paw. With 12 Illustrations by FRED PEGRAM.
The Spanish Necklace. With 8 Illustrations by F. PEGRAM.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Infatuation. | **Some One Else.**
'To Let.' Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.

Diana Barrington.
Pretty Miss Neville.
A Bird of Passage.
Beyond the Pale.
A Family Likeness.

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC AL-

MANACK. Complete in TWO SERIES. The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND, from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the Best Humour of THACKERAY, HOOD, ALBERT SMITH, &c. With numerous Steel Engravings and Woodcuts by CRUIKSHANK, LANDELLS, &c. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. each.

The Life of George Cruikshank. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

CUMMING (C. F. GORDON),

Works by. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
In the Hebrides. With 24 Illustrations.
In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains. With 42 Illustrations.
Two Happy Years in Ceylon. With 28 Illustrations.

Via Cornwall to Egypt. Frontis.

CUSSANS (JOHN E.).—A Hand-

book of Heraldry; including instructions for Tracing Pedigrees, Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. With 408 Woodcuts and 2 Colrd. Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

CYCLING, HUMOURS OF. By

JEROME K. JEROME, H. G. WELLS, BARRY PAIN, C. ROOK, PETT RIDGE, J. F. SULLIVAN, &c. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl., 1s. net.

DAUDET (ALPHONSE).—The

Evangelist; or, Port Salvation. Translated by C. H. MELTZER. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s.

DANBY (FRANK).—A Coquette

in Crape. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

DAVENANT (FRANCIS).—Hints

for Parents on the Choice of a Profession for their Sons when Starting in Life. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

DAVIDSON (HUGH COLEMAN).

—Mr. Sadler's Daughters. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

DAVIES (Dr. N. E. YORKE-),

Works by. Cr. 8vo, 1s. ea.; cl., 1s. 6d. ea.
One Thousand Medical Maxims and Surgical Hints.

Nursery Hints: A Mother's Guide.

The Dietetic Cure of Obesity (Foods for the Fat). With Chapters on the Treatment of Gout by Diet.

Aids to Long Life. Crown 8vo, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

DAVIES' (Sir JOHN) Complete

Poetical Works. Edited with Notes, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

DEFOE (DANIEL).—Robinson

Crusoe. With 37 Illusts. by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION. Post 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

DEAKIN (DOROTHEA), Stories
by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
The Poet and the Pierrot.
The Princess & the Kitchen-maid.

DE GUERIN (MAURICE), The
Journal of. With a Memoir by SALETTE-
BEUVE. Fcap. 8vo, half-cloth, 2s. 6d.

DE MAISTRE (XAVIER).—A
Journey Round my Room. Transl.
HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

DE MILLE (JAMES).—A Strange
Manuscript found in a Copper
Cylinder. Crown 8vo, cloth, with 19
illustrations by GILBERT GAUL, 3s. 6d.;
post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

DEVONSHIRE SCENERY, The
History of. By ARTHUR W. CLAYDEN,
M.A. With illus. Demy 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d. net.

Devonshire: Its Moorlands,
Streams and Coasts. By Lady
ROSALIND NORTHCOTE. With Illustra-
tions in Three Colours by F. J. WIDGERY.
Large fcp. 4to, cloth, 20s. net; a few
Special Copies, with mounted plates,
bound in parchment, 42s. [*Preparing.*]

DEWAR (T. R.).—A Ramble
Round the Globe. With 220 Illustra-
tions. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

DICKENS (CHARLES), The
Speeches of. Edited and Annotated
by R. H. SHEPHERD. With a Portrait.
Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.
The Pocket Charles Dickens: being
Favourite Passages chosen by ALFRED
H. HYATT. 16mo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net;
leather, gilt top, 3s. net.

DICTIONARIES.

The Reader's Handbook of
Famous Names in Fiction,
Allusions, References, Pro-
verbs, Plots, Stories, and Poems.
By Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

A Dictionary of Miracles,
Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By
Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.

Familiar Allusions. By WILLIAM A.
and CHARLES G. WHEELER. Demy 8vo,
cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

Familiar Short Sayings of Great
Men. With Historical and Explanatory
Notes by SAMUEL A. BENT, A.M. Crown
8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

The Slang Dictionary: Etymological,
Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 6s. 6d.

Words, Facts, and Phrases: A
Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-
of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER
EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

DILKE (Sir CHARLES, M.P.).
—The British Empire. Crown 8vo,
buckram, 3s. 6d.

DOBSON (W. T.).—Poetical In-
geniuties and Eccentricities. Post
8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

DOBSON (AUSTIN), Works by.
Thomas Bewick and his Pupils.
With 95 Illusts. Sq. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s. each.

Four Frenchwomen. With Four
Portraits.

Eighteenth Century Vignettes.
In Three Series, each 6s.; also FINE-
PAPER EDITIONS of the THREE SERIES,
pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. net each; leather,
3s. net each.

A Paladin of Philanthropy, and
other Papers. With 2 Illustrations.
Side-walk Studies. With 5 Illusts.

DONOVAN (DICK), Detective
Stories by. Post 8vo, illustrated
boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Caught at Last.

In the Grip of the Law:

Link by Link.

From Information Received.

Suspicion Aroused.

Riddles Read.

Tracked to Doom.

Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. each; picture cl.,
flat back, 2s. each; post 8vo, illustrated
boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

The Man from Manchester.

The Mystery of Jamaica Terrace.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Deacon Brodie; or, **Behind the Mask.**

Tyler Tatlock, Private Detective.

Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. ea. pict. cl., flat bk. 2s. ea.

The Records of Vincent Trill.

Tales of Terror.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo,
illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp,
2s. 6d. each

Chronicles of Michael Danevitch.

A Detective's Triumphs.

Tracked and Taken.

Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?

Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s. each;
post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth
limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Wanted!

The Man-Hunter.

Dark Deeds. Crown 8vo, cloth limp,
2s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

DOWLING (RICHARD).—Old
Corcoran's Money. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

DRAMATISTS, THE OLD.

Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Cr. 8vo,
cloth, with Portraits, 3s. 6d. per Vol.

Ben Jonson's Works. With Notes,
Critical and Explanatory, and a Bio-
graphical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD,
Three Vols.

Chapman's Works. Three Vols. Vol.
I. contains the Plays complete; Vol. II.,
Poems and Minor Translations, with an
Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III.,
Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.

Marlowe's Works. One Vol.

Massinger's Plays. From GIFFORD'S
Text. One Vol.

DOYLE (A. CONAN).—The Firm
of Girdlestone. Crown 8vo. cloth. 3s. 5d.

DUMPY BOOKS (The) for

Children. Roy. 32mo. cloth. 1s. net ea.

1. **The Flamp, The Ameliorator, and The School-boy's Apprentice.** By E. V. LUCAS.

2. **Mrs. Turner's Cautionary Stories.**

3. **The Bad Family.** By Mrs. FENWICK.

4. **The Story of Little Black Sambo.** By HELEN BANNERMAN. Illustrated in colours.

5. **The Bountiful Lady.** By THOMAS COBB.

7. **A Flower Book.** Illustrated in colours by NELLIE BENSON.

8. **The Pink Knight.** By J. R. MONSELL. Illustrated in colours.

9. **The Little Clown.** By THOMAS COBB.

10. **A Horse Book.** By MARY TOURTEL. Illustrated in colours.

11. **Little People: an Alphabet.** By HENRY MAYER and T. W. H. CROSLAND. Illustrated in colours.

12. **A Dog Book.** By ETHEL BICKNELL. With Pictures in colours by CARTON MOORE PARK.

13. **The Adventures of Samuel and Selina.** By JEAN C. ARCHER. Illustrated in colours.

14. **The Little Girl Lost.** By ELEANOR RAPER.

15. **Dollies.** By RICHARD HUNTER. Illustrated in colours by RUTH COBB.

16. **The Bad Mrs. Ginger.** By HONOR C. APPLETON. Illustrated in colours.

17. **Peter Piper's Practical Principles.** Illustrated in colours.

18. **Little White Barbara.** By ELEANOR MARCH. Illustrated in colours.

20. **Towlocks and his Wooden Horse.** By ALICE M. APPLETON. Illus. in colours by HONOR C. APPLETON.

21. **Three Little Foxes.** By MARY TOURTEL. Illustrated in colours.

22. **The Old Man's Bag.** By T. W. H. CROSLAND. Illus. by J. R. MONSELL.

23. **Three Little Goblins.** By M. G. TAGGART. Illustrated in colours.

24. **Dumpy Proverbs.** By HONOR C. APPLETON. Illustrated in colours.

25. **More Dollies.** By RICHARD HUNTER. Illus. in colours by RUTH COBB.

26. **Little Yellow Wang-lo.** By M. C. BELL. Illustrated in colours.

27. **Plain Jane.** Text by G. M. GEORGE. Illustrated in colours by G. M. C. FRY.

28. **The Sooty Man.** By E. B. MACKINNON and EDEN COYBEE. Illus.

29. **Fishywinkle.** By JEAN C. ARCHER. Illustrated in colours.

30. **Rosalina.** Illustrated in colours by JEAN C. ARCHER.

31. **Sammy and the Snarlywink.** Illustrated in colours by LENA and NORMAN AULT.

33. **Irene's Christmas Party.** By RICHARD HUNTER. Illus. by RUTH COBB.

DUMPY BOOKS—continued.

34. **The Little Soldier Book.** By JESSIE POPE. Illustrated in colours by HENRY MAYER.

35. **The Dutch Doll's Ditties.** By C. AUBREY MOORE.

36. **Ten Little Nigger Boys.** By NORA CASE.

37. **Humpty Dumpty's Little Son.** By HELEN R. CROSS.

DUNCAN (SARA JEANNETTE,
Books by. Cr. 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d. each.

A Social Departure. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.

An American Girl in London. With 80 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.

The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib. With 37 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Daughter of To-Day.

Vernon's Aunt. With 47 Illustrations.

DUTT (ROMESH C.).—England and India: Progress during One Hundred Years. Crown 8vo. cloth, 2s.

DYSON (EDWARD).—In the Roaring Fifties. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

Edited by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. per Volume.

Fletcher's (Giles) Poems. One Vol.

Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works. Two Vols.

EDWARDES (Mrs. ANNIE),
Novels by.

A Point of Honour. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Archie Lovell. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

A Plaster Saint. Cr. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

EDWARDS (ELIEZER). Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

EGERTON (Rev. J. C.).—Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways. With Four Illusts. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

EGGLESTON (EDWARD).—Roxy. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

ELBÉ (LOUIS).—Future Life in the Light of Ancient Wisdom and Modern Science. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net.

ENGLISHMAN (An) in Paris: Recollections of Louis Philippe and the Empire. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE, The: A Practical Guide for Selecting or Building a House. By C. J. RICHARDSON. With Coloured Frontispiece and 534 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

EYES, Our: How to Preserve Them. By JOHN BROWNING. Crown 8vo. cloth, 1s.

FAMILIAR ALLUSIONS: Miscellaneous Information, including Celebrated Statues, Paintings, Palaces, Country Seats, Ruins, Churches, Ships, Streets, Clubs, Natural Curiosities, &c. By W. A. and C. G. WHEELER. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS of Great Men. By S. A. BENT, A.M. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

FARADAY (MICHAEL), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. each.

The Chemical History of a Candle: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illusts. **On the Various Forces of Nature, and their Relations to each other.** Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With Illustrations.

FARRER (J. ANSON).—War: Three Essays. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

FENN (G. MANVILLE), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The New Mistress.
Witness to the Deed.
The Tiger Lily.
The White Virgin.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Woman Worth Winning.
Cursed by a Fortune.
The Case of Ailsa Gray.
Commodore Junk.
Black Blood. | **In Jeopardy.**
Double Cunning.
A Fluttered Dovecote.
King of the Castle.
The Master of the Ceremonies.
The Story of Antony Grace.
The Man with a Shadow.
One Maid's Mischief.
This Man's Wife.
The Bag of Diamonds, and Three Bits of Paste.
Running Amok.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Black Shadows.
The Cankerworm.
So Like a Woman.

A Crimson Crime. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

FICTION, a Catalogue of, with Descriptions and Reviews of nearly TWELVE HUNDRED NOVELS, will be sent free by CHATTO & WINDUS upon application.

FIN - BEC.—The Cupboard Papers. The Art of Lining and Dining. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

FIREWORK - MAKING, The Complete Art of; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

FITZGERALD (PERCY), by.
Little Essays: Passages from the Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Fatal Zero. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Bella Donna. | **Polly.**
The Lady of Brantome.
Never Forgotten.
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.

The Life of Laurence Sterne. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

FLAMMARION (CAMILLE), Works by.

Popular Astronomy. Translated by J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. With Three Plates and 288 Illustrations. A NEW EDITION, with an Appendix giving the results of Recent Discoveries. Medium 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

Thunder and Lightning. Translated by WALTER MOSTYN. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

FLETCHER'S (GILES, B.D.) Complete Poems: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Victorie on Earth, Triumph over Death; with Minor Poems. Notes by Rev. A. B. GROSART. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS.— For information as to this important Series, printed from a new type designed by HERBERT P. HORNE, and now first engraved and cast, see special Prospectus.

FORBES (Hon. Mrs. WALTER).—Dumb. Crown 8vo cloth, 3s. 6d.

FRANCILLON (R. E.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

One by One | **A Real Queen.**
A Dog and his Shadow.
Ropes of Sand. With Illustrations.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Queen Cophetua. | **Olympia.**
Romances of the Law.
King or Knave?

Jack Doyle's Daughter. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

FREDERIC (HAROLD), Novels by. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Seth's Brother's Wife.
The Lawton Girl.

FRY'S (HERBERT) Royal Guide to the London Charities. Edited by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

GARDENING BOOKS. Post 8vo, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each.
A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse. By GEORGE GLENNY.
Household Horticulture. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.
The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.
Our Kitchen Garden. By TOM JERROLD. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

Sir William Temple's Essay on Gardens; together with other Carolean Essays on Gardens. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by A. FORBES SIEVEKING, F.S.A. With 6 Illustrations. Small 8vo, cloth or boards, 1s. 6d. net; quarter vellum, 2s. 6d. net; three-quarter vellum, 5s. net.

GAULOT (PAUL), Books by.

The Red Shirts: A Tale of 'The Terror.' Translated by JOHN DE VILLIERS. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Love and Lovers of the Past. Translated by C. LAROCHE, M.A.

A Conspiracy under the Terror. Translated by C. LAROCHE, M.A. With Illustrations and Facsimiles.

GERARD (DOROTHEA).—A Queen of Curds and Cream. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES.

Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN, and 22 Steel Plates after GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

GIBBON (CHARLES), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Robin Gray.

The Golden Shaft.

The Flower of the Forest.

The Braes of Yarrow.

Of High Degree.

Queen of the Meadow.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Dead Heart.

For Lack of Gold.

What Will the World Say?

For the King. | A Hard Knot.

In Pastures Green.

In Love and War.

A Heart's Problem.

By Mead and Stream.

Fancy Free. | Loving a Dream.

In Honour Bound.

Heart's Delight. | Blood-Money.

GIBNEY (SOMERVILLE).—Sentenced! Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

GIBSON (L. S.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Freemasons. | Burnt Spices.

GILBERT (WILLIAM).—James Duke, Costermonger. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

GILBERT'S (W. S.) Original Plays. In 3 Series, post 8vo, 2s. 6d. each. The FIRST SERIES contains: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galathea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury—Iolanthe.

The SECOND SERIES contains: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. 'Pinafore'—The Sorcerer—The Pirates of Penzance.

The THIRD SERIES contains: Comedy and Tragedy—Foggerty's Fairy—Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Ruddigore—The Yeomen of the Guard—The Gondoliers—The Mountbanks—Utopia.

Eight Original Comic Operas written by W. S. GILBERT. Two Series, demy 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

The FIRST SERIES contains: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. 'Pinafore'—The Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES contains: The Gondoliers—The Grand Duke—The Yeomen of the Guard—His Excellency—Utopia, Limited—Ruddigore—The Mountbanks—Haste to the Wedding.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Birthday Book: Quotations for Every Day in the Year. Compiled by A. WATSON. Royal 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

GISSING (ALGERNON), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

A Secret of the North Sea.

Knitters in the Sun.

The Wealth of Mallerstang.

An Angel's Portion.

Balil Garth.

The Dreams of Simon Usher. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

GLANVILLE (ERNEST), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Lost Heiress. With 2 Illustrations by HUME NISBET.

The Fossicker: A Romance of Mashonaland. Two Illusts. by HUME NISBET.

A Fair Colonist. With Frontispiece.

The Golden Rock. With Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Tales from the Yeld. With 12 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Max Thornton. With 8 Illustrations by J. S. CROMPTON, R.I. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

GLENNY (GEORGE).—A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse: Practical Advice as to Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. Post 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

GODWIN (WILLIAM).—Lives of the Necromancers. Post 8vo, cl., 2s.

GOLDEN TREASURY of Thought, The: A Dictionary of Quotations from the Best Authors. By THEODORE TAYLOR. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

GOODMAN (E. J.).—The Fate of Herbert Wayne. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

GORDON (SAMUEL). — The Ferry of Fate: a Tale of Russian Jewry. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

GORE (J. ELLARD, F.R.A.S.). —The Stellar Heavens: an Introduction to the Study of the Stars and Nebulae. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. each.
Studies in Astronomy. With 8 plates.

Astronomical Essays, Historical and Descriptive. With 6 plates.

GRACE (ALFRED A.).—Tales of a Dying Race. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

GREEKS AND ROMANS, The Life of the, described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d.

GREEN (ANNA KATHARINE), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
The Millionaire Baby.
The Amethyst Box.
The Woman in the Alcove.

GREENWOOD (JAMES).—The Prisoner in the Dock. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

GREY (Sir GEORGE). — The Romance of a Proconsul. By JAMES MILNE. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.

GRIFFITH (CECIL).—Corinthia Marazion. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

GRIFFITHS (Major A.).—No. 99, and Blue Blood. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

GUNTER (A. CLAVERING).—A Florida Enchantment. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

GUTTENBERG (VIOLET), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
Neither Jew nor Greek.
The Power of the Palmist.

GYP. — CLOCLO. Translated by NORA M. STATHAM. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

HABBERTON (JOHN).—Helen's Babies. With Coloured Frontispiece and 60 Illustration by EVA ROOS. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 6s.

HAIR, The: Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Translated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

HAKE (Dr. T. GORDON), Poems by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

New Symbols.
Legends of the Morrow.
The Serpent Play.

Maiden Ecstasy. Small 4to, cloth, 8s.

HALL (Mrs. S. C.).—Sketches of Irish Character. With Illustrations on Steel and Wood by CRUIKSHANK, MACLISE, GILBERT, and HARVEY. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

HALL (OWEN), Novels by.

The Track of a Storm. Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Jetsam. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
Eureka. | **Hernando.**

HALLIDAY (ANDREW).—Every-day Papers. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

HAMILTON (COSMO), Stories by.

The Glamour of the Impossible; and Through a Keyhole. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Nature's Vagabond, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

HANDWRITING, The Philology of. With over 100 Facsimiles. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s. 6d.

HARDY (IZA DUFFUS), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Lesser Evil.
Man, Woman, and Fate.
A Butterfly.

HARDY (THOMAS). — Under the Greenwood Tree. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. Also the FINE PAPER EDITION, pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net; and the CHEAP EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

HARKINS (E. F.).—The Schemers. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

HARRIS (JOEL CHANDLER), Books by.

Uncle Remus. With 9 Coloured and 50 other Illustrations by J. A. SHEPHERD. Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt, 6s.

Nights with Uncle Remus. With 8 Coloured and 50 other Illustrations by J. A. SHEPHERD. Imperial 16mo, cloth, 6s.

HARTE'S (BRET) Collected

Works. LIBRARY EDITION, in Ten Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

- Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Port.
 " II. THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP—BOHEMIAN PAPERS—AMERICAN LEGENDS.
 " III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS—EASTERN SKETCHES.
 " IV. GABRIEL CONROY.
 " V. STORIES—CONDENSED NOVELS.
 " VI. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.
 " VII. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE—II. With Portrait by JOHN PETTIE.
 " VIII. TALES OF PINE AND CYPRESS.
 " IX. BUCKEYE AND CHAPPAREL.
 " X. TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN.

Bret Harte's Choice Works in Prose and Verse. With Portrait and 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Bret Harte's Poetical Works, including SOME LATER VERSES. Crown 8vo, buckram, 4s. 6d.

In a Hollow of the Hills. Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Condensed Novels. (Two Series in One Volume.) Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

On the Old Trail.
Under the Redwoods.
From Sandhill to Pine.
Stories in Light and Shadow.
Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation.
Trent's Trust.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Gabriel Conroy.

A Waif of the Plains. With 60 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.

A Ward of the Golden Gate. With 59 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Susy. With 2 Illusts. by J. A. CHRISTIE.

The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, &c. With 39 Illusts. by DUDLEY HARDY, &c.

Clarence: A Story of the American War. With 8 Illustrations by A. JULE GOODMAN.

Barker's Luck, &c. With 39 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER, PAUL HARDY, &c.

Devil's Ford, &c. With Frontispiece, **The Crusade of the 'Excelsior.'**

With Frontis. by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Three Partners; or, The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill.

With 8 Illustrations by J. GULICH.

Tales of Trail and Town. With Frontispiece by G. P. JACOMB HOOD.

Condensed Novels. New Series.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; picture cloth, flat back, 2s. each.

A Sappho of Green Springs.

Colonel Starbottle's Client.

A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's. With numerous Illustrations.

Sally Dows, &c. With 47 Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND and others.

HARTE (BRET)—continued.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Sensation Novels Condensed.

(Also in picture cloth at same price.)

An Heiress of Red Dog.

The Luck of Roaring Camp.

Californian Stories.

Post 8vo, illus. bds., 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Flip. | A Phyllis of the Sierras.

Maruja. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post

8vo, picture boards, 2s., cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Haweis (Mrs. H. R.), Books by.

The Art of Beauty. With Coloured Frontis. and 91 Illusts. Sq. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The Art of Decoration. With Coloured Frontispiece and 74 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The Art of Dress. With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Chaucer for Schools. With Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Chaucer for Children. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts.

Crown 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Haweis (Rev. H. R.).—American

Humorists: WASHINGTON IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS

WARD, MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Hawthorne (Julian),

Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Garth. | Ellice Quentin.

Fortune's Fool. | Dust. Four Illusts.

Beatrice Randolph. With Four Illusts.

D. Poindexter's Disappearance.

The Spectre of the Camera.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Sebastian Strome.

Love—or a Name.

Miss Cadogna. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

HEALY (CHRIS), Books by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Confessions of a Journalist.

Heirs of Reuben.

Mara.

The Endless Heritage. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HELPS (Sir ARTHUR), Books

by. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Animals and their Masters.

Social Pressure.

Ivan de Biron. Crown 8vo, cloth 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

HENTY (G. A.), Novels by.

Rujub, the Juggler. Demy 8vo, cloth, with 8 Illustrations by S. L. WOOD. 5s.; post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; illust. boards, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Queen's Cup.

Dorothy's Double.

Colonel Thorndyke's Secret.

HENDERSON (ISAAC).—Agatha
Page. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HERMAN (HENRY).—A Leading
Lady. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

HILL (HEADON).—Zambra the
Detective. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.;
picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

HILL (JOHN), Works by.
Treason-Felony. Post 8vo, illustrated
boards, 2s.
The Common Ancestor. Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HINKSON (H. A.), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
Fan Fitzgerald. | **Silk and Steel.**

HOEY (Mrs. CASHEL).—The
Lover's Creed. Crown, 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

HOFFMANN (PROFESSOR).—
King Koko. A Magic Story. With 25
illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

HOLIDAY, Where to go for a.
By E. P. SHOLL, Sir H. MAXWELL, JOHN
WATSON, JANE BARLOW, MARY LOVETT
CAMERON, JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, PAUL
LANGE, J. W. GRAHAM, J. H. SALTER,
PHOEBE ALLEN, S. J. BECKETT, L. RIVERS
VINE, and C. F. GORDON CUMMING.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL),
Books by.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-
Table. Illustrated by J. GORDON
THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
Also the FINE PAPER EDITION, post 8vo,
cloth, gilt top, 2s. net.; leather, gilt edges,
3s. net. Another Edition, post 8vo, cloth, 2s.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-
Table and **The Professor at the**
Breakfast-Table. In one vol., post
8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

HOOD'S (THOMAS) Choice
Works in Prose and Verse. With
Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200
Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HOOK'S (THEODORE) Choice
Humorous Works; including his Ludi-
crous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns,
Hoaxes. With Life and Frontispiece.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HOPKINS (TIGHE), Novels by.
For Freedom. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d., each.

'Twixt Love and Duty.
The Incomplete Adventurer.
The Nugents of Carriconna.
Nell Haffenden. With 8 Illustrations.

HORNE (R. HENGIST).—Orion.
With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s.

HORNIMAN (ROY), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
Bellamy the Magnificent.
Lord Cammarleigh's Secret.
Israel Rank. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HORNUNG (E. W.), Novels by.
The Shadow of the Rope. Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
Stingaree. | **A Thief in the Night.**

HUGO (VICTOR).—The Outlaw
of Iceland. Translated by Sir GILBERT
CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HUME (FERGUS), Novels by.
The Lady From Nowhere. Cr. 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.
The Millionaire Mystery. Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
The Wheeling Light. Crown 8vo,
cloth, gilt top, 6s.

HUNGERFORD (Mrs.), Novels
by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each;
post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each;
cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

The Professor's Experiment.

Nora Creina.

Lady Verner's Flight.

Lady Patty. | **Peter's Wife.**

The Red-House Mystery.

An Unsatisfactory Lover.

April's Lady.

A Maiden All Forlorn.

The Three Graces.

A Mental Struggle.

Marvel.

| **A Modern Circe.**

In Durance Ylle.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

An Anxious Moment.

A Point of Conscience.

The Coming of Chloe. | **Lovice.**

HUNT'S (LEIGH) Essays: A
Tale for a Chimney Corner, &c.
Ed. by E. OLLIER. Post 8vo, half-cl. 2s.

HUNT (Mrs. ALFRED), Novels
by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post
8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Leaden Casket.

Self-Condemned.

That Other Person.

Mrs. Juliet. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HUTCHINSON (W. M.).—Hints
on Colt-Breaking. With 25 Illustra-
tions. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HYATT (A. H.).—The Charm of
London: An Anthology. Post 8vo,
cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt
edges, 3s. net.

INDOOR PAUPERS. By ONE OF
THEM. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

INMAN (HERBERT) and HARTLEY ASPDEN.—*The Tear of Kalee.* Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

INKEEPER'S HANDBOOK (The) and Licensed Victualler's Manual. By J. TREVOR-DAVIES. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR, Songs of. Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

JAMES (C. T. C.).—*A Romance of the Queen's Hounds.* Post 8vo, cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

JAMES (G. W.).—*Scraggles: The Story of a Sparrow.* With 6 Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

JAMESON (WILLIAM).—*My Dead Self.* Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

JAPP (Dr. A. H.).—*Dramatic Pictures.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

JEFFERIES (RICHARD), by. *The Open Air.* Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION, pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net. *Also in preparation,* a New Edition, with 12 Illustrations in Colours by RUTH DOLLMAN. Square 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

The Life of the Fields. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION, pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net. *Also in preparation,* a New Edition, with 12 Illustrations in Colours by M. H. CLARKE. Square 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

Nature near London. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.; post 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d.; LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION, pott 8vo, cl., gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

The Pocket Richard Jefferies: being Passages chosen from the Nature Writings of JEFFERIES by ALFRED H. HYATT. 16mo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net.; leather, gilt top, 3s. net.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By Sir WALTER BESANT. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s.

JENNINGS (H. J.).—*Curiosities of Criticism.* Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

JEROME (JEROME K.).—*Stage-land.* With 64 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Fcap. 4to, 1s.

JERROLD (DOUGLAS).—*The Barber's Chair; and The Hedgehog Letters.* Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

JERROLD (TOM), Works by. Post 8vo, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each. *The Garden that Paid the Rent.* Household Horticulture.

Our Kitchen Garden: The Plants We Grow, and How We Cook Them. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

JOHNSTON (R.).—*The Peril of an Empire.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

JONES (WILLIAM, F.S.A.), Books by. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each. *Finger-Ring Lore:* Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With numerous Illustrations.

Crowns and Coronations. With 91 Illustrations.

JONSON'S (BEN) Works. With Notes and Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

JOSEPHUS, The Complete Works of. Translated by WILLIAM WHISTON. Containing 'The Antiquities of the Jews,' and 'The Wars of the Jews.' With 52 Illustrations and Maps. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-cloth, 12s. 6d.

KEATING (JOSEPH).—*Maurice.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

KEMPT (ROBERT).—*Pencil and Palette: Chapters on Art and Artists.* Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

KERSHAW (MARK).—*Colonial Facts and Fictions: Humorous Sketches.* Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

KING (LEONARD W., M.A.).—*A History of Babylonia and Assyria from the Earliest Times until the Persian Conquest.* With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations after all the principal Monuments of the Period. In 3 volumes, royal 8vo, buckram. Each volume separately, 18s. net; or per set of 3 volumes, if subscribed for before the issue of Vol. I., £2 12s. 6d. net.

Vol. I.—*A History of Sumer and Akkad:* An account of the Primitive Inhabitants of Babylonia from the Earliest Times to B.C. 2000.

[Spring, 1908.

" II.—*A History of Babylon* from the First Dynasty, about B.C. 2000, until the Conquest by Cyrus, B.C. 539.

[Preparing.

" III.—*A History of Assyria* from the Earliest Period until the Fall of Nineveh before the Medes, B.C. 606.

[Preparing.

KING (R. ASHE), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

'The Wearing of the Green.'

Passion's Slave. | Bell Barry.

A Drawn Game. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

KING'S CLASSICS (The).

General Editor, Professor I. GOLLANCZ, Litt.D. Printed on laid paper, 16mo each with Frontispiece, gilt top. Quarter bound grey boards or red cloth. 1s. 6d. net each; quarter vellum, cloth sides, 2s. 6d. net each; three-quarter vellum, 5s. net each.

Volumes now in course of publication:

35. **Wine, Women, and Song:** Medieval Latin Students' Songs. Translated into English, with an Introduction, by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. With Frontispiece.
- 36, 37. **George Pettie's Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure.** 2 vols.
38. **Walpole's Castle of Otranto.** By Sir WALTER SCOTT. With Introduction and Preface by Miss SPURGEON.
39. **The Royal Poets of England.** Original Poems by English Kings and other Royal and Noble Persons, collected and edited by W. BAILEY KEMPLING.
40. **Sir Thomas More's Utopia.** Edited by ROBERT STEELE, F.S.A.
41. **Chaucer's Legend of Good Women.** *In Modern English*, with Notes and Introduction by Professor W. W. SKEAT.
42. **Swift's Battle of the Books.** Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by A. GUTHKELGH.
43. **Sir William Temple's Essay on Gardens, with other Carolean Essays on Gardens.** Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by A. FORBES SIEVEKING, F.S.A.
44. **The Four Last Things**, by Sir THOMAS MORE; together with **A Spiritual Consolation and other Treatises**, by JOHN FISHER, Bishop of Rochester. Edited by DANIEL O'CONNOR.
45. **The Song of Roland.** Translated from the old French by Mrs. CROSLAND. With Introduction by Prof. BRANDIN.
46. **Dante's Vita Nuova.** The Italian text, with DANTE G. ROSSETTI's translation on the opposite page. With Introduction and Notes by Prof. H. OELSNER.
47. **Chaucer's Prologue and Minor Poems.** *In modern English*, with Notes and Introduction by Prof. W. W. SKEAT.
48. **Chaucer's Parliament of Birds and House of Fame.** *In modern English*, with Notes and Introduction by Prof. W. W. SKEAT.
49. **Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford.** With Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.
50. **Pearl.** An English Poem of the Fourteenth Century. Edited, with a Modern Rendering and an Introduction, by Professor I. GOLLANCZ.

KING'S CLASSICS (The)—continued.

- 51, 52. **King's Letters.** Volumes III. and IV. Newly edited from the originals by ROBERT STEELE, F.S.A.
53. **The English Correspondence of Saint Boniface.** Translated and edited, with an Introductory Sketch of the Life of St. Boniface, by E. J. KYLIE, M.A.
- 54, 55. **The Essays of Elia.** Edited, with Notes, Introduction, &c., by THOMAS SECCOMBE, M.A.

Summary List of other Volumes in the Series, for details of which see Special Prospectus.

1. The Love of Books (The Philobiblion).
 2. *Six Dramas of Calderon (FitzGerald's Translation). (Double vol.)
 3. Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond.
 4. The Life of Sir Thomas More.
 5. Eikon Basilike.
 6. Kings' Letters: Alfred to the coming of the Tudors.
 7. Kings' Letters: From the Tudors to the Love Letters of Henry VIII.
 8. †Chaucer's Knight's Tale (Prof. SKEAT).
 9. †Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale (Prof. SKEAT).
 10. †Chaucer's Prioress's Tale (Prof. SKEAT).
 11. The Romance of Fulke Fitzwarline.
 12. The Story of Cupid and Psyche.
 13. Evelyn's Life of Margaret Godolphin.
 14. Early Lives of Dante.
 15. The Falstaff Letters.
 16. Polonius. By EDWARD FITZGERALD.
 17. Medieval Lore.
 18. The Vision of Piers the Plowman (Prof. SKEAT).
 19. The Gull's Hornbook.
 20. *The Nun's Rule, or Ancræn Riwle. (Double vol.)
 21. The Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth.
 22. Early Lives of Charlemagne.
 23. Cicero's 'Friendship,' 'Old Age,' and 'Scipio's Dream.'
 24. *Wordsworth's Prelude. (Double vol.)
 25. The Defence of Guenevere.
 - 26, 27. Browning's Men and Women.
 28. Poe's Poems.
 29. Shakespeare's Sonnets.
 30. George Eliot's Silas Marner.
 31. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
 32. Charles Reade's Peg Woffington.
 33. The Household of Sir Thomas More.
 34. Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics. By BLISS CARMAN.
- * Numbers 2, 20, and 24 are Double Volumes and Double Price.
† The Chaucer Vols. may also be had in stiff paper covers at 1s. each.

KING'S LIBRARY FOLIOS (The).

- The Mirrour of Vertue in Worldly Greatnes, or The Life of Sir Thomas More, Knight.** By his son-in-law, WILLIAM ROPER. 10s. 6d. net. (Seven copies of this volume alone remain, and are not to be sold apart from sets.)
- Eikon Basilike, the Portraicture of His Sacred Majestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings.** Edited by EDWARD ALNACK, F.S.A. £1 1s. net.
- Shakespeare's Ovid, being Arthur Golding's Translation of the Metamorphoses.** Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D. £1 11s. 6d. net.

KING'S LIBRARY FOLIOS(The).—*continued.*

The Percy Folio of Old English Ballads and Romances. Edited by the GENERAL EDITOR. In four volumes at £4 4s. the set. (Volumes I. and II. issued; III. at Press; IV. in Preparation.)

*** NOTE.—Seven complete sets of the above folios remain for sale. Price, per set, £7 17s. 6d. net.

KING'S LIBRARY QUARTOS

(The).

The Alchemist. By BEN JONSON. Edited by H. C. HART. 5s. net; Japanese vellum, £1 1s. net.

The Gull's Hornbook. By THOMAS DEKKER. Edited by R. B. MCKERROW. 5s. net; Japanese vellum, 10s. 6d. net.

The Beggar's Opera. By JOHN GAY. Edited by HAMILTON MACLEOD. 5s. net; Japanese vellum, 10s. 6d. net.

KIPLING PRIMER (A).

Including Biographical and Critical Chapters, an Index to Mr. Kipling's principal Writings, and Bibliographies. By F. L. KNOWLES. With Two Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

KNIGHT (WILLIAM and

EDWARD).—**The Patient's Vade Mecum; How to Get Most Benefit from Medical Advice.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

LAMB'S (CHARLES) Complete

Works in Prose and Verse, including 'Poetry for Children' and 'Prince Dorus.' Edited by R. H. SHEPHERD. With 2 Portraits and Facsimile of the 'Essay on Roast Pig.' Crown 8vo (both Series), cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Essays of Elia (both Series). Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.—Also the FINE PAPER EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, all edges, 3s. net.

Little Essays: Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB, selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth, 4. 6d.

The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb. With Introduction and Notes by BRANDER MATTHEWS, and Steel-plate Portrait. Fcp. 8vo, half-cloth, 2s. 6d.

LAMBERT (GEORGE).

—**The President of Boravia.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

LANDOR (WALTER SAVAGE).

—**Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare, &c., before Sir Thomas Lucy touching Deer-stealing 19th September, 182; and A Conference of Master Edmund Spenser with the Earl of Essex, touching the state of Ireland, 1595.** Fcp. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 2s. 4.

LANE (EDWARD WILLIAM).

—**The Thousand and One Nights,** commonly called in England **The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.** Translated from the Arabic and illustrated by many hundred Engravings from Designs by HARVEY. Edited by E. S. POOLE. With Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. 3 Vols., 8vo, cl., 22s. 6d.

LARWOOD (JACOB), Books by.

Anecdotes of the Clergy. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

Theatrical Anecdotes. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Humour of the Law. Post 8vo, cl., 2s.

LEES (D. NEVILLE).—Tuscan

Feasts and Tuscan Friends. With 12 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

LEHMANN (R. C.).—Harry

Fludger at Cambridge, and Conversational Hints for Young Shooters. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

LEIGH (HENRY S.).—Carols of

Cockayne. Crown 8vo, buckram, 5s.

LELAND (C. G.).—A Manual of

Mending and Repairing. With Diagrams. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

LEPELLETIER (EDMOND).—

Madame Sans-Gêne. Translated by JOHN DE VILLIERS. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; illustrated boards, 2s.; POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

LESPINASSE, JULIE DE.

By the Marquis DE SÉGUR. Authorised English Version, with a Portrait. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

LEYS (JOHN K.), Novels by.

The Lindsays. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.
A Sore Temptation. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s.

LILBURN (ADAM).—A Tragedy

in Marble. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

LINDSAY (HARRY), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
Rhoda Roberts. | **The Jacobite.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Judah Pyecroft, Puritan.

The Story of Leah.

LORIMER (NORMA).—The

Pagan Woman. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

LUCAS (E. V.), Books by.

A Book of Verses for Children. With Coloured Title-page. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Three Hundred Games and Pastimes. By E. V. LUCAS and ELIZABETH LUCAS. Post 4to, cloth, 6s. net.

LUCY (HENRY W.).—Gideon

Fleyce. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

LINTON (E. LYNN), Works by.
An Octave of Friends. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Patricia Kemball. | Ione.

The Atonement of Leam Dundas.

The World Well Lost. 12 Illusts.

The One Too Many.

Under which Lord? With 12 Illusts.

'My Love.' | Sowing the Wind.

Paston Carew. | Dulcie Everton.

With a Silken Thread.

The Rebel of the Family.

Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Witch Stories.

Ourselves: Essays on Women.

Sowing the Wind. CHEAP EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

Patricia Kemball. POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

MACAULAY (LORD).—The History of England. LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION, in 5 vols, post 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net per vol.; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net per vol.

MACCOLL (HUGH).—Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet. Post 8vo, illustrated boards 2s.

McCARTHY (JUSTIN), Books by.
The Reign of Queen Anne. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each.

A History of the Four Georges and of William the Fourth. Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each.

A History of Our Own Times from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. LIBRARY EDITION. Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each.—Also the POPULAR EDITION, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.—And the JUBILEE EDITION, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, in 2 Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. each.

A History of Our Own Times, Vol. V., from 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s.; crown 8vo, cloth 6s.

A History of Our Own Times, Vols. VI. and VII., from 1897 to Accession of Edward VII., 2 Vols., demy 8vo, cl., 24s.

A Short History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Accession of King Edward VII. NEW EDITION, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt top, 6s.—Also (shortly) the POPULAR EDITION, enlarged, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; and the CHEAP EDITION (to the year 1880) medium 8vo, 6d.

LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITIONS.

Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net per vol.; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net per vol.

The Reign of Queen Anne, in 1 Vol.

A History of the Four Georges and of William IV., in 2 vols.

A History of Our Own Times from Accession of Q. Victoria to 1897, in 3 Vols.

McCARTHY (JUSTIN)—continued.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, pict. boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

The Waterdale Neighbours

My Enemy's Daughter.

A Fair Saxon. | Linley Rochford.

Dear Lady Disdain. | The Dictator.

Miss Misanthrope. With 12 Illusts.

Donna Quixote. With 12 Illustrations.

The Comet of a Season.

Maid of Athens. With 12 Illustrations.

Camiola.

Red Diamonds. | The Riddle Ring.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Three Disgraces. | Mononia.

'The Right Honourable.' By JUSTIN

MCCARTHY and MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

McCARTHY (J. H.), Works by.
The French Revolution. (Constituent Assembly, 1789-91.) Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each.

An Outline of the History of Ireland. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Ireland Since the Union—1798-1886. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Hafiz in London. 8vo, gold cloth, 3s. 6d.

Our Sensation Novel. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Doom: An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, 1s.

Dolly: A Sketch. Crown 8vo, 1s.

Lilly Lass. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

A London Legend. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MACDONALD (Dr. GEORGE), Books by.

Works of Fancy and Imagination Ten Vols., 16mo, cloth, gilt, in case, 21s.; or separately, Grolier cloth, 1s. 6d. each. Also a NEW ISSUE in 16mo cloth, gilt top, 2s. net per Vol.; leather, gilt top, 3s. net per Vol.

Vol. I. WITHIN AND WITHOUT—THE HIDDEN LIFE.

" II. THE DISCIPLE—THE GOSPEL WOMEN—BOOK OF SONNETS—ORGAN SONGS.

" III. VIOLIN SONGS—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS—A BOOK OF DREAMS—ROADSIDE POEMS—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

" IV. PARABLES—BALADS—SCOTCH

" V. & VI. PHANTASES. [SONGS.

" VII. THE PORTENT.

" VIII. THE LIGHT PRINCESS—THE GIANT'S HEART—SHADOWS.

" IX. CROSS PURPOSES—GOLDEN KEY CARASOYN—LITTLE DAYLIGHT.

" X. THE CRUEL PANTER—THE WOLF O'RIVEN—THE CASTLE—THE BROKEN SWORDS—THE GRAY WOLF—UNCLE CORNELIUS.

Poetical Works of George MacDonald. 2 Vols., cr. 8vo, buckram, 12s.

A Threelfold Cord. Post 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Heather and Snow. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Lilith. Crown 8v, cloth, 6s.

The Pocket George MacDonald:

Passages Chosen by A. H. HYATT, 16mo, cloth gilt, 2s. net; leather gilt, 3s. net.

MACDONELL (AGNES).—
Quaker Cousins. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

MACGREGOR (ROBERT).—
Pastimes and Players: Notes on Popular Games. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

MACHRAY (ROBERT), Novels
 by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
A Blow over the Heart.
The Mystery of Lincoln's Inn.
The Private Detective.

Her Honour. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MACKAY (Dr. CHAS.).—Inter-
ludes and Undertones. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

MACKAY (WILLIAM).—A
Mender of Nets. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

MACKENNA (S. J.) and J. A.
O'SHEA.—Brave Men in Action:
Stories of the British Flag. With 8 Illus-
 trations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Small
 demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

MACKENZIE (W. A.).—The
Drexel Dream. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

MACLISE Portrait Gallery (The)
of Illustrious Literary Characters:
85 Portraits by DANIEL MACLISE;
 with **Memoirs** by WILLIAM BATES, B.A.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MACMICHAEL (J. HOLDEN).—
The Story of Charing Cross and Its
Neighbourhood. With 3 Illustrations.
 Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

MACQUOID (Mrs.), Works by,
 illustrated by T. R. MACQUOID. Square
 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

In the Ardennes. With 50 Illustrations.
Pictures and Legends from Nor-
mandy and Brittany. 34 Illusts.
Through Normandy. With 92 Illusts.
About Yorkshire. With 67 Illusts.

MAGIC LANTERN, The, and its
Management. By T. C. HEPWORTH.
 With 10 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

MAGNA CHARTA: A Facsimile of
 the Original, 3 ft. by 2 ft. with Arms and
 Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours, 5s.

MALLOCK (W. H.), Works by.
The New Republic. Post 8vo, cloth,
 3s. 6d.; illustrated boards, 2s.

The New Paul and Virginia. Post
 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Poems. Small 4to, parchment, 8s.
Is Life Worth Living? Crown 8vo,
 buckram, 6s.

MALLORY (Sir THOMAS).—
Mort d'Arthur, Selections from, edited
 by B. M. RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s.

MARGUERITTE (PAUL and
VICTOR), Novels by.
The Disaster. Translated by F. LEES.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Commune. Translated by F. LEES
 and R. B. DOUGLAS.

Vanity. Translated by K. S. WEST. With
 Portrait Frontispiece.

MARIE DE MEDICIS and the
Court of France in the XVIIth Cen-
tury. Translated from the French of
 LOUIS BATIFFOL by MARY KING. With
 a Portrait. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

MARLOWE'S Works, including
 his Translations. Edited with Notes by
 Col. CUNNINGHAM. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MARSH (RICHARD).—A
Spoiler of Men. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MASSINGER'S Plays. From the
 Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by
 Col. CUNNINGHAM. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MASTERMAN (J.).—Half-a-
dozen Daughters. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

MAYFAIR LIBRARY (THE).
 Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per Vol.

A Journey Round My Room. By
 XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

Quips and Quiddities. Selected by
 W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

The Agony Column of "The
 Times," from 1800 to 1870.

Poetical Ingeniuties and Eccen-
tricitities. Edited by W. T. DOBSON.

Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC.

Songs of Irish Wit and Humour.
 Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Animals and their Masters. By
 Sir ARTHUR HELPS.

Social Pressure. By Sir A. HELPS.

Curiosities of Criticism. By HENRY
 J. JENNINGS.

Pencil and Palette. By R. KEMPT.

Ourselves. By E. LYNN LINTON.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-
Table. By O. W. HOLMES. Illus.

Little Essays: Selected from LAMB'S
 LETTERS by PERCY FITZGERALD.

Theatrical Anecdotes. By JACOB
 LARWOOD.

Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.

Pastimes and Players. By ROBERT
 MACGREGOR.

The New Paul and Virginia. By
 W. H. MALLOCK.

Puck on Pegasus. By H. CHOLMON-
 DELEY-PENNELL.

Pegasus Re-Saddled. By H. CHOL-
 MONDELEY-PENNELL. Illustrated by G.
 DU MAURIER.

The Muses of Mayfair. Edited by
 H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

By Stream and Sea. By WILLIAM
 SENIOR.

MATTHEWS (BRANDER).—A

Secret of the Sea. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

MAX O'RELL, Books by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Her Royal Highness Woman.
Between Ourselves.
Rambles in Womanland.

MEADE (L. T.), Novels by.

A Soldier of Fortune. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Voice of the Charmer.
In an Iron Grip. | *The Siren.*
Dr. Rumsey's Patient.
On the Brink of a Chasm.
The Way of a Woman.
A Son of Ishmael.
An Adventuress. | *Rosebury.*
The Blue Diamond.
A Stumble by the Way.
This Troublesome World.

MEDICI SERIES (The) of Reproductions in Colour from the Old Masters. For information in regard to this important Series, see Illustrated Prospectuses to be had upon application**MEDIEVAL LIBRARY (The**

New). Small crown 8vo, pure rag paper, half-cloth, 5s. net per vol.; leather, 7s. 6d. net per vol.

- 1. The Book of the Duke of True Lovers.** Translated from the Middle French of CHRISTINE DE PISAN, with Notes and Introduction by ALICE KEMP WELCH. Woodcut Title and 6 Photogravures.
- 2. Of the Tumbler of our Lady and other Miracles.** Translated from the Middle French of GAUTIER DE COINCI, with Notes and Introduction by ALICE KEMP WELCH. Woodcut Title-page and 7 Photogravures.
- 3. The Lady of Vergl.** Translated from the Middle French (which is also given) by ALICE KEMP WELCH, with Introduction by Dr. L. BRANDIN. Woodcut Title-page and 5 Photogravures.
- 4. The Book of the Divine Consolation of Saint Angela da Foligno.** Translated from the Italian by MARY C. STEEGMANN. Woodcut Title and reproductions of the original Woodcuts.

MELBA: A Biography. By

ELVIN TRACEY. With a Chapter on the Art of Singing by MADAME MELBA, and numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s. net.

MERRICK (HOPE). — When a

Girl's Engaged. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MERRICK (LEONARD), Novels

by.

The Man who was Good. Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Cynthia. | *This Stage of Fools.*

MEYNELL (ALICE).—The

Flower of the Mind: a Choice among the Best Poems. In 16mo, cloth, gilt, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

MILLER (Mrs. F. FENWICK).

—Physiology for the Young: The House of Life. Illusts. Post 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d.

MINTO (WM.).—Was She Good

or Bad? Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

MITCHELL (EDM.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Lone Star Rush. With 8 Illusts.
Only a Nigger.
The Belforts of Culben.

Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat backs, 2s. each.

Plotters of Paris.
The Temple of Death.
Towards the Eternal Snows.

MITFORD (BERTRAM), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Renshaw Fanning's Quest.
Triumph of Hilary Blachland.
Haviland's Chum.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; picture cloth, flat back, 2s. each.

The Luck of Gerard Ridgeley.
The King's Assegaï. With 6 Illusts.
The Gun-Runner. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.; Cheap Edition, medium 8vo., 6d.
Harley Greenoak's Charge. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

MOLESWORTH (Mrs.). —

Hathercourt Rectory. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

MOLIERE: A Biography. By

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR. With Introduction by Prof. T. F. CRANE, and 10 Illustrations by JOB. Royal 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

MONCRIEFF (W. D. SCOTT).—

The Abdication: A Drama. With 7 Etchings. Imperial 4to, buckram, 21s.

MOORE (THOMAS), Works by.

The Epicurean; and Alciphron. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

Prose and Verse: including Suppressed Passages from the MEMOIRS OF LORD BYRON. Edited by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

MURRAY (HENRY), Novels by.

Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

A Game of Bluff.
A Song of Sixpence.

MUDDOCK (J. E.), Stories by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Basile the Jester.
Young Lochinvar.
The Golden Idol.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Dead Man's Secret.**From the Bosom of the Deep.****Stories Weird and Wonderful.**

Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Maid Marian and Robin Hood.

With 12 Illustrations by STANLEY L.

WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth flat back, 2s.

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE),

Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

A Life's Atonement.**Joseph's Coat.** With 12 Illustrations.**Coals of Fire.** With 3 Illustrations.**Yal Strange. | A Wasted Crime.****A Capful o' Nails. | Hearts.****The Way of the World.****Mount Despair. | A Model Father.****Old Blazer's Hero.****By the Gate of the Sea.****A Bit of Human Nature.****First Person Singular.****Bob Martin's Little Girl.****Time's Revenges.****Cynic Fortune. | In Direst Peril.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

This Little World.**A Race for Millions.****The Church of Humanity.****Tales in Prose and Verse.****Despair's Last Journey.****Y.C.: A Chronicle of Castle Barfield.****Verona's Father.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**His Own Ghost.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.**Joseph's Coat.** POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.**Bob Martin's Little Girl.** CHEAP EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.**MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE) and****HENRY HERMAN, Novels by.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

One Traveller Returns.**The Bishops' Bible.****Paul Jones's Alias.** With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and G. NICOLET.**MY FIRST BOOK.** By WALTER

BESANT, JAMES PAYN, W. CLARK RUSSELL, GRANT ALLEN, HALL CAINE,

GEORGE R. SIMS, RUDYARD KIPLING,

A. CONAN DOYLE, M. E. BRADDON,

F. W. ROBINSON, H. RIDER HAGGARD,

R. M. BALLANTYNE, I. ZANGWILL,

MORLEY ROBERTS, D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

MARIE CORELLI, J. K. JEROME, 'Q.' STRANGE WINTER, BRET HARTE, 'Q.'

ROBERT BUCHANAN, and R. L. STEVENSON.

With Prefatory Story by JEROME K. JEROME, and 185 Illustrations. Deny 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.

MORROW (W. C.).—Bohemian**Paris of To-Day.** With 106 Illusts. by

EDOUARD CUCUEL. Small demy 8vo, cl., 6s.

NEWBOLT (HENRY).—Taken**from the Enemy.** Fcp. 8vo, pic. cov., 1s.**NISBET (HUME), Books by.****'Bail Up!'** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.;

post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.;

POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

Dr. Bernard St. Vincent. Post 8vo,

illustrated boards, 2s.

Lessons in Art. With 21 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

NORDAU (MAX).—Morganatic:**A Romance.** Translated by ELIZABETH

LEE. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

NORRIS (W. E.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Saint Ann's. | Billy Bellew.**Miss Wentworth's Idea.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**OIDA, Novels by.** Crown 8vo,

cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Tricotrin. | A Dog of Flanders.**Ruffino. | Cecil Castlemaine's****Othmar. | Gage.****Frescoes. | Princess Napraxine.****Wanda. | Held in Bondage.****Ariadne. | Under Two Flags.****Pascarel. | Folle-Farine.****Chandos. | Two Wooden Shoes.****Moths. | A Village Commune.****Puck. | In a Winter City.****Idalia. | Santa Barbara.****Bimbi. | In Maremma.****Signa. | Strathmore.****Friendship. | Pipistrello.****Gulderoy. | Two Offenders.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Rainy June. | The Massarenes.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.

Under Two Flags. | Moths.**Held in Bondage. | Puck.****Strathmore. | Tricotrin.****The Massarenes. | Chandos.****Friendship. | Ariadne.****Two Little Wooden Shoes.****Idalia.****Syrilin.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post

8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s.; illustrated boards, 2s.

Two Little Wooden Shoes. LARGE

TYPE EDITION. Fcp. 8vo, cloth, 1s. net; leather, 1s. 6d. net.

The Waters of Edera. Crown 8vo,

cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Santa Barbara. CHEAP EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.**Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos,** selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo, cloth, 5s.—CHEAP

EDITION, illustrated boards, 2s.

OHNET (GEORGES), Novels by.
Doctor Rameau. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
A Weird Gift. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
A Last Love. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
Love's Depths.
The Money-maker.
The Woman of Mystery.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
The Path of Glory.
The Conqueress. Translated by F. ROTHWELL.

OLIPHANT (Mrs.), Novels by.
 Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.
Whiteladies. Crown 8vo, cloth, with 12 illustrations, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, bds., 2s.
The Sorceress. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
OSBOURNE (LLOYD), Stories by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
The Motormaniacs.
Three Speeds Forward. With illustrations.

O'SHAUGHNESSY (ARTHUR), Poems by.
Music & Moonlight. Fcp. 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d.
Lays of France. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

PAIN (BARRY).—Eliza's Husband. Fcap., 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

PALMER (W. T.), Books by.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontis., 6s. each.
Lake Country Rambles.
In Lakeland Dells and Fells.

PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With Preface by Sir BARTLE FRERE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

PARADISE (The) or Garden of the Holy Fathers: Histories of the Anchorites, Recluses, Cœnobites, Monks, and Ascetic Fathers of the Deserts of Egypt, between about A.D. 250 and 400. Translated from the Syriac, with an Introduction, by E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, Litt.D. With 2 Frontispieces. 2 vols. large crown 8vo, buckram, 15s. net.

PARIS SALON, The Illustrated Catalogue of the. With about 300 illustrations. Published annually. Dy 8vo, 3s.

PASCAL'S Provincial Letters. With Introduction and Notes by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

PASTON LETTERS (The), 1422-1509. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by JAMES GAIRDNER. Six Vols., demy 8vo, linen, gilt top, £3 15s. the set.

PAUL (MARGARETA).—Gentle and Simple. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

PAYN (JAMES), Novels by.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Lost Sir Massingberd.
The Glyffards of Glyffe.
A County Family.
Less Black than We're Painted.
By Proxy. For Cash Only.
High Spirits. Sunny Stories.
A Confidential Agent.
A Grape from a Thorn. 12 Illusts.
The Family Scapegrace.
Holiday Tasks. At Her Mercy.
The Talk of the Town. 12 Illusts.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Word and the Will.
The Burnt Million.
A Trying Patient.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Humorous Stories. From Exile.
The Foster Brothers.
Married Beneath Him.
Bentinck's Tutor.
Walter's Word. Fallen Fortunes.
A Perfect Treasure.
Like Father, Like Son.
A Woman's Vengeance.
Carlyon's Year. Cecily's Tryst.
Murphy's Master.
Some Private Views.
Found Dead. Mirk Abbey.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
A Marine Residence.
The Canon's Ward.
Not Wooded, But Won.
Two Hundred Pounds Reward.
The Best of Husbands.
Halves. What He Cost Her.
Kit: A Memory. Under One Roof.
Glow-Worm Tales.
A Prince of the Blood.

A Modern Dick Whittington.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, with Portrait of Author, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

The Burnt Million. CHEAP EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.
Notes from the 'News.' Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.
Lost Sir Massingberd.
Walter's Word.

PAYNE (WILL).—Jerry the Dreamer. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

PENNELL - ELMHIRST (Captain E.).—The Best of the Fun. With 8 Coloured Illustrations and 48 others. Medium 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

PENNELL (H. CHOLMONDELEY), Works by. Post 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d. ea.
Puck on Pegasus. With Illustrations.
Pegasus Re-Saddled. With 10 Full-page Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER.
The Muses of Mayfair: Vers de Société. Selected by H. C. PENNELL.

PENNY (F. E.), Novels by.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
The Sanyasi. Dillys.
Caste and Creed. The Tea-Planter.
The Inevitable Law.

PERRIN (ALICE), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Waters of Destruction.
Red Records.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Free Solitude. | East of Suez.**PETER PAN KEEPSAKE (The).**

The Story retold for Children by DANIEL O'CONNOR. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 4to, 1s. net.

PHELPS (E. S.).—Jack the Fisherman.

Illustrated by C. W. REED. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

PHIL MAY'S Sketch-Book: 54

Cartoons. Crown folio, cloth, 2s. 6d.

PHIPSON (Dr. T. L.), Books by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. each.

Famous Violinists and Violins.
The Confessions of a Violinist.
Voice and Violin.**PILKINGTON (L. L.).—Mallen-**
der's Mistake.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

PLANCHE (J. R.), Works by.**The Pursuivant of Arms.** With 6 Plates and 209 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.**Songs and Poems.** Edited by Mrs. MACKARNESS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**PLUTARCH'S Lives of Illus-****trious Men.** With Life of PLUTARCH by J. and W. LANGHORNE, and Portraits. Two Vols., 8vo, half-cloth, 10s. 6d.**POE'S (EDGAR ALLAN) Choice****Works: Poems, Stories, Essays.** With an Introduction by CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**POLLOCK (W. H.).—The Charm,****and Other Drawing-Room Plays.** By Sir WALTER BESANT and WALTER H. POLLOCK. With 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**PRAED (Mrs. CAMPBELL),****Novels by.** Post 8vo, illus. boards, 2s. ea.**The Romance of a Station.****The Soul of Countess Adrian.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each: post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Outlaw and Lawmaker.**Christina Chard.****Mrs. Tregaskiss.** With 8 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Nulma. | Madame Izan.**'As a Watch in the Night.'****Christina Chard.** CHEAP EDITION.

post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

The Lost Earl of Ellan. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**PRICE (E. C.).—Valentina.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

PRYCE (RICHARD).—Miss**Maxwell's Affections.** Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.**PROCTOR (RICHARD A.),**

Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Easy Star Lessons. With Star Maps for every Night in the Year.**Flowers of the Sky.** With 55 Illusts.**Familiar Science Studies.****Mysterics of Time and Space.****The Universe of Suns.****Saturn and its System.** With 13

Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Wages and Wants of Science**Workers.** Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.**RAMBOSSON (J.).—Popular****Astronomy.** Translated by C. B.

PITMAN. With 10 Coloured Plates and

63 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

RAPPOPORT (A. S., M.A.).—**The Curse of the Romanovs: A Study**
of the Reigns of Tsars Paul I. and
Alexander I. of Russia, 1766-1825. With 23 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s. net.**READE'S (CHARLES) Novels.**

Collected LIBRARY EDITION, in Seventeen Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Peg Woffington; and Christie**Johnstone.****Hard Cash.****The Cloister and the Hearth.**

With a Preface by Sir WALTER BESANT.

'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'**The Course of True Love Never****Did Run Smooth; and Single-****heart and Doubleface.****The Autobiography of a Thief:****Jack of all Trades; A Hero and****a Martyr; The Wandering Heir.****Love Me Little, Love Me Long.****The Double Marriage.****Griffith Gaunt.****Foul Play.****Put Yourself in His Place.****A Terrible Temptation.****A Simpleton.****A Woman-Hater.****The Jilt: and Good Stories of Man****and other Animals.****A Perilous Secret.****Readiana; and Bible Characters.**

Also in Twenty-one Volumes, post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Peg Woffington. | A Simpleton.**Christie Johnstone.****'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'****The Course of True Love Never****Did Run Smooth.****Autobiography of a Thief; Jack****of all Trades; James Lambert.****Love Me Little, Love Me Long.****The Double Marriage.****The Cloister and the Hearth.****A Terrible Temptation.****Hard Cash.****Readiana.****Foul Play. | Griffith Gaunt.****Put Yourself in His Place.****The Wandering Heir.****A Woman-Hater.****Singleheart and Doubleface.****Good Stories of Man, &c.****The Jilt; and other Stories.****A Perilous Secret.**

READE (CHARLES)—*continued.*

LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITIONS.
Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net each; leather
gilt edges, 3s. net each.

The Cloister and the Hearth. With
32 Illustrations by M. B. HEWERDINE.
'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'
Foul Play. | **Hard Cash.**
Peg Woffington; and **Christie**
Johnstone.
Griffith Gaunt.
Put Yourself in His Place.
A Terrible Temptation.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 2s. 6d. each.
Christie Johnstone. With Frontis
Peg Woffington.

The Wandering Heir. LARGE TYPE
EDITION, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. net; leather
1s. 6d. net.

The Cloister and the Hearth.
EDITION DE LUXE, with 16 Photogravure
and 84 half-tone Illustrations by M. B.
HEWERDINE. Small 4to, cloth, 6s. net
Bible Characters. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.
Selections from the Works of
Charles Reade. Edited by Mrs. A
IRELAND. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

RICHARDSON (FRANK), Nov-
els by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
The Man who Lost his Past. With
50 Illustrations by TOM BROWNE, R.I.
The Bayswater Miracle.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
The King's Counsel.
Semi-Society.
There and Back.

RIDDELL (Mrs.), Novels by.
A Rich Man's Daughter. Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Weird Stories. Crown 8vo, cloth
3s. 6d.; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Uninhabited House.
Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.
Fairy Water. | **Idle Tales.**
Her Mother's Darling.

RIMMER (ALFRED).—Rambles
Round Eton and Harrow. With 52
Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

ROBINSON (F. W.), Novels by.
Women are Strange. Post 8vo,
illustrated boards, 2s.
The Hands of Justice. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.
The Woman in the Dark. Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

RIVES (AMELIE), Stories by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Barbara Dering.
Meriel: A Love Story.

ROLFE (FR.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Hadrian the Seventh.
Don Tarquinio.

ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY,

THE: A List of Principal Warriors who
came from Normandy with William the
Conqueror, 1066. In Gold and Colours, 5s.

ROSENGARTEN (A.).—A Hand-
book of Architectural Styles. Trans-
lated by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With
630 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

ROSS (ALBERT).—A Sugar
Princess. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

ROWLEY (Hon. HUGH). Post
8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Puniana: or, Thoughts Wise and Other-
wise: a Collection of the Best Riddles,
Conundrums, Jokes, Sells, &c., with
numerous Illustrations.

More Puniana. With numerous Illusts.

ROWSELL (MARY C.).—
Monsieur de Paris. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.

RUSSELL (W. CLARK), Novels
by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.
Overdue. | **Wrong Side Out.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo,
illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Round the Galley-Fire.
In the Middle Watch.
On the Fo'k'sle Head.
A Voyage to the Cape.
A Book for the Hammock.
The Mystery of the 'Ocean Star.'
The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.
The Tale of the Ten.
An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louise.
Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.
The Good Ship 'Mohock.'
The Phantom Death.
Is He the Man? | Heart of Oak.
The Convict Ship.
The Last Entry.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Tale of Two Tunnels.
The Death Ship.

The Ship: Her Story. With 50 Illustrations
by H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.
Small 4to, cloth, 6s.

The 'Pretty Polly.' With 12 Illustrations
by G. E. ROBERTSON. Large
crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

The Convict Ship. POPULAR EDITION,
medium 8vo, 6d.

RUNCIMAN (JAS.), Stories by.
Schools and Scholars. Post 8vo,
 cloth, 2s. 6d.
Skippers and Shellbacks. Crown
 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

RUSSELL (DORA), Novels by.
A Country Sweetheart. Crown 8vo,
 picture cloth, flat back, 2s.
The Drift of Fate. Crown 8vo, cloth,
 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

RUSSELL (Rev. JOHN) and his
Out-of-door Life. By E. W. L.
 DAVIES. With Illustrations coloured by
 hand. Royal 8vo, cloth, 16s. net.

RUSSELL (HERBERT).—True
Blue. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

RUSSIAN BASTILLE, THE
 (The Fortress of Schlusselburg). By
 T. P. YOVATSHIEV. Translated by
 A. S. RAPPOPORT, M.A. With numerous
 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 net. [Preparing.]

SAINT AUBYN (ALAN), Novels
 by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post
 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
A Fellow of Trinity. With a Note
 by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
The Junior Dean.
Orchard Damerel.
The Master of St. Benedict's.
In the Face of the World.
To His Own Master.
The Tremlett Diamonds.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Wooling of May.
Fortune's Gate.
A Tragic Honeymoon.
Gallantry Bower.
A Proctor's Wooling.
Bonnie Maggie Lauder.
Mrs. Dunbar's Secret.
Mary Unwin. With 8 Illustrations.

SAINT JOHN (BAYLE). — A
Levantine Family. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

SALA (G. A.).—Gaslight and
Daylight. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

SALMON (A. L.).—Literary
Rambles in the West of England.
 With a Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

SCOTLAND YARD, Past & Present
 By Ex-Chief-Inspector CAVANAGH. Post
 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

SERGEANT(ADELINE), Novels
 by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
Under False Pretences.
Dr. Endicott's Experiment.

The Missing Elizabeth. Crown 8vo,
 cloth, 6s.

SECRET OUT SERIES (The).
 Crown 8vo, cloth, with numerous
 Illustrations, 4s. 6d. each.

The Secret Out: One Thousand Tricks
 with Drawing-room or White Magic.
 By W. H. CREMER. With 300 En-
 gravings.

The Art of Amusing: A Collection of
 Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles,
 and Charads. By FRANK BELLEW.
 With 300 Illustrations.

Hanky-Panky: Very Easy Tricks, Very
 Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of
 Hand. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With
 200 Illustrations.

The Magician's Own Book: Per-
 formances with Cups and Balls, Eggs,
 Hals, Handkerchiefs, &c. Edited by
 W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations.

The Complete Art of Firework-
Making: or, The Pyrotechnist's
 Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With
 267 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY (The).
 In pocket size, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net per
 Vol.; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net per Vol.
 By SIR WALTER BESANT.

London. | **Westminster.**
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
Sir Richard Whittington.
Gaspard de Coligny.

By HALL CAINE.

The Deemster.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

The Woman in White.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

Robinson Crusoe. With 37 Illus-
 trations by G. CRUIKSHANK.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Speeches. With Portrait.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

Eighteenth Century Vignettes.
 Three Series, each Illustrated.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By BRET HARTE.

Condensed Novels.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-
Table. Illustrated by J. G. THOMSON.

Compiled by A. H. HYATT.

The Charm of London: An Anthology.

By RICHARD JEFFERIES.

The Life of the Fields.

The Open Air.

Nature near London.

By CHARLES LANB.

The Essays of Elia.

By LORD MACAULAY.

History of England, in 5 Volumes.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

The Reign of Queen Anne, in 1 Vol.
A History of the Four Georges
and of William IV., in 2 Vols.

A History of Our Own Times from
 Accession of Q. Victoria to 1897, in 3 Vols.

ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY—continued.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

Works of Fancy and Imagination,
in 10 Vols. (For List, see p. 18.)

By CHARLES READE.

The Cloister and the Hearth. With
32 Illustrations by M. B. HEWERDINE.
'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

An Inland Voyage.
Travels with a Donkey.
Memories and Portraits.
Virginibus Puerisque.
Men and Books.
New Arabian Nights.
Across the Plains. | **Merry Men.**
Collected Poems.

By H. A. TAINE.

History of English Literature, in
4 Vols. With 32 Portraits.By MARK TWAIN.—**Sketches.**

By WALTON and COTTON.

The Complete Angler.**SEELEY (E. L.), Books by.****Stories of the Italian Artists**
from Vasari. Large crown 8vo,
buckram, with 8 Four-Colour Plates and
24 in Half-tone, 7s. 6d. net. EDITION DE
LUXE, demy 8vo, with additional Coloured
Plates, and with other plates in Two
Tints, parchment, 15s. net; vellum, 20s.
net; morocco, 30s. net.**Artists of the Italian Renaissance:** their Stories, as set forth by
VASARI, RIDOLFI, LANZI, and the CHRON-
ICLERS. Large crown 8vo, buckram, with
8 Four-Colour Plates and 24 in Half-tone,
7s. 6d. net. EDITION DE LUXE, demy 8vo,
with additional Coloured Plates, and with
other plates in Two Tints, parchment,
15s. net; vellum, 20s. net; morocco, 30s.
net.**SENIOR (WM.).—By Stream**
and Sea. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.**SEYMOUR (CYRIL), Novels by.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Magic of To-Morrow.
Comet Chaos.**SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY**
(The). PART I.**THE OLD-SPELLING**
SHAKESPEARE.In Forty Volumes, demy 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
net per vol.; or Library Edition (sold
only in sets), pure rag paper, half-
parchment, 5s. net per vol. To be issued
at short intervals.**The Works of William Shakespeare**
with the spelling of the Quarto or the
Folio as the basis of the Text, and all
changes marked in heavy type. Edited,
with brief Introductions and Notes, by
F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., D.Litt. The
COMEDIES will be issued first, followed
by the HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES, and
POEMS.**SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY—cont.**

PART II.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLASSICS.Small crown 8vo, quarter-bound antique
grey boards, 2s. 6d. net per vol.; whole
gold-brown velvet persian, 4s. net
per vol.; also 500 special sets on larger
paper, half parchment, gilt tops (sold
in sets only), 5s. net, per vol. Each
volume with Frontispiece.

1. Lodge's 'Rosalynde': the
original of Shakespeare's 'As
You Like It.' Edited by W. W.
GREG, M.A.
2. Greene's 'Pandosto,' or 'Doras-
tus and Fawnia': the original
of Shakespeare's 'Winter's
Tale.' Edited by P. G. THOMAS.
3. Brooke's Poem of 'Romeus
and Juliet': the original of
Shakespeare's 'Romeo and
Juliet.' Edited by P. A. DANIEL.
Modernised and re-edited by J. J.
MUNRO.
4. 'The Troublesome Reign of
King John': the Play rewritten
by Shakespeare as 'King John.'
Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, D.Litt.
- 5.6. 'The History of Hamlet':
With other Documents illustrative of
the sources of Shakespeare's Play, and an
Introductory Study of the LEGEND OF
HAMLET by Prof. I. GOLLANCZ.
7. 'The Play of King Leir and His
Three Daughters': the old play
on the subject of King Lear.
Edited by SIDNEY LEE, D.Litt.
8. 'The Taming of a Shrew':
Being the old play used by Shakespeare
in 'The Taming of The Shrew.' Edited
by Professor F. S. BOAS.
9. 'The Sources and Analogues of
'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'
10. 'The Famous Victories of
Henry V.'
11. 'The Menæchmi': the original
of Shakespeare's 'Comedy of
Errors.' The Elizabethan Transla-
tion.
12. 'Promos and Cassandra':
the source of 'Measure for
Measure.'

PART III.

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARES
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.With Illustrations and Music. Based
on MARY and CHARLES LAMB'S TALES
FROM SHAKESPEARE, an attempt being
made to insert skilfully within the set-
ting of prose those scenes and passages
from the Plays with which the young
reader should early become acquainted.
Imperial 16mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net per vol.;
leather, 2s. 6d. net per vol.; Special
School Edition, linen, 8d. net per vol.
'THE TEMPEST' may also be had in a

SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY—cont.

Special Gift Edition, without the music, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

- I. **The Tempest.** Illustrated by HELEN STRATTON.
- II. **As You Like It.** Illustrated by L. E. WRIGHT.
- III. **A Midsummer Night's Dream.** Illustrated by HELEN STRATTON.
- IV. **The Merchant of Venice.**
- V. **King Henry V.**
- VI. **Twelfth Night.**
- VII. **A Life of Shakespeare for the Young.**

PART IV.**SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.**

Part IV. will embody a series of volumes illustrative of the life, thought, and letters of England in the time of Shakespeare. The first volumes are—

Robert Laneham's Letter, describing part of the Entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575. With Introduction by Dr. FURNIVALL. Demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth: reprints of Awddeley's 'Fraternitie of Vacabondes,' Harman's 'Caveat for Common Curse-tors,' Parson Haben's or Hyberdyne's 'Sermon in Praise of Thieves and Thievery,' &c. With many woodcuts. Edited, with Introduction, by EDWARD VILES and Dr. FURNIVALL. Demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

Shakespeare's Holinshed: a reprint of all the passages in Holinshed's 'Chronicle' of which use was made in Shakespeare's Historical Plays, with Notes and Index. Edited by W. G. BOSWELL STONE. Royal 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Book of Elizabethan Verse. Chosen and Edited, with Notes, Index of Authors, Biographical Index of Authors, and Index of first lines, by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Small crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net; polished calf, 12s. 6d. net.

The Shakespeare Allusion Book. Reprints of all known references to Shakespeare and his works before the close of the seventeenth century, collected by Dr. INGLBY, Miss L. TOULMIN SMITH, Dr. FURNIVALL, and arranged in chronological order. Two vols., roy 8vo.

Harrison's Description of England. Part IV. Uniform with Parts I.-III. as issued by the New Shakspeare Society. (250 copies only.) 17s. 6d. net.

Shakespeare the Boy: The Home and School Life, Games and Sports, Manners, Customs, and Folk-lore of the Time. By W. J. ROLFE. With 42 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Shakespeare's Sweetheart: a Romance. By SARAH H. STERLING. With 6 Coloured Illustrations by C. E. PECK. Square 8vo, cloth, 6s.

SHERIDAN'S (RICHARD BRINSLEY) Complete Works. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Rivals, The School for Scandal, &c. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

Sheridan's Comedies: The Rivals and The School for Scandal. Edited by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, buckram, 12s. 6d.

SHIEL (M. P.), Novels by.

The Purple Cloud. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Unto the Third Generation. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

SIGNBOARDS: Their History, including Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and J. C. HOTTEN. With 95 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

SIMS (GEORGE R.), Books by.
For Life—and After. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

The Ring o' Bells.
Tinkletop's Crime. | **Zeph.**
Dramas of Life. With 60 Illustrations.
My Two Wives. | **Tales of To-day.**
Memoirs of a Landlady.
Scenes from the Show.
The Ten Commandments.

Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

The Dagonet Reciter and Reader.
The Case of George Candlemas.
Dagonet Ditties. | **Life We Live.**
Young Mrs. Caudle.
Li Ting of London.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Dagonet Abroad.
Rogues and Vagabonds.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Once upon a Christmas Time. With 8 Illustrations by CHAS. GREEN, R.I.
In London's Heart.
A Blind Marriage.
Without the Limelight.
The Small-part Lady.
Biographs of Babylon.
His Wife's Revenge.
The Mystery of Mary Anne, &c.
Among My Autographs. 70 Facsimils.

Picture cloth, flat back, 2s. each.

Rogues and Vagabonds.
In London's Heart.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Rogues and Vagabonds.

How the Poor Live; and Horrible London. Crown 8vo, leatherette, 1s.
Dagonet Dramas. Crown 8vo, 1s.

SHARP (WILLIAM).—Children of To-morrow. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

SHELLEY'S Complete WORKS
in Verse and Prose. Edited by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Poetical Works, in Three Vols.:

Vol. I. Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; Wandering Jew; Queen Mab; Alastor; Rosalind and Helen; Prometheus Unbound; Adonais.

Vol. II. Laon and Cythna: The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo; Swellfoot the Tyrant; The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion; Hellas.

Vol. III. Posthumous Poems; The Masque of Anarchy; and other Pieces.

Prose Works, in Two Vols.:

Vol. I. Zastrozzi; St. Irvyne; Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; Refutation of Deism; Letters to Leigh Hunt; Minor Writings.

Vol. II. Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments; a Biography

SHERARD (R. H.).—Rogues.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

SHERWOOD (MARGARET).—
DAPHNE: a Pastoral. With Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

SISTER DORA. By M. LONSDALE.
Demy 8vo, 4d.; cloth, 6d.

SLANG DICTIONARY (The): Historical and Anecdotal. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s. 6d.

SMITH (J. MOYR), Books by.
The Prince of Argolis. With 13c Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Wooing of the Water Witch
With Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, 6s.

SNAZELLEPARILLA. Decanted by G. S. EDWARDS. With 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

SOCIETY IN LONDON. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

SOMERSET (Lord HENRY).—
Songs of Adieu. 4to, jap. vellum, 6s.

SOWERBY (M. and G.),
Children's Books by.

Bumbletoes: their Adventures with Belinda and the Buttons Boy, pictured in 12 Coloured Scenes and 18 other Illustrations by MILLICENT SOWERBY With Verses by GITHA SOWERBY. Small crown 8vo, decorated boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Childhood: Twelve Days from our Youth. Pictured in Colours by MILLICENT SOWERBY, and written in Verse by GITHA SOWERBY. Crown 4to, decorated boards, 3s. 6d. net.

SPENSER for Children. By M. H. TOWRY. With Coloured Illustrations by W. J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d.

SPETTIGUE (H. H.).—The Heritage of Eve. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

SPEIGHT (T. W.), Novels by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
By Devious Ways.

Hoodwinked; & Sandycroft Mystery. | **The Golden Hoop.**

Back to Life. | **Quittance in Full.**

The Loudwater Tragedy.

Burgo's Romance.

A Husband from the Sea.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Her Ladyship. | **The Grey Monk.**

The Master of Trenance.

The Secret of Wyvern Towers.

Doom of Siva. | **As it was Written**

The Web of Fate.

Experiences of Mr. Verschoyle.

Stepping Blindfold: Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Wife or No Wife. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

SPRIGGE (S. SQUIRE).—An Industrious Chevalier. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

STAFFORD (JOHN), Novels by.
Doris and I. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Carlton Priors. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

STANLEY (WINIFRED).—A Flash of the Will. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

STARRY HEAVENS Poetical Birthday Book. Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

STEDMAN (E. C.).—Victorian Poets. Crown 8vo, cloth, 9s.

STEPHENS (RICCARDO).—The Cruciform Mark. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

STEPHENS (R. NEILSON).—
Philip Winwood. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

STEPNIAK (S.).—At the Dawn of a New Reign: a Study of Modern Russia. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

STERNDAL (R. ARMITAGE).—The Afghan Knife. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; illustrated boards, 2s.

STERNE (LAURENCE).—A Sentimental Journey. With 8c Illustrations by T. H. ROBINSON, and a Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The Life of Laurence Sterne. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

STEVENSON (BURTON E.).—Affairs of State. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

STOCKTON (FRANK R.).—The Young Master of Hyson Hall. With 36 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

STODDARD (C. W.), Books by.
Post 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. net each.
South-Sea Idyls: Summer Cruising.
The Island of Tranquil Delights.

STEVENSON (R. LOUIS),

Works by. Cr. 8vo, buckram, 6s. each.
Travels with a Donkey. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

An Inland Voyage. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

Familiar Studies of Men & Books.

The Silverado Squatters.

The Merry Men.

Underwoods: Poems.

Memories and Portraits.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Ballads. Prince Otto.

Across the Plains.

Weir of Hermiston.

In the South Seas.

Essays of Travel.

Tales and Fantasies.

Essays in the Art of Writing.

A Lowden Sabbath Morn. Illustrated by A. S. BOYD.

Songs of Travel. Cr. 8vo, buckram, 5s.

New Arabian Nights. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.; POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

Post 8vo half-cloth, 1s. net each; leather, 2s. net each.

Prayers Written at Yallima.

A Christmas Sermon.

The Suicide Club; and The Rajah's Diamond. (From NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.) With 8 Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Stevenson Reader. Edited by LLOYD OSBOURNE. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; buckram, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

The Pocket R.L.S.: Favourite Passages. 16mo. cl., 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITIONS.
 Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net each; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net each.

An Inland Voyage.

Travels with a Donkey.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Familiar Studies of Men & Books.

New Arabian Nights.

Memories and Portraits.

Across the Plains.

The Merry Men.

Collected Poems of R. L. S.

R. L. Stevenson: A Study. By H. B. BAILDON. With 2 Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.

Recollections of R. L. Stevenson in the Pacific. By ARTHUR JOHNSTONE. With Portrait and Facsimile Letter. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s. net.

STRUTT (JOSEPH).—The

Sports and Pastimes of the People of England. With 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

STUART (H.L.)—Weeping Cross.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

SUNDOWNER, Stories by.

Told by the Taffrail. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Tale of the Serpent. Crown 8vo, cloth, flat back, 2s.

STRAUS (RALPH).—The Man

Apart. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

SUFFRAGETTE'S LOVE-

LETTERS (A). Crown 8vo, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

SULTAN (THE) AND HIS SUB-

JECTS. By RICHARD DAVEY. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

SUTRO (ALFRED).—The

Foolish Virgins. Fcp. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

SWEET (ALEX. E.) and J.

ARMOY KNOX.—On a Mexican Mustang Through Texas, from the Gulf to the Rio Grande. With 265 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

SWINBURNE'S (ALGERNON

CHARLES) Works.

Selections from Mr. Swinburne's Works. Fcp. 8vo, 6s.

Atalanta in Calydon. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chastelard: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Poems and Ballads. FIRST SERIES. Crown 8vo, 9s.

Poems and Ballads. SECOND SERIES. Crown 8vo, 9s.

Poems and Ballads. THIRD SERIES. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Songs before Sunrise. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Bothwell: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Songs of Two Nations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

George Chapman. (In Vol. II. of G. CHAPMAN'S Works.) Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Essays and Studies. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Erechtheus: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Note on Charlotte Bronte. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Shakespeare. Crown 8vo, 8s.

Songs of the Springtides. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Studies in Song. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Mary Stuart: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 8s.

Tristram of Lyonesse. Crown 8vo, 9s.

A Century of Roundels. Small 4to, 8s.

A Midsummer Holiday. Cr. 8vo, 7s.

Marino Faliero: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Victor Hugo. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Miscellanies. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Lochrine: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Ben Jonson. Cr. 8vo, 7s.

The Sisters: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Astrophel, &c. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Studies in Prose and Poetry. Crown 8vo, 9s.

The Tale of Balen. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Rosamund, Queen of the Lcm-
bards: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Channel Passage. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Love's Cross-Currents: A Year's Letters. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

William Blake. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

Mr. Swinburne's Collected Poems. In 6 Vols., crown 8vo, 36s. net the set.

Mr. Swinburne's Collected Tra-
gedies. In 5 Vols., cr. 8vo, 30s. net the set.

SURTEES (ROBERT).—

Handley Cross; or, Mr. Jorrock's Hunt. With 79 Illusts. by JOHN LEECH. Post 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

SWIFT'S (Dean) Choice Works,

in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Gulliver's Travels, and A Tale of a Tub. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

Jonathan Swift: A Study. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

TAINÉ'S History of English

Literature. Trans. by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., demy 8vo, cl., 30s.—**POPULAR EDITION,** Two Vols., crown 8vo, cl., 15s.; **FINE PAPER EDITION,** in Four Vols., with 32 Portraits, post 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net per vol.; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net per vol.

TALES FOR THE HOMES.

By TWENTY-SIX WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS. Edited by Rev. J. MARCHANT. Published for the benefit of the BARNARDO MEMORIAL FUND. With 3 Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net

TAYLOR (TOM).—**Historical**

Dramas. Crown 8vo, 1s. each.

'JEANNE DARC.'

'TWIN AXE AND CROWN.'

'THE FOOL'S REVENGE.'

'ARKWRIGHT'S WIFE.'

'ANNE BOLEYN.'

'PLOT AND PASSION.'

TEMPLE (SIR RICHARD).—**A**

Bird's-eye View of Picturesque India. With 32 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s.

THACKERAYANA: Notes and

Anecdotes. With numerous Sketches by THACKERAY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Thackeray (The Pocket). Arranged by A. H. HYATT. In 16mo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt top, 3s. net.

THOMAS (ANNIE), Novels by.

The Siren's Web. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Comrades True. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THOMAS (BERTHA), Novels by.

In a Cathedral City. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The House on the Scar.

The Son of the House.

THOMSON'S SEASONS, and The

Castle of Indolence. With 48 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with Steel Plates, 7s. 6d.; post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

THOREAU: His Life and Aims.

By A. H. PAGE. With a Portrait. Post 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d.

THORNBURY (WALT.), Books by

The Life and Correspondence of J. M. W. Turner. With 8 Coloured Illusts. and 2 Woodcuts. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Tales for the Marines. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

TIMBS (JOHN), Works by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Clubs and Club Life in London.

With 41 Illustrations.

English Eccentrics and Eccentricities. With 48 Illustrations.

TOMPKINS (HERBERT W.).—

Marsh-Country Rambles. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

TREETON (ERNEST A.).—**The**

Instigator. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

TURENNE (RAYMOND).—**The**

Last of the Mammoths. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

TWAIN'S (MARK) Books.

Author's Edition de Luxe of the Works of Mark Twain, in 23 Volumes (limited to 600 Numbered Copies), price 12s. 6d. net per Volume. (Can be subscribed for only in Sets.)

UNIFORM LIBRARY EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Mark Twain's Library of Humour

With 197 Illustrations by E. W. KEMBLE.

Roughing It: and The Innocents at Home. With 200 Illustrations by

F. A. FRASER.

The American Claimant. With 81

Illustrations by HAL HURST and others.

* **The Adventures of Tom Sawyer**

With 111 Illustrations.

Tom Sawyer Abroad. With 26

Illustrations by DAN BEARD.

Tom Sawyer, Detective. With Port.

Pudd'nhead Wilson. With Portrait

and Six Illustrations by LOUIS LOEB.

* **A Tramp Abroad.** With 314 Illusts.

* **The Innocents Abroad:** or, New

Pilgrim's Progress. With 234 Illusts.

* **The Gilded Age.** By MARK TWAIN

and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illusts.

* **The Prince and the Pauper.**

With 190 Illustrations.

* **Life on the Mississippi.** 300 Illusts.

* **The Adventures of Huckleberry**

Finn. 174 Illusts. by E. W. KEMBLE.

* **A Yankee at the Court of King**

Arthur. 220 Illusts. by DAN BEARD.

* **The Stolen White Elephant.**

* **The £1,000,000 Bank-Note.**

A Double-barrelled Detective

Story. With 7 Illustrations.

Personal Recollections of Joan of

Arc. With 12 Illusts. by F. V. DU MOND.

More Tramps Abroad.

The Man that Corrupted Hadley-

burg. With Frontispiece.

The Choice Works of Mark Twain.

With Life, Portrait, and Illustrations.

*. * The Books marked * may be had also in

post 8vo, picture cloth, at 2s. each.

Mark Twain's Sketches. Post 8vo,

cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges,

3s. net; picture boards, 2s.

A Tramp Abroad. CHEAP EDITION,

medium 8vo, 6d.

TROLLOPE (ANTHONY), Novels
by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post
8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Way We Live Now.
Frau Frohmann. | Marion Fay.
The Land-Leaguers.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Kept in the Dark.
The American Senator.
The Golden Lion of Granpere.
Mr. Scarborough's Family. Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

TROLLOPE (FRANCES E.),
Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Like Ships upon the Sea.
Mabel's Progress. | Anne Furness.

TROLLOPE (T. A.).—Diamond
Cut Diamond. Post 8vo, illus. hds., 2s.

TWELLS (JULIA H.).—Et tu,
Sejane! Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

TYTLER (C. C. FRASER-).—
Mistress Judith. Crown 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

TYTLER (SARAH), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo,
illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Buried Diamonds.
The Blackhall Ghosts.
What She Came Through.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Saint Mungo's City. | Lady Bell.
The Huguenot Family.
Disappeared. | Noblesse Oblige.
Beauty and the Beast.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Macdonald Lass.
The Witch-Wife.
Rachel Langton. | Sapphira.
Mrs. Carmichael's Goddesses.
A Honeymoon's Eclipse.
A Young Dragon.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Three Men of Mark:
In Clarissa's Day.
Sir David's Visitors.
The Poet and His Guardian Angel.
Citoyenne Jacqueline. Crown 8vo,
picture cloth, flat back, 2s.
The Bride's Pass. Post 8vo, illus-
trated boards, 2s.; CHEAP EDITION,
cloth, 1s. net.

UPWARD (ALLEN), Novels by.
The Queen against Owen. Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back,
2s.; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.
The Phantom Torpedo-Boats.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

VANDAM (ALBERT D.).—A
Court Tragedy. With 6 Illustrations
by J. B. DAVIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

VASHTI and ESTHER. By
'Belle' of *The World*. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

VIZETELLY (ERNEST A.),
Books by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
The Scorpion.
The Lover's Progress.
With Zola in England. 4 Parts.

A Path of Thorns. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
**The Wild Marquis: Life and Adven-
tures of Armand Guerry de Maubreuil.**
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

WALLACE (LEW.).—Ben-Hur:
A Tale of the Christ. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.

WALLER (S. E.).—Sebastiani's
Secret. With 9 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s.

WALTON and COTTON'S
Complete Angler. Pott 8vo, cloth,
gilt, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

WALT WHITMAN, Poems by.
Edited, with Introduction, by W. M. ROS-
SETTI. With Port. Cr. 8vo, buckram, 6s.

WARDEN (FLORENCE), by.
Joan, the Curate. Crown 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.
A Fight to a Finish. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Heart of a Girl. With 8 Illusts.
What Ought She to Do?
Tom Dawson.
The Youngest Miss Brown.
Love and Lordship.
The Old House at the Corner.
My Lady of Whims.

WARMAN (CY).—The Express
Messenger. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

WASSERMANN (LILLIAS).—
The Daffodils. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

WESTALL (WILL.), Novels by.
Trust-Money. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.;
post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Old Bank.
Dr. Wynne's Revenge.
The Sacred Crescents.
A Very Queer Business.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Woman Tempted Him.
For Honour and Life.
Her Two Millions.
Two Pinches of Snuff.
With the Red Eagle.
A Red Bridal. | Nigel Fortescue.
Ben Clough. | Birch Dene.
The Old Factory.
Sons of Bellal. | Strange Crimes.
Her Ladyship's Secret.
The Phantom City.
Ralph Norbreck's Trust.
A Queer Race. | Red Ryvington.
Roy of Roy's Court.
As Luck would have it.
As a Man Sows.

With the Red Eagle: POPULAR
EDITION medium 8vo, 6d.

WARRANT to Execute Charles I.

A Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures and
Seals, 2s.

**Warrant to Execute Mary Queen
of Scots.** Including Queen Elizabeth's
Signature and the Great Seal. 2s.

**WEBBER (BYRON).—Sport and
Spangles.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

**WERNER (A.).—Chapenga's
White Man.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**WESTBURY (ATHA).—The
Shadow of Hilton Fernbrook.** Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**WHEELWRIGHT (E. G.).—A
Slow Awakening.** Crown 8vo cloth, 6s.

**WHISHAW (FRED.), Novels
by.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Forbidden Name.

Many Ways of Love. With 8 Illusts.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Mazeppa.

Near the Tsar, near Death.

A Splendid Impostor.

**WHITE (GILBERT).—Natural
History of Selborne.** Post 8vo, cloth, 2s

**WHITNEY (HELEN H.).—The
Bed-time Book.** With Illustrations
in Three and Two Colours by JESSIE W.
SMITH. Royal 4to, half-cloth decorated,
5s. net.

**WILDE (LADY).—The Ancient
Legends, Charms, and Superstitions
of Ireland.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**WILLIAMS (W. MATTIEU), by.
Science in Short Chapters.** Crown
8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

The Chemistry of Cookery. Crown
8vo, cloth, 6s.

A Simple Treatise on Heat. With
Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**WILLIAMSON (Mrs. F. H.).—A
Child Widow.** Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

**WILLS (C. J.), Novels by.
An Easy-going Fellow.** Crown 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.
His Dead Past. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

**WILSON (Dr. ANDREW), by.
Chapters on Evolution.** With 259
Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Leisure-Time Studies. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Studies in Life and Sense. With 36
Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
**Common Accidents, and how to
Treat Them.** Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
Glimpses of Nature. With 35 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**WINTER (JOHN STRANGE),
by.**

Regimental Legends. Post 8vo,
illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

**Cavalry Life; and Regimental
Legends.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.;
picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

**WOMEN OF FLORENCE, during
and prior to the Cinquecento.**
By Prof. ISIDORO DEL LUNGO. Translated
by M. G. STEEGMANN. With Introduction
by Dr. GUIDO BIAGI, and 2
Coloured Plates and 24 Half-tones. Large
crown 8vo, buckram, 7s. 6d. net.

**WOOD (H. F.), Detective Stories
by.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards 2s. each.
Passenger from Scotland Yard.
The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

**WOOLLEY (CELIA PARKER).—
Rachel Armstrong.** Post 8vo, 2s. 6d.

**WRAGGE (CLEMENT L.).—
The Romance of the South Seas.**
With 84 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth,
7s. 6d. net.

**WRIGHT (THOMAS), by.
Caricature History of the Georges;
or, Annals of the House of Hanover.**
With Frontispiece and over 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
**History of Caricature and of the
Grotesque in Art, Literature,
Sculpture, and Painting.** Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 7s. 6d.

**ZANGWILL (LOUIS).—A Nine-
teenth Century Miracle.** Crown 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

**ZOLA (EMILE), Novels by.
UNIFORM EDITION.** Translated or Edited,
with Introductions, by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

His Masterpiece. | The Joy of Life.

Germinal.

The Honour of the Army.

Abbe Mouret's Transgression.

The Fortune of the Rougons.

The Conquest of Plassans.

The Dram-Shop.

The Fat and the Thin. | Money.

His Excellency. | The Dream.

The Downfall. | Doctor Pascal.

Lourdes. | Fruitfulness.

Rome. | Work.

Paris. | Truth.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each.
The Fortune of the Rougons.
The Dram-Shop. | Paris. | Money.
Lourdes. | Rome. | The Downfall.

With Zola in England. By ERNEST
A. VIZETELLY. With 4 Portraits, Crown
8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URL

OL OCT 01 1999
JUL 19 1991

SRLF
2 WEEK FEB 07 1994

OL OCT 18 1999
AUG 27 1999

8

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 048 798 3

